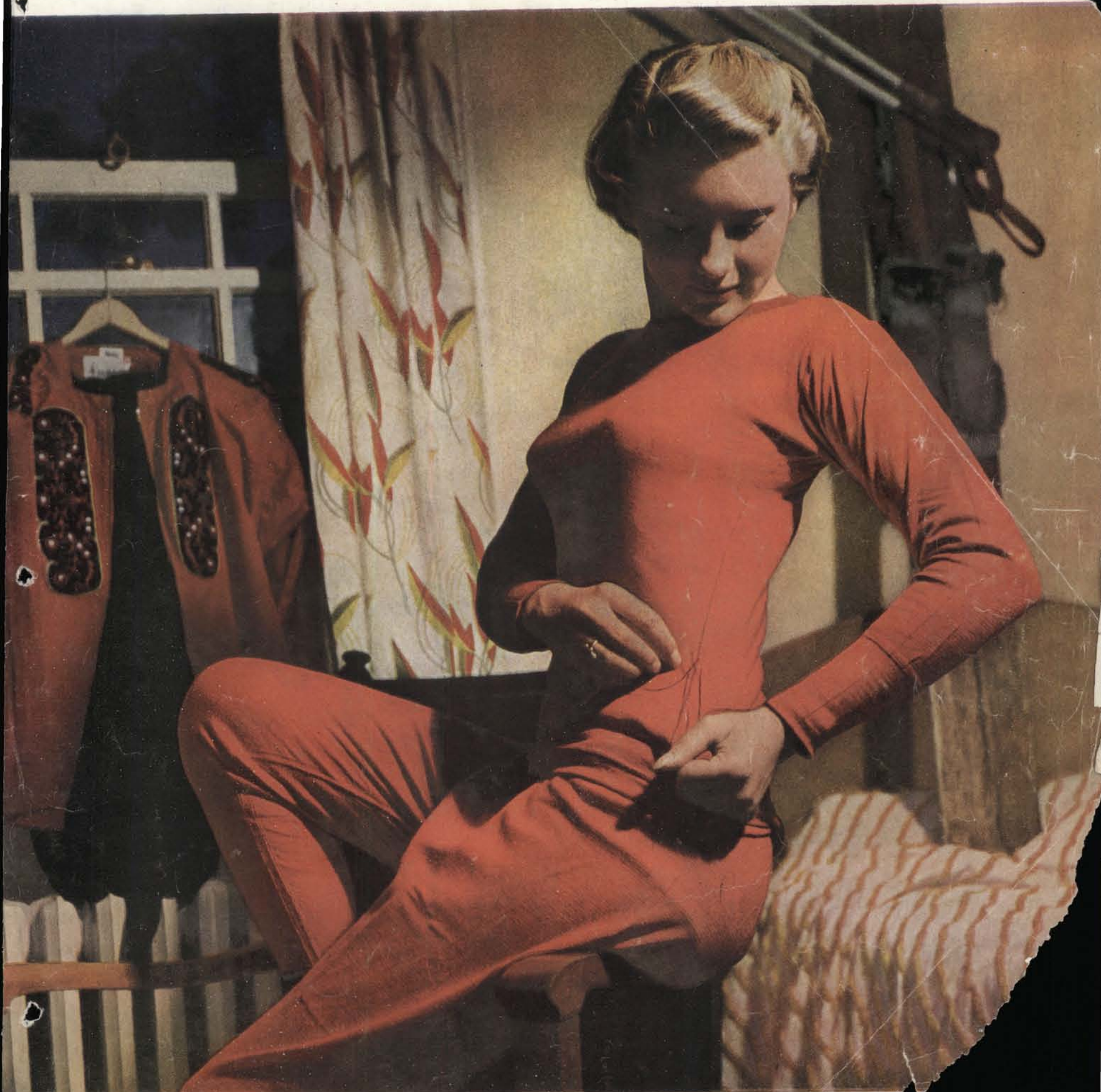


Collier's

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January 7, 1950



That Sizzling
DORIS DAY

We Republicans Can Win If
BY PHILIP WILLKIE.

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BULL'S-EYE!

The "Toastmaster"* Toaster scores high with guest toastmakers. Gives them a choice of light, dark, or in-between toast. Perfect every time.



MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

... the praise you'll get on this new "Hospitality"* Set. In a matter of minutes, you turn the unexpected gathering into an event.

It's easy to be a grand hostess with this **Hospitality Set!**



SING A NEW NOTE

in home entertaining with those four party plates of Viking crystal glassware. Convenient for guests, correct for you.

\$32.50

Set includes toaster, tray, four party plates, and three relish dishes. Toaster only, \$21.50



The New **TOASTMASTER** Hospitality Set

Look for the **TOASTMASTER** Name on Your Toaster... Others Will!



PICTURE YOURSELF

adding sparkle to the simplest snacks. Without fuss, without anything elaborate on hand, you're always ready for guests.



WHAT A SERVICE!

Handsome, hand-rubbed, walnut-veneer tray. Inlaid with simulated leather. Easy for folks to serve themselves. Frees you for fun.

"HOSPITALITY" are registered trademarks of McGraw Electric Company, makers of "Toastmaster" Toasters, "Toastmaster" Electric Water Heaters, and other "Toastmaster" Products. Copyright 1949, TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.

OVERHEATED?

OVERTIRED?

WET FEET?

Look out for a Cold!

GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!



This prompt and delightful precaution can often head off a cold or simple sore throat. Here's why:

When you're tired or overheated, when your feet are wet or cold, threatening germs, called the "secondary invaders," find it easier to stage a mass invasion of the throat tissue. They are the ones that are responsible for much of a cold's misery, authorities say.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic can often check such an invasion because, as it reaches way back on throat surfaces, it kills literally millions of these troublesome germs.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic gives Nature a helping hand in warding off the infection you know as a cold.

For your protection during the cold-and-sore-throat months, make a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly night and morning, and between times at the first symptom of trouble.

Fewer Colds for Garglers in Tests

Bear in mind that tests made over twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... fewer sore throats, too.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Note How Listerine Antiseptic Gargle Reduced Germs!



BEFORE



AFTER

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the gargle.

P.S. HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY? Don't guess about it. Don't offend others with bad breath due to food fermentation in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens your breath instantly. It helps keep it that way, too... not for minutes... but for hours, usually.

The Cover

The last time Photographer Dave Peskin checked in at Sun Valley, Idaho, he headed for breakfast and a search for a ski-cover girl. The waitress who served him was Barbara Lee Henderson, of Los Angeles. She is twenty, weighs 119, is six inches over five feet, has blue-green eyes and can out-ski nine out of ten Sun Valley guests. Peskin decided not to look any farther.

Week's Mail

Praise for the Yahraeses

EDITOR: We were much impressed by Herbert and Dixie Yahraes' article, Our Daughter Is an Epileptic (Nov. 26th), and by their very accurate description of the unhealthy social climate in which the person with epilepsy lives.

Since the Yahraes article was prepared, however, the information given in the last paragraph about the voluntary health agencies in the field of epilepsy has become out of date. The American Epilepsy League of Chicago and the National Association to Control Epilepsy of New York united to form the National Epilepsy League, Inc.

The offices of the new organization are in Chicago at 130 North Wells Street. The Boards of Directors and the Medical Advisory Boards of the former organizations have also been combined. The National Epilepsy League had its first board meeting on November 4, 1949.

BEN H. GRAY, National Epilepsy League, Chicago, Ill.

... I am convinced that the social rehabilitation which Mr. and Mrs. Yahraes write about is fundamental, for through it the restoration of confidence is more easily obtained. The psychological and the psychiatric approaches are largely responsible for this attitude.

Because I practice the chiropractic profession is certainly no denial of the great benefits to be derived from other services. To me, one of the greatest omissions from the field of therapies now employed is the severe lack of trained and understanding men. Whether they be doctors, schoolteachers or ministers of the gospel, what the mental and neurotic patient needs is the deep-seated conviction from one he respects and admires that there is hope.

This goal, held out by the judicious and patient counselor, aids immeasurably in the return of faith, courage and confidence.

DR. G. E. GLAZIER, Mesa, Ariz.

... You have my sincerest agreement that, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Yahraes can be proud of the work they've accomplished. My warm thanks go to the publishers of Collier's for printing a real tribute and memorial to such courage and foresight.

ALVIN E. BEETHAM, Portland, Ore.

2 Votes for Chivalry

EDITOR: Loyd Rosenfield's article, Down with the Little Things (Nov. 19th), makes me see red!

Mr. Rosenfield must be a very little man that he is so worried about his rights over women. He says men should eliminate the business of common courtesy and get back their equality. All the men I know really like to do those little things for their women because it gives their ego such a big boost that we are so helpless.

My husband gave me heck one time because I would pop out of the car door before he got a chance to open it.

MRS. O. K. HOSKINS, Clarkston, Wash.

... Mr. Rosenfield suggests that men should equal women by changing their manners. I disagree with him.

First, I feel that women in every walk of

THOMAS H. BECK, Chairman of the Board ALBERT E. WINGER, President

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January 7, 1950

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life who are respectable citizens deserve respect.

Second, smoking is a great asset to women. The career type work hard and are under a great deal more tension all the time they are working. Why? Because a woman's nervous system is constructed differently.

Third, the days of men singing under windows, driving horses for miles to visit their best girls, riding on the white horse, etc., are gone. So what is left? Courtesy.

Without it men stand little chance against women nowadays. ELSIE NILES, Dorset, Vt.

Off Route 25

EDITOR: Get Off Route 25, Young Man (Dec. 3d), is certainly worth reading and thinking about.

While we are at it, let's apply it to our really important problems, namely social and economic relationships and international relations.

Mr. Kettering says: "There are fundamentals in inventions, engineering and development that are true in everything else." Careful and honest analysis will verify that statement.

We are living in an age of potential abundance with want and misery everywhere, all because we refuse to get off Route 25 in our thinking on these questions.

We are all the joint heirs of the accumulated wealth, material and intellectual, which is the result of the labor of men and women through thousands of years—and the grace of God. . . . Can we doubt that God intended that the world's fruit should be used by all his children to produce a fuller and more complete life in all its phases?

ORVILLE H. MASTIN, New Orleans, La.

Eggs in Politics

EDITOR: Your editorial Scrambled Reasoning (or) the Foolish Case of Eggs (Dec. 3d), in which you suggest giving away government-purchased eggs, is good reasoning.

In my opinion, the whole Farm Support Program stinks to high heaven. Looking at it from any angle it doesn't make sense—except from a very obvious vote-buying scheme. The government (a) takes John Q. Public's money to buy farm products which it does not want and later stores, burns or dumps into the ocean in order to (b) keep up prices. This means that (c) John Q. pays more for the food he eats, in order that (d) the politician may be assured of the farm vote. In such a deal it doesn't require much of a mathematician to see who gets it in the neck.

Let's ditch the whole Farm Support Program and let food prices fall within the reach of the many Americans whose income does not now permit an adequate diet. Let the politicians earn their right to the farm vote for a change.

LOYD L. TEMPLE, Simsbury, Conn.

... Not only does Uncle Sam hoard powdered eggs, but last year he went in for drying whole eggs. While he was paying the farmer with city dwellers' taxes for these eggs, the housewife was again paying the grocer and egg man high prices for eggs she was permitted to buy.

Then came the joker. With too many eggs threatening to stink up his hoard houses, Uncle became jittery and dumped case upon case into the schools committed to the Federal Lunch swindle.

Here the kiddies and teachers paid again for the eggs. In other words these eggs had three charges against them: to the farmer, for the housewife, and then her kids. To add insult to injury the eggs when served were found to have the tenderness (when creamed) of a rubber boot, with a taste not far distant.

With the eggs passed among the suffering, Uncle's little hoarders then sent hundreds and hundreds of pounds of potatoes to the schools.

The schools, with no place to store them properly, found they had spoiled by autumn.

if not used, and the stench in the buildings was terrific.

It's time a thorough investigation of the whole mess of high prices, government subsidies, dumping hoarded foods into the schools and the Federal Lunches be given the closest attention by Congress.

ROBERT B. NIXON, Wayne, Pa.

... Three cheers for your splendid editorial on the powdered eggs being stored by the government. Aren't there similar supplies of grains being bought and stored, without ever being used?

Your suggestion is an excellent one, and I certainly hope those who can do something about it will take it to heart.

KATHLEEN C. GRAY, Elmhurst, N. Y.

Smiling Exception

EDITOR: Once in a great while it seems just too, too much of a good thing to have your schoolteacher cartoons portray such a grim pedagogue so consistently.

Teachers can smile. Teachers do smile—and sometimes effortlessly, too.

Enclosed snap of me was taken in the midst of a hectic day, at the same time that supervision of photographing an entire student body was being undertaken.



GLORIA M. STURGES, Los Angeles, Cal.

Something New

EDITOR: Which of the nine faces on page 22 is "that guy from Brooklyn"? (The Schary Script, Nov. 19th.) Or is Mr. Schary daring enough to avoid such senile clichés in his "adult, searching, vital and realistic" films?

JOHN MALONE, Jackson, Miss.

We have M-G-M's word for it that, in *Battleground*, daring, trail-blazing Producer Schary has made a war film without the traditional, professional character from Brooklyn. Probably da foist time it's happened.

Whose Mousetrap?

EDITOR: In the editorial, Joe Sent Me (Nov. 19th), there is an apparent reference to the observation that "... if a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or build a better mousetrap than his neighbor, even though he live in the midst of a wood, the world will beat a path to his door," crediting this alleged bit of wisdom to Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Come, come, gentlemen! The Sage of Concord was sager than that. Should you persist in believing Mr. Emerson wrote it, please quote me page and line. I'll save you some difficulty in locating it by advising that the quotation was but a figment in the imagination of Elbert Hubbard, who played fast and loose with the memories of the past.

LEON M. HUNTRESS, Charlestown, Mass.

... I congratulate you on the editorial page and feel I appreciate it. But the question of the "mousetrap" keeps recurring to my mind. I do not have materials at hand for verification but it seems to me the "mousetrap" was a literary gem of Elbert Hubbard of Roycroft fame, rather than that of the Sage of Concord.

REV. CECIL PLUMB, Oneida, N. Y.

The quotation, according to J. E. Cabot, was printed for the first time on page 38 of an anthology called *Borrowings*, "Compiled by the Ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, California" in 1889. It was contributed by Mrs. Sarah S. B. Yule, who said she copied it from a lecture which Emerson delivered either in Oakland or San Francisco in 1871. Hubbard published the quotation in a *Thousand and One Epigrams* (1911) and credited it to Emerson. At that time Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo

Collier's for January 7, 1950

Emerson Forbes, editors of *Emerson's Journals*, said that it was undoubtedly "a memory-quotation by some hearer, or, quite probably, correctly quoted from one of his (Emerson's) lectures." Later Hubbard claimed it as his own, saying that modesty had compelled him to assign the authorship to Emerson.

Wrong Twin City

EDITOR: Your picture of our Drum and Bugle Corps majorettes (Clowns after Hours, Nov. 19th) is very much appreciated, in spite of the fact the picture is entitled "Pretty Minneapolis majorettes head up the band in the Aquatennial parade."

The Aquatennial is one of the many Minneapolis civic events in which the American National Bank of St. Paul and other St. Paul firms participate to insure their success.

We at this bank are quite proud of the members of our Drum and Bugle Corps and would like to see some recognition given to the city of St. Paul for their talents.

S. W. KANE, American National Bank, St. Paul, Minn.

... Your article on the Minneapolis Aqua Jesters proved very interesting. But, as usual, Minneapolis had to borrow from St. Paul and try to claim it as theirs.

Your picture of three pretty Minneapolis majorettes happens to be of three pretty St. Paul majorettes.

From left to right are Dolores Schouvelier, Dorothy Mattimore and June Tempest. I went to Harding High School with the three of them.

MRS. T. E. MADSEN III, St. Paul, Minn.

The fault is not Minneapolis', but ours. Specific information was unavoidably delayed past our deadline and we had to use a generalized caption—with credit to the wrong city. Our apologies and congratulations to St. Paul.



The majorettes were from St. Paul

Explosive Subject

EDITOR: Irving Wallace may be informed about the Nobel prizes but doesn't seem to know what brought all that money to Nobel (Those Explosive Nobel Prizes, Nov. 12th). If the stuff Nobel had in his hotel was a soupy liquid it was dangerous but not dynamite. It was nitroglycerin.

Dynamite is not a liquid and is not dangerous. Nobel's invention consisted in converting dangerous liquid nitroglycerin into safe and solid dynamite.

ALLAN QUINN, New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Wallace probably was talking about nitroglycerin—which, incidentally, falls within the scope of the general definition of dynamite given in *The Condensed Chemical Dictionary*.

As for "safe and solid dynamite," James K. Hunt, technical adviser of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, informs us that "all types of dynamite are dangerous unless handled with proper precautions." There are various types of dynamite, and they do not all behave in the same manner. Furthermore, they are unpredictable. "Under certain circumstances," says Mr. Hunt, "a dynamite has been known to burn quietly and peaceably, while under apparently similar circumstances the same general type has been known to explode with violence."

In 1949 FATIMA doubled, tripled and quadrupled its smokers

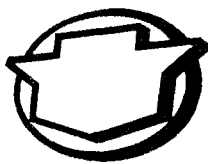


Because...FATIMA is the long cigarette that contains an essential ingredient of all the very popular cigarettes...TURKISH TOBACCO.

Because...FATIMA is the cigarette that has a much different, much better flavor and aroma than any other long cigarette.

Enjoy Fatima Yourself
Because it's the best of long cigarettes

... and enjoy FATIMA'S thrilling radio show
"DRAGNET"...Thursday nights...NBC



*There's no better proof of the
basic economy of Florsheim
Quality than the number
of men who will wear no other
shoe. They have learned it's
needless to pay more,
costly to pay less . . . they've
learned that Florsheim
longer wear makes their shoe
bills lower by the year.*

Florsheim Shoes



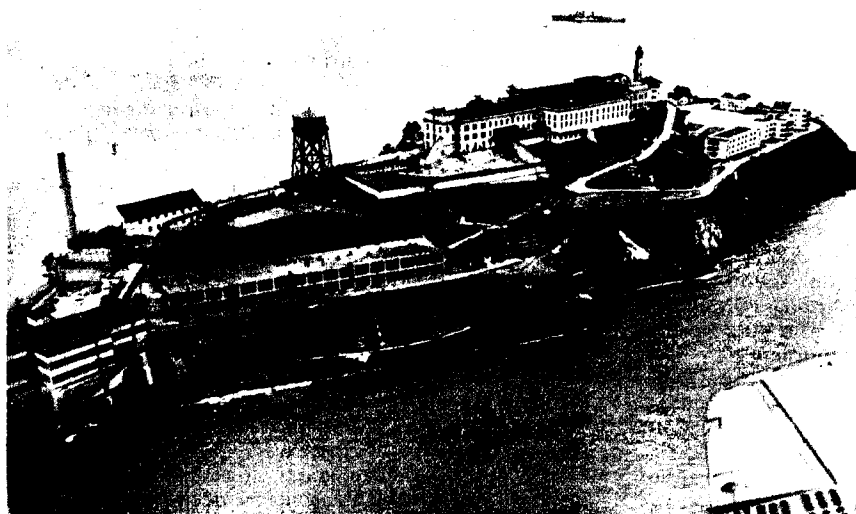
*The
Florsheim Rambler
S-1018, popular
French Toe Style
\$15.95*

Other styles \$15.⁹⁵ and higher

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



In 16 years only 26 attempts have been made to escape from the famed "Rock"

Since Alcatraz became a federal penitentiary in 1934, attempts to escape from it have been made by 26 prisoners. Seven were killed, 17 were recaptured on or near the island, while the fate of the other two is still unknown. They were Ted Cole and Ralph Roe who jumped into San Francisco Bay together, during an extremely dense fog, on the afternoon of December 16, 1937. Many believe that these convicts drowned, as no trace of them has ever been discovered. But many others feel certain that the men reached the nearest mainland, only a mile and a half away, because they were powerful swimmers, had a 20-minute head start and, in the fog, they could easily have eluded the police boats and the shore patrols that were searching for them.

Giant swordfishes are so pugnacious and so fond of ramming boats that, up to a few decades ago, they were classed as a menace to marine shipping along with storms and icebergs. One of the most vicious of these attacks on a vessel was made by a swordfish that evidently weighed 800 pounds and was traveling at 60 miles an hour. Before breaking off, its sword had pierced two layers of copper sheathing, a three-inch plank of hardwood, 12 inches of white oak timber, a hard oak ceiling almost three inches thick and then the bottom of a heavy wooden cask.

Fireboats operating in the coastal and inland waters of this country are under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Coast Guard and do not have the right of way over other vessels.

In Stevenson, Alabama, on the night of August 13, 1928, Jesse Gifford, a traveling salesman who was stopping there, attended a drinking party at the home of an acquaintance who had once threatened his life. Neighbors heard screams and shots in the house during the evening—and Gifford disappeared. Three years later a body with a bullet hole in the skull was found in a near-by river and, although

somewhat decomposed, it was identified by a score of persons as that of Gifford—by its size, dental work and a peculiar scar. After a coroner's inquest, Gifford's death was officially recorded and his widow received his life insurance and other money due him. His supposed murderer, however, was never brought to trial. Early in August, 1936, eight years after Gifford had disappeared, his family learned that he was alive and residing in Susanville, California.

At the Cort Theatre in New York on the morning of May 27, 1913, a special performance of the popular play, *Peg O' My Heart*, was given for Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress, who watched it alone from a front-row seat. This performance is unique in American stage history as its purpose was to entertain as well as to honor only one person.

Husbands are in such demand in France today that an average of 20,000 women advertise in the newspapers for mates each week. But only about 1,000 men run similar advertisements during the same period.

In 1852, Algeria was virtually in open rebellion against France, having been aroused by fanatical holy men who had become influential through tricks of magic which they claimed were miracles. Convinced that the newer and stranger "miracles" of a master magician would break the power of these Mohammedan fakirs, France sent its great conjuror, Jean Robert Houdin, on a mission to Algeria and he averted the revolt. To climax his final performance, given in a courtyard, he presented an original trick which ended the resistance of the last die-hards. Announcing he would kill an evil spirit that had entered the yard, Houdin drew his pistol, fired and the bullet struck a stone wall, spattering the spot with blood. The previous night, he had hollowed out the bullet, filled it with blood from a pricked finger and then sealed it up with wax.

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A black neck and head with white cheeks identify the **CANADA GOOSE**, the largest of our wild geese.

In addition to the difference in the color of the head, the longer, whitewings of the **GREATER SCAUP** (top) distinguishes it from the **LESSER SCAUP**.

The **WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE** is distinguished by its pink or orange-yellow bill, white fore-face and yellow feet.

The **PINTAIL** or Sprig-tail is marked by greatly elongated and pointed tail feathers.

A green head and a white collar identify the male **MALLARD**. The female is less strikingly colored than the drake.

When you go after waterfowl

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE

identify quackers and honkers

When you buy gasoline

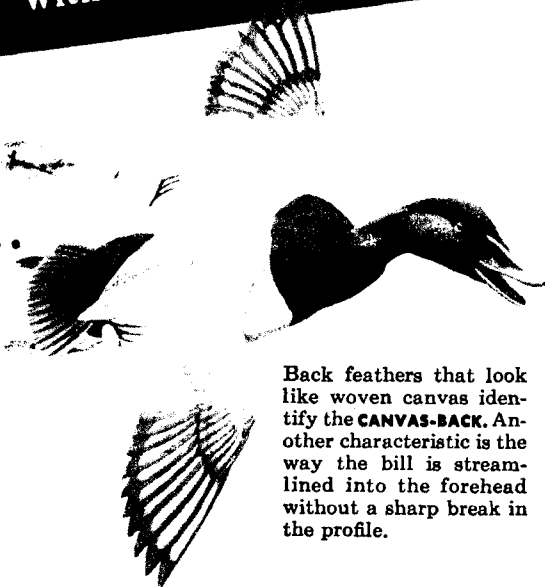
THE "TRADE-MARK" "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

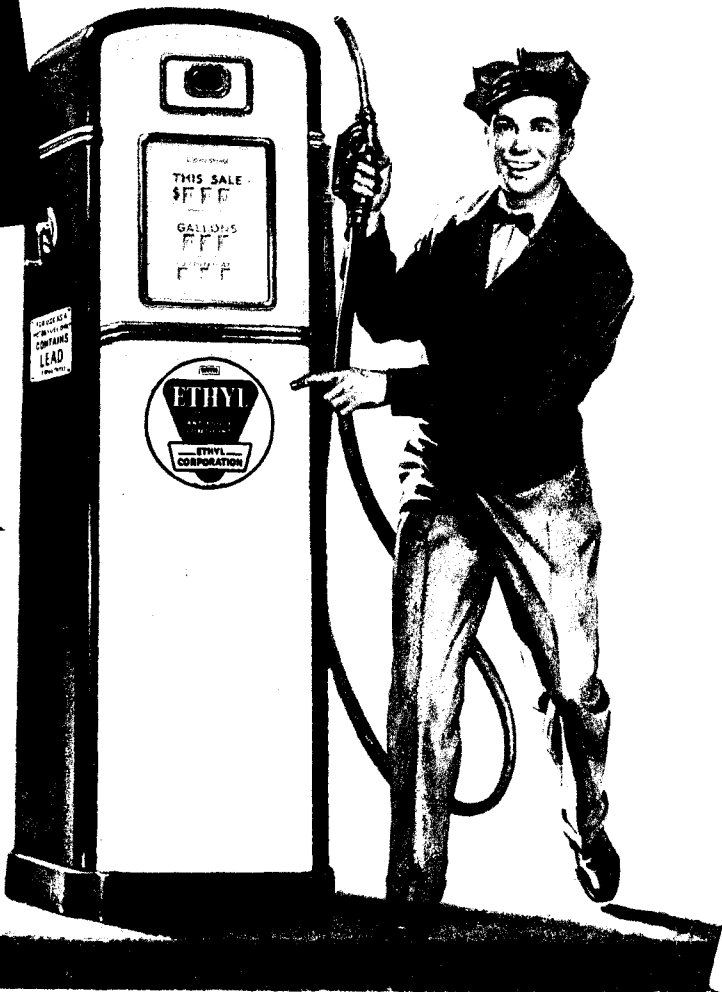



For car performance worth honking about . . .

- for get-away power that gives you that "free-as-a-bird" feeling . . .
- for hill-climbing power that lifts you as easily as the wings of a canvas-back . . .
- for all the power your engine can give—all the time . . . ask for "Ethyl" gasoline—high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.



Back feathers that look like woven canvas identify the **CANVAS-BACK**. Another characteristic is the way the bill is streamlined into the forehead without a sharp break in the profile.



"Ethyl" antiknock fluid is made by **ETHYL CORPORATION**, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.

1949 Was Another Good Year for Telephone Users



MORE SERVICE FOR MORE PEOPLE—Nearly 2,000,000 telephones were added to the Bell System in 1949. This meant service not only for many people who did not have a telephone before but it also increased the value and usefulness of your own particular telephone. You can call many more people—and many more can call you. There are now more than 50% more Bell telephones than at the end of the war.

BETTER LOCAL SERVICE—The over-all quality of telephone service continued to improve in 1949 and it keeps right on getting better. There's faster, clearer, more accurate service on millions of local calls.



IMPROVEMENTS IN LONG DISTANCE—Long Distance grew steadily better in 1949. The average time to complete out-of-town calls is now down to little more than a minute and a half. Nine out of ten calls go through while you hold the line. Over many routes, the Long Distance operator dials the distant telephone direct. It's faster, friendly, courteous service all the way.



275,000 NEW RURAL TELEPHONES were added by the Bell System in 1949. 1,300,000 have been added since the war—a truly remarkable record of rural development by the Bell System. Great gains were made also in the quality of service. Fewer parties on the line. Many thousands of new type telephones put in. A higher proportion of our farmers have telephones than in any other country in the world.

CONTRIBUTION TO PROSPERITY—All of this expansion and improvement in telephone service provided work and wages for many people outside the telephone business.

More than \$1,000,000,000 was put into new facilities. Western Electric—the manufacturing unit of the Bell System—bought from 23,000 different concerns in 2500 cities and towns throughout the country.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM—The best and the most telephone service at the lowest possible price.



We Republicans Can Win IF...

WE FIGHT TO PROTECT OUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY SOCIETY

By PHILIP WILLKIE

THAS been 21 years since the Republican party elected a President. That's nearly a generation. During that period the Republican party has lost all the Presidential elections, five of them, and all the Congressional elections except one, that of 1946. Since 1912 the Republican party has held the reins of power only 34 per cent of the time. Those facts clearly indicate that the Republican party has become a minority party in our times.

This is a great contrast to the story of the party in the period between Lincoln and the elder Taft. During those fateful years between 1860 and 1912 the Republican party held the Presidency and the

Congress 84 per cent of the time. During that period it was a coalition of farmers, working people, businessmen and Negroes. It held the largest percentage of voters in each of those categories in the states outside the Solid South. Today the Republican party is a minority party with the classes in American society other than the business group. A political party cannot dominate the political scene unless it has broad roots in all the strata of American life.

When the Republican party did have the majority it had all the groups in America behind it; when it dominated the political scene for the longest period

of time, it had a bold and aggressive program, a positive program of ideas and action. It came to power on one aspect of the greatest social issue of all time, the freeing of human slaves. It came to power on the free-soil aspect of that issue, that is, the limitation by the federal government of slavery in the territories. It was a federal government-State rights issue, with the Republican party on the federal government's side of the issue.

The party, under the leadership of Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stephens, in the post-Civil War years developed a civil rights program as complete as anything proposed today. It recognized the economic needs of the people—the development of our then infant industry, the building of an adequate transportation system, the fostering of education, the conservation of our natural resources and the regulation of monopolies.

The Republicans developed the tariff, which at the time was basically an indirect subsidy of industry by government, but when the problem became one not of protection but of markets, it was the Republicans who took the lead for reciprocity under James G. Blaine. McKinley, who made his reputation on the McKinley Tariff, in his speech the day before he was assassinated made a great plea for letting down economic world barriers. William H. Taft proposed a Canadian-American customs' union.

It was Republican leadership which provided for our transcontinental railroads by land subsidies to the railway companies. It was Theodore Roosevelt who took the lead in building the Panama Canal and giving a direct water connection to both our shores. It was during the administration of Abraham Lincoln that the Morrill Act was passed, providing for land subsidies to our agricultural-mechanical schools—the basis of the building of many of our great state universities.

Theodore Roosevelt developed the policy of conservation in America. John Sherman, for 38 years a Republican member of Congress for Ohio, and Secretary of the Treasury in Rutherford B. Hayes's administration, was the author of the Sherman Antitrust Act, our basic antimonopoly law.

A Fine Record in Foreign Affairs

Not only in domestic affairs were the Republicans positive and bold, but also in foreign affairs. It was Blaine, Secretary of State in Benjamin Harrison's Cabinet, who was the author of the Pan-American union idea, the first attempt at international co-operation. John Hay, Secretary of State in McKinley's administration, was the author of the "open door in China" policy and took America into the Hague conferences, the grandfather of the United Nations and the father of the League of Nations. Theodore Roosevelt took the lead in preserving peace in Europe in the second Moroccan crisis and in Asia by the Treaty of Portsmouth (New Hampshire) which provided for the end of the Russo-Japanese War.

This is a record of which Republicans can rightly be proud. It's a challenging record. The Republican party in those days was not a party of againstism or negativism. It was a party of action. It seems to me that if the Republicans are going to become again the dominant factor in American political life they must get back some of the spirit which activated them during the days of the last half of the nineteenth century. In those days the Republicans were



Philip Willkie of Rushville, Republican member of the Indiana State Legislature

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



In this article a young Republican speaks his mind. Up-and-coming Philip Willkie, thirty-year-old son of the late Wendell Willkie, started his political career as a candidate for the Indiana legislature in November, 1948. And he won, running far ahead of his ticket. In his campaign, young Willkie talked with workers on every shift at every gate of every factory in his district. As a freshman in the legislature he did little speaking but listened and voted without regard to party sponsorship of legislation. Essentially, though, he voted as he thought a progressive Republican should. In the top party councils, Mr. Willkie is assistant chairman of the Republican national senatorial committee. Here, in his first article for a national magazine, he unburdens himself of political ideas that have grown into a strong conviction: that labor and business can find a common meeting ground in the Republican party—if the party returns to the dynamic, positive policies of public responsibility that made it great in the past

making a great appeal to the workingman. That was the basis of the "full dinner pail" slogan. It's quite apparent and acknowledged by most Republican leaders that the Republican party cannot win with a policy of untrammelled reaction.

Half a century ago America was preponderantly a rural community. It was possible for most men to realize what was for them security by owning a house and a few acres of land. That picture has changed. Most people today live in cities and work for large organizations. Taxes have become a factor in everyone's life. The average man is haunted by three fears—ill health, unemployment and old age. The Democrats have dominated this political era by providing their answer to those fears. Their remedy has been an increasing expenditure of federal funds accompanied by an enormous growth in the powers and personnel of government. Unquestionably one of the principal reasons why the Democrats have been winning elections in the past 20 years is that they—like the Republicans of old—have had positive answers to people's problems.

It seems clear that the United States is not going to glorify again the idea of individual responsibility where each man looks after himself, and the powers of government are largely used for police purposes. The philosophy of Calvin Coolidge of "Have faith in Massachusetts" is not the present thinking of the American people. People today are demanding social security.

If the Republicans are going to win they are going to have to find an answer to the security problem. It should be an answer which is quite different from the Democrats' answer. And it should be a

better answer. There is in the Democrats' answer a tremendous danger to our institutions. Their method is to spend more and more of our total national income for nonproductive purposes.

We are gradually being socialized through the income tax. The worst trouble with the Democrats' solution is that it is killing the incentive which has sparked Americans into making these United States the world's greatest workshop. It's that incentive which has used men's creative energies to make their dreams come true. With the growing rate of the income tax the incentive factor is gradually being decreased. The story of present-day England is that the social services mean nothing except in so far as the fruits of the economic system are sufficient to pay the bill.

The situation which now faces us is a great demand for security and for public projects; and at the same time a danger resulting from the way in which we are answering the demand of the system which makes it possible for us to supply that security and those projects. In the face of that dilemma it behooves the Republicans to find a "middle way."

There is a pattern now existing in American life which might be useful as the structure for a middle way.

In the New York metropolitan area there exists the Port of New York Authority. It operates under a federal enabling act passed during the administration of Herbert Hoover. It is basically a compact between the states of New York and New Jersey with the co-operation of the municipalities in the metropolitan district. It has operated—and in sev-

Collier's for January 7, 1950



eral instances, built—the bridges and tunnels, the airports, many of the piers, warehouses and now the bus terminal and the air terminal in New York City.

Not a dollar of tax money has gone into the Port of New York Authority. It has been privately financed throughout. Its management is essentially private in character although controlled by commissioners appointed by the governors of the states of New York and New Jersey. Basically, its pattern is that of public power, public credit, private management and private investment.

We also have in our federal government a pattern which is similar to the Port of New York Authority—the Federal Reserve System, fathered by Carter Glass. The way the Federal Reserve System operates is as follows: Our credit policy is determined by directors appointed by the President. The administration of that policy, however, is conducted through the Federal Reserve district banks which are owned by the member private banks and which are essentially private institutions. In other words, we have a federal policy which is administered through agencies which are privately owned and privately managed.

There is a tremendous amount of private money available for investment today. This is in great contrast to the days of the early New Deal when Mr. Roosevelt first went into public office. At that time there were no private funds available for investment and it was a necessity for the government to make great expenditures to spark our economy. But the Democrats have grown old in their thinking. They aren't keeping up with the times. They're following the same pattern that they did 15 years

ago without adjusting their thinking to the changed conditions.

The Republican party has a tremendous opportunity to come up with a really new and dynamic program. The mission of the Republican party in this period is unquestionably to preserve our competitive system. People have called it capitalism. That sounds as though it belongs to the bankers. People have called it free enterprise. That sounds as though it belongs to a national association of manufacturers. It ought to be called an Opportunity Society, because the best thing about it is that it provides an opportunity for all men who are willing to work. There is no question that the most effective way to produce goods and services which are inherently competitive in character is by private ownership and management under proper public regulation.

One of the bad features of the program of the Democratic Administration is that it is concentrating all power in the federal government and thus destroying our checks-and-balance system by robbing local authority of any influence on public policy. The Republican cry against what they have done has rallied around the banner of State rights. State lines today, however, have become more and more imaginary. People's basic problems transcend them.

For instance, the problems of the people in the metropolitan areas of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are much more akin than are any of the three of them to the rural areas in their respective states. The same is true all over the country. Lake County, Indiana, is closer to Chicago than it

is to downstate. The problems of the corn and hog area of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa are the same. But the problems of the people in the corn-hog area are different from the industrial-area problems in their respective states.

If we are to keep the system of checks and balances in America—and that today means checking the power of the federal government—the job has to be done through the ability of local governments to solve the social and economic problems of the people. That means an emphasis on regional effort. The Port of New York Authority is organized on regional lines. The Federal Reserve System is organized along regional lines. If we were to adopt this public-policy, private-management, private-investment way of doing things, much of it could be organized locally and regionally. The provision in the Constitution for compacts of the states could be effectively used, as it has been, in solving the water problems of the Colorado River. If the Republicans, who are strongly opposed to a concentration of federal power, were to take the initiative along these lines, they could have much influence on the creation of new areas of power and influence in our society outside the operations of the federal government.

The political issue in America at this time certainly is not whether we should socialize the means of production and distribution by direct action such as is taking place in England. The Democratic party as well as the Republican party, we must believe, thinks that the means of production should be left in private hands. The primary issue in America is whether the principal (Continued on page 68)

DRAWING BY HARRY DEVLIN



Dames Cause All the Trouble

BY WILLARD H. TRIMBLE

It wasn't a fit night out for man or beast—and the sight of the boss's sister-in-law brought out the beast in Henry Trimble

IT WAS time for Henry Trimble's daily ordeal. He scowled at the office staff, glared at the windows covered with falling snow, then picked up the telephone and heard the low, throaty voice he had come to despise.

"This is Trimble," Henry said coldly. "How's the kid? How much does Junior weigh today?" He jotted the figures down on a sheet of memo paper headed, DON'T SAY IT—WRITE IT.

"He weighed the same yesterday," Henry said. "Ten pounds, four ounces yesterday, ten pounds, four ounces today. What are you trying to do, starve that kid? Make a midget out of him?"

Henry held the telephone away from his ear and everyone in the office could hear the squawks coming from it.

"That caretaker the boss got for his kid," Henry said, "I bet she rides around the house on a broomstick."

"I do not," said the voice loudly, and Henry winced.

"Listen," he said, "you're minding that kid while the boss and his wife are in Florida, but if anything happens he'll probably hold me responsible. Is everything hunky-dory with that kid? No ailments—no—" Henry listened a moment. "A rash, huh?" he said. "Did you call the doctor? What'd he say? . . . Okay. I'll buzz you tomorrow."

Henry hung up the phone. "Little punk's got a rash," he said. "Get me the boss."

Henry's secretary, who had her nose pressed to the window, came over to him. "The radio said the busses might have to stop running. There's about six inches of snow down there."

"You characters that live in the suburbs," Henry said, thinking snugly of his town apartment a dozen blocks away. "You people with families out in the woods. All right, take off. The boss would have a fit, but he doesn't need to know about it."

His telephone rang and Henry picked it up and was connected with his employer, Mr. Champion, down in Florida. Henry's nose wriggled; he imagined he could smell the salt air.

"We just got in from our swim," Mr. Champion said. "How's everything, Henry?"

It had been the boss's bright idea when he and his wife took off on a winter vacation to have Henry phone each day and check on the health of their newly born infant. That way Henry could mix business with his report on Junior and put the phone calls down as a business expense.

"Everything okay here at the office," Henry said. "Nothing we need to discuss. The baby's fine. Weighs ten pounds, four ounces. Yeah, I know he weighed that much yesterday. Maybe she had her thumb on the scale yesterday. I wouldn't worry about it. He's okay, she says. No, she didn't sound like she was hiding anything from me. Got a little rash—"

The phone went temporarily dead. Faintly, Henry could hear Mr. Champion discussing the rash with his wife. Henry looked out at the falling snow and thought wistfully of sandy beaches, blue skies and long-legged girls in French bathing suits. At least, he thought, he had only a few blocks to go to his apartment. He could sit up there on the tenth floor and listen to the distant scraping of snow shovels far below.

Henry came to attention on the phone again.

Henry had stumbled outside, carrying the flashlight and wearing boots. He found the wood frozen under the snow and lugged armfuls back to the house

"She consulted the doctor," Henry said. "Nothing to worry about. Are you doing any good with the horses down there, Mr. Champion? What's that you said?"

Henry's face turned pale and he ran a finger around the inside of his collar. "It's snowing here, Mr. Champion. We got ourselves a blizzard. You live twenty miles out in the country. I don't know where your house is. How could I get out? It's just a rash."

Henry was silent for a moment. Then he spoke thickly. "Why, of course, Mr. Champion, I'm interested in your baby. It's just that it's snowing—I haven't got chains—I haven't even got snow tires. It's a blizzard—twenty miles to your house. All right, Mr. Champion, I'll do it. Yes, I'll call you from there."

Henry hung up the phone. "Am I a sales engineer or a pediatrician?" he demanded of the empty office. He put on his coat and hat and headed for the elevators, still talking to himself. "I drive miles and look at the kid and what happens? Twenty years from now the little punk will move in here and take my job away from me."

He rode down in the elevator and plunged out into the murky afternoon. Snow drove against him as he kicked his way through drifts to the parking lot. He scraped snow off the windshield and the rear window, got behind the wheel, and lurched and slithered out into the street, heading toward the highway.

Two miles out of town he skidded off the road. Broken tree branches wedged under the rear wheels got him back on the pavement. He made frequent stops to clean the windshield and an hour later, still muttering to himself, he saw the turnoff for the boss's house.

He recognized it just as he was going past it. He jerked the wheel hard at the last instant; he made the turn all right, but he kept on turning. He went off the side road, and the car went bumpety-bump down the bank and then came to a stop. Henry was in the woods.

He got out of the car and looked the situation over, made a few pungent comments about nature, pulled his coat collar up over his neck, his hat down over his eyes, and plunged ahead on foot.

A MILE and a half later, looking like a snowman, Henry paused on the street, staring up at a handsome Georgian-style house sitting well back from the road.

"Lives pretty well, that lousy moneybags," said Henry, who up until that moment had never envied any man his wealth.

He kicked his way through the snow up the walk and stood on the threshold up to his knees in a snowdrift. He hammered vigorously on the knocker and nothing happened.

"Open up," Henry shouted. He banged the knocker again, drew back one foot and was aiming a vicious kick at the door when it opened wide and Henry danced inside in the manner of a chorus girl coming on stage in a White Christmas program.

"I was changing the baby," said a familiar, low, throaty voice.

This was the specter of the telephone, Henry thought. He peered at her from under his white and frosted eyebrows. He got a bit of a shock. She was small and pert, brown-haired, with flashing blue eyes.

"My name is Trimble," Henry said.

The snow was melting and he stood soggly in the center of a pool of water. His hatbrim had lost its shape, and snow dripped from it and ran down the back of his neck inside his shirt.

Henry removed his hat and overcoat. He took two steps and his shoes gurgled. He cocked an ear toward the second story.

"The kid's crying," Henry said accusingly.

"Naturally," the girl said, "with you hammering at the door like a wild man. What are you doing out here?"

"The boss sent me. I came to check on the kid."

"Well, I think it's mean," the girl said. "They asked me to look after the baby. They didn't tell me some private detective was going to call up every day and harangue me about him. They didn't tell me some shamus was going to flatfoot his way out here—"

"I work for Mr. Champion," Henry said. "Let me see the kid."

THE girl angrily led the way upstairs and Henry followed her along the upper landing and into the nursery. The baby lay in the center of the crib. He was red-faced and howling. Henry peered over the side of the crib.

"He's crying," Henry said.

"Marvelous!" the girl said. "How did you know? What'll you have, Doctor? Scalpel? Forceps?"

Henry ignored her and gingerly picked up the infant, who immediately stopped crying. He gave Henry a wavering grin.

"He likes me," Henry said fatuously.

"Gas pains," said the girl. "Bubble him."

"Bubble what?" said Henry, and the girl took the baby away from him. It began crying again.

"What do you do, stick pins in that kid?" Henry said. "Where did the boss ever find you?" He took back the child.

"I happen to be his sister-in-law," she said, her eyes blazing.

Henry held the baby and looked sourly at it. He knew what would happen. The boss and his wife would come back, and this female would tell her sister Henry had insulted her. Her sister would take it out on the boss and the boss would pass the grief along to Henry.

"All the trouble in the world is caused by dames," Henry said bitterly. "The boss was a swell guy when he lived in town and was unmarried. Now look at him."

Henry joggled the baby and stared at it. "The kid even looks like the boss," he said. "Well, thank Heaven, it's a boy!"

He put it back in bed and it lay there quiet. Henry studied its face and bald head. "Got a rash, all right," he said. "The only baby rash I ever heard of is prickly heat."

The girl began to laugh. She laughed so hard she had to hang on to the rails of the crib to support herself.

"Prickly heat in a blizzard in February," she said. "You're priceless."

Henry's face was red. "All right, little mother," he said, "what is it then?"

"It's just a mild face rash," she said. "Almost all babies get it sometime."

"Yes, Mother," Henry said. "For your information, toots, I have no kids. I am not in the market for children." He refrained from adding that he never intended to get hooked as the boss was hooked, and merely looked sternly at her.

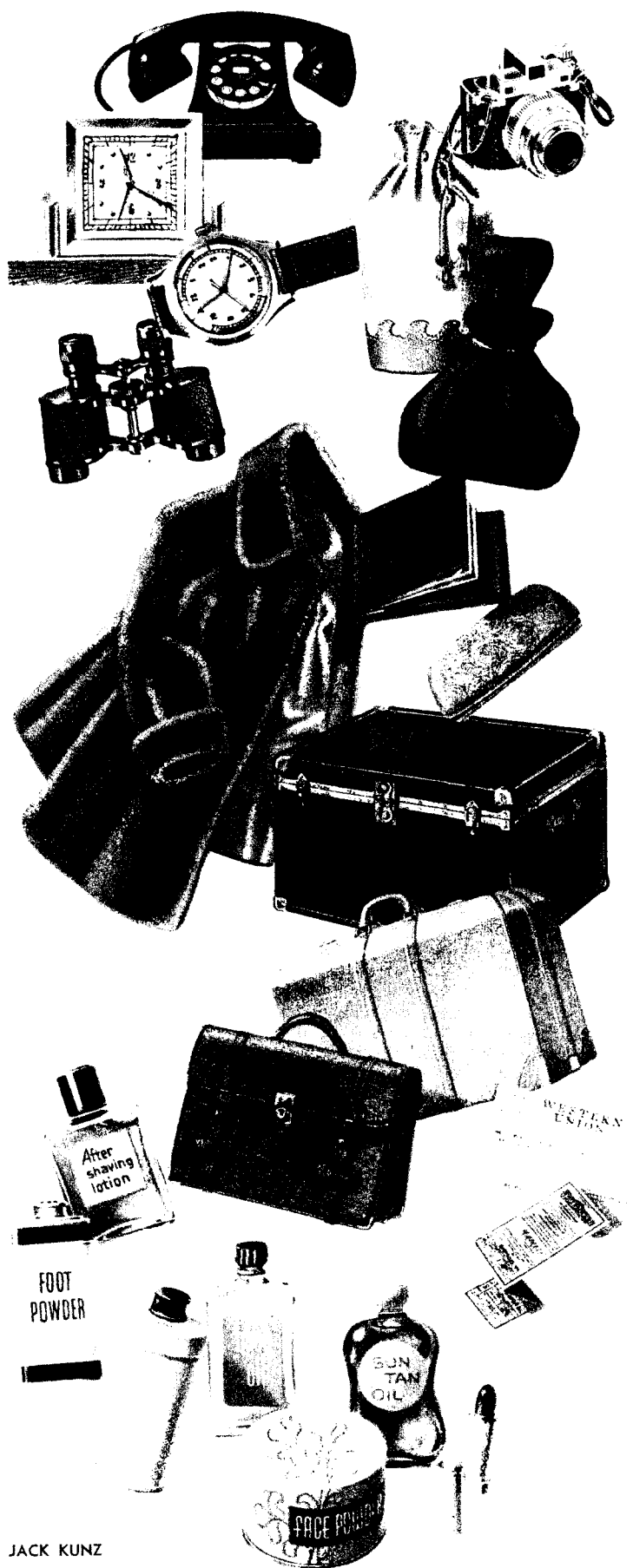
"All right," she said, "let's understand each other. My sister gave up a promising career to get married. I'm taking care of this baby in order that my sister can have a rest. I've just finished a business course and I'm going to start work week after next. And no egotistical braying male is going to put me in front of a hot stove."

She glared at Henry who (Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

Collier's Demands-

CONGRESS REPEAL WARTIME



JACK KUNZ

The wartime excise taxes were put on in wartime.
They were put on to

Reduce Employment
Penalize Consumption
Discourage Business

in lines that were competing with the war effort.

The rates were set very, very high. They were wartime rates. They were made very, very high to

Reduce Employment
Penalize Consumption
Discourage Business

in lines that were competing with the war effort.

Have you been to the movies lately? Have you bought a lipstick? Or sent a telegram? Or gone on train or plane to visit Aunt Mary? Or to shop, or to sell what you make? Did you have to buy some luggage? Did you buy or not buy a scarfpin? Or a watch? Or baby oil and powder? Did you buy or not buy a fur coat? Or did you buy a cheaper one? These are only some of the ways the consumer and the producer are whipsawed by consumption-reducing taxes. No wonder unemployment is up and national income is down.

Congress promised that when the war was over, the wartime excise tax rates would be repealed.

Nobody wanted peacetime taxes that would

Reduce Employment
Penalize Consumption
Discourage Business

after the war was over.

The war is over. The wartime excise taxes have

EXCISE TAXES *At Once!*

not been repealed. They are operating today in the specific industries affected to

Reduce Employment
Penalize Consumption
Discourage Business

just as they did in wartime.

We don't want discriminatory taxes in peacetime. We don't want to reduce employment in specific industries; we don't want to penalize consumption of specific products; we don't want to discourage business just because it used scarce materials and labor in wartime.

Let's repeal the wartime excise tax rates on American business, on American employment, on American consumer demand. The war is over. Let's stop wartime discrimination.

Somebody may say we need the wartime excises because of the revenue. *No tax that is bad for business and employment was ever any good for revenue.*

By reducing consumption we reduce tax receipts on manufacturing profits, on retail profits, on the income of workers; and in addition we increase out-payments for unemployment benefits. And the citizen whose circumstances force him to buy has to pay more than the goods are worth by as much as 20 per cent. The Administration policy of keeping the wartime excise taxes on this long is incredible. It's crazy! It's worse than crazy, it's nuts!

Congress knew that the wartime excise tax rates were no good for peacetime. Congress said that when the war was over, the wartime excise taxes would be repealed. Congress would have repealed these wartime taxes last summer if the executive branch had given the slightest signal.

But the executive branch was confused. It couldn't see the difference between gross revenue and net revenue. It couldn't see the difference between a tax to reduce employment and a tax for revenue. It couldn't see that wartime excise tax rates discriminated between one kind of peacetime employment and another. It couldn't see!!

Let's get rid of this wartime hang-over. Let's let people go back to work making things people want. Let's stop these penalty prices. Let's use the common sense that Congress is prepared to use.

Mr. President, give Congress a free hand. Congress will meet its wartime pledge, and restore peacetime employment to American citizens and American communities. It will remove the blight of wartime controls from American enterprise. It will permit reasonable prices on peacetime products that are wanted by Mr. and Mrs. American Consumer.

Repeal of the wartime excise taxes is the first order of legislative business for 1950.

The Editors

THE TAX TAKE

	COST	PLUS TAX		COST	PLUS TAX
Alarm clock	\$ 18.00	\$ 3.60	Transportation		
Watch	70.00	14.00	(Chicago to New Orleans)		
Handbag	3.95	.79	Railroad: Pullman with		
Purse	7.95	1.59	roomette	\$45.00	\$6.76
Binoculars	60.00	12.00	Air lines	53.30	8.00
Fur coat	400.00	80.00	Bus	13.55	2.03
Billfold	5.00	1.00	Foot powder	.49	.10
Eyeglass case	2.50	.50	Baby powder	.49	.10
Portable trunk	28.00	5.60	Baby oil	.69	.14
Traveling case	15.00	3.00	Sun-tan oil	1.00	.20
Shaving lotion	1.00	.20	Lipstick	1.50	.30
Telegram (10 words			Face powder	1.50	.30
New York to Chicago)	.72	.18	Brief case	10.00	2.00
			Camera	\$312.50	(including \$45 tax)

Telephone service 15% on calls up to 20 cents; 25% on calls of 25 cents and over; 15% on regular service charge.

She's a Real Warm DAY

By HOYT and ALICE BARNETT

The gal that's raising temperatures around the nation's juke boxes doesn't believe in glamor—yet she's knocking 'em dead in the movies as well as on records and radio shows

FEW years ago her name was Kappelhoff, and nobody thought she had exceptional talent except her mother. As for a job, she couldn't even have bought one on her home-town radio station.

Now, a decade and two husbands later, she's Doris Day of Hollywood and her 1949 income from recordings, radio and movies will gross approximately \$200,000.

The rangy blond daughter of Alma Sophia and Frederick Wilhelm von Kappelhoff of Cincinnati does not look like a girl who earns such a tidy sum. She's more like a trim young matron of the country club set, or a mature but definitely well-to-do coed.

Her rather wide face is plastered with freckles. She admits a girdle might help her figure, but finds wearing one too uncomfortable. She moves her five feet, six inches with the easy grace of a dancer,

but it is doubtful if she'll ever be known as "the body."

Mike Curtiz, her favorite director at Warner Brothers, claims she has great natural talent as an actress. But up to now her singing voice has been her chief asset, though it's the sort that might drive a music critic to distraction if he tried to figure out why her recording of *It's Magic* sold nearly 1,000,000 copies in 1948.

But there definitely is something about her voice that gets the customers. She sings one song, and you take it or leave it. She sings another, and all at once she's communicating with you—personally.

It's this characteristic of her delivery rather than the exceptional quality of her voice that is largely responsible for selling 2,300,000 of her platters during the first half of 1949, and for creating the probability that sales may reach the 5,000,000 mark for

the year when the final tally is in. If this happens, Doris will lead all the women in the field—replacing Peggy Lee—and will have outdistanced all but a few of the male crooners, such as Crosby and Como.

In addition to her recordings—they account for \$75,000 of her annual income—she recently completed her fourth movie. And she is currently in her second season as leading lady on the Bob Hope radio show. As a result of all this, she really seems to merit the title of "the triple-threat queen of the entertainment world" which an exuberant press agent has bestowed upon her.

Less than three years ago Doris and her second husband were living in a Los Angeles trailer court. Now she's ensconced in a home in the San Fernando Valley, and a new penchant for clothes and antique furniture has to be closely watched by her manager, Marty Melcher.

Back in March, 1941, after Doris had achieved some success singing with Les Brown's band, she married Al Jorden, a trombone player with Jimmy Dorsey's organization. She quit her job so she could travel with Al as an "orchestra wife." It didn't work out, however, and after son Terry was born, she and Al separated, were later divorced.

She was around Cincinnati again until Les Brown came through her home town, and once more she joined him as a featured soloist. The band—described as a "milkshake" in contrast to a "marijuana" outfit—was filled with nice boys. One of the nicest was George Weidler, a saxophone player and brother of the former child actress Virginia Weidler. But the beautiful music they made together didn't last long. In 1946, a year after George and Doris were married, they separated. They were divorced in California last June.

Doris thinks now that she really did not get to know Weidler until after their divorce.

"If we had taken time to get acquainted instead of falling into each other's arms, our marriage might have been successful," she says.

A Sucker for Amateur Songsmiths

A spontaneously friendly and impulsive girl, Doris is, in the vernacular of Hollywood, a "sucker" for every amateur song writer or lyricist who would profit if she were to sing his song. At the same time her complete lack of side makes her a problem for press agents. Her clippings do not preoccupy her, nor does she insist upon being recognized as *the Doris Day*.

Recently, for example, she was called into her publicity office to receive the Laurel Award, a rather imposing plaque given each year by *The Exhibitor*, a trade publication. Doris won it in 1949 when film buyers of the country named her "the leading new female personality in the motion picture industry." Doris, pleased though she was, forgot her plaque as she rushed away to keep another minor appointment.

Doris' acceptance of her freckles also has made friends for her. Now and then, the magnifying eye of the camera peeks through the grease paint and her freckles register on the screen. In the movie *It's a Great Feeling*, the first decision was to retake the two scenes in which this happened. But after lengthy debate, Doris had her way and the freckles stayed intact. The sureness of her instinct was demonstrated after the picture was released late in 1949.

The audience reaction to the freckles was precisely right. They have added a great deal to the star's popularity. One fan club dubbed her "Miss Huckleberry Finn." And it is not unusual now for a girl to approach Doris, (Continued on page 73)



Doris Day's great pride is her industrious son. At seven, Terry wants to earn his own living

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA



Sun-bathing in her Hollywood yard encourages the freckles, which are an important part of the Day charm. Even grease paint won't hide them. One fan club dubbed her Miss Huck Finn

Brothers' Keeper

By EDWIN LANHAM

Under pressure to approve a cruel act of hatred, Wilson was troubled by the memory of a girl's challenging brown eyes

THERE was an office on the ground floor for the head of the fraternity house, where Ernest kept his files and accounts, where he held occasional and diffident conferences over a brother's scholarship record or some campus misdemeanor. It was a small, tidy room, with a desk and two comfortable chairs beneath the mounted shield of the fraternity. Ordinarily Ernest liked to sit there with his pipe at hand—with Greek letters in silver on the bowl—gratified by a sense of isolation and importance.

But today the room seemed cramped. The autumn light that seeped in was languid and depressing, like old worn rays discarded by the sun in passing. He had waited too long with these gray old cats of light, Ernest thought, and he pushed open the door and stepped into the broad central hall.

Upstairs he heard a gleeful shout, and recognized Joe Barrow's voice. The fall house party had ended the day before and the house routine had been resumed with the bloodthirsty daily bridge game upstairs in Barrow's room. The shout from Barrow meant that something had happened to someone who was vulnerable, and God help anyone, Ernest thought, who was vulnerable to Joe Barrow.

In a group of thirty-odd men it was inevitable that there should be someone to dislike, Ernest knew, because you simply could not spread brotherhood like soft butter over all the loaf. But he felt that it was wrong for him, as head of the house, to dislike a brother as much as he disliked Brother Barrow. He went upstairs and down the upper hall to Barrow's room, with some hope of saying something that might reopen the discussion, that might at least postpone what he had to do.

Guilty glances came his way as he appeared at the doorway. There was a house rule against playing cards for money, and although it had never been enforced in Ernest's time, he was the head of the chapter, he was authority, and his presence there made them uncomfortable—all of them except Joe Barrow.

Barrow sat by the window, his thick fingers shuffling the cards and his bright eyes fixed on Ernest's face. Barrow was usually smiling, with his lips compressed a little in the middle, so that he looked like a man withholding the laughter that shone bold and contemptuous in his eyes. He slapped the deck down to be cut, looked again at Ernest, and said, "Done the deed yet?"

"I'm waiting for him," Ernest said.

"If you need any help, call me," Barrow said.

Ernest wondered if the other players felt as he did, if they felt this uneasy weight in their stomachs. He said quietly, "I'm the head of the house, Joe. I'll handle this alone."

"Okay, okay," Joe Barrow said. "When I see him coming, I'll give a yell."

That explained why Barrow had taken the seat by the window. From there Barrow could see the length of fraternity row; he would see John Cotter coming from far off, carrying like a stone in his pocket the note Ernest had dropped at the post office that morning. *Come see me after your last class. Important.* He had signed it, *Ernest Wilson, president, Beta Chapter*, not liking the official sound of

it, but wanting to give Cotter some inkling of what was to come.

Cotter's last class was at three o'clock, so he could expect the freshman a little after four. He glanced at his watch. It was three minutes past four now. He went slowly back down the stairs to his office.

As Ernest opened the door of his office a silk scarf on the desk caught his eyes. It was a relic of the house party, which he was holding for a claimant. There was always some girl to forget something at a house party, and although Ruth Cotter was not the negligent type, he recalled that she had worn a scarf at the freshman game Saturday. He must remember to ask Cotter if the scarf were his sister's, he thought, and decided he would do so first off, to get the boy's attention on the scarf while fumbling for a way to say what he had to say.

That protective instinct again, Ernest thought. He had felt it from the beginning, partly because John Cotter had reminded him so much of himself in freshman year. Callow, immature, shy—every such adjective you could find in a thesaurus—with a suit he was growing out of at sleeve and cuff and his hair cut too short, not a crew haircut, but simply too short.

During the rushing party, when Ernest had talked to Cotter, he had thought tolerantly that it wouldn't take the boy too long to learn; by sophomore year he would fit indistinguishably into the pattern in the class picture, and as a senior he might even look back, as Ernest did, and smile at just how awful he had been as a freshman.

He had seen possibilities in Cotter, though he had not believed him the type to apply himself with the singleness of purpose that he had. The shine in Cotter's eyes had not been altogether dulled by the anxious hours of rush week, and except for the blunder when he used the word "frat" he had made a fair impression on all the brothers—all but Joe Barrow.

"My father has told me a lot about this frat," Cotter had said, and of course he had planned how to work into the conversation the information that his father was a member, and had made it obvious, but this could be forgiven. Rush week was exactly what the term conveyed, a pretty frantic rush for everyone, and a man had to dip his oar into the whirlpool now and then to save himself.

UNFORTUNATELY the remark had reached Joe Barrow's ears, and as the chapter discussed the candidates later Barrow had made a point of it. "You can cross that one off the list," he had said. "You hear what the guy said? All he could talk about was how his father was a member of this frat. That's what he said. *Frat!*"

As head of the house, Ernest had put in mildly, "He's just out of high school, Joe, and the kids do call them frats in high school. That's a pretty picaresque objection."

"Yeah, high school," Barrow had said, with a scornful nod. "And out in the sticks, at that. Now look, let's concentrate on the Andover crowd and forget this spook."

Partly because the opposition came from Joe Barrow, Ernest had been stubborn about it. "We





can't just write him off," he had said. "He's a legacy, after all."

"Sure." Barrow had shown his hard smile. "He didn't let us forget that, did he?"

"And we *are* hoping to build a new house," Ernest had pointed out.

Barrow had shown interest. "Has his old man got dough?"

It usually came down to a question of money with Joe Barrow. He was the one who always asked who your tailor was, and what he charged. He was the one who could tick off the number of millions the senior class would one day fall aggregate heir to. He was the sharp-eyed one who could instantly cut John Cotter out of the upper brackets with the exclamation, "Not with *that* suit!"

No one in the chapter had known much about John Cotter then, or his father's income. All they had known was that here was a boy in a ready-made suit, a thin boy with a terrible haircut and an amiable smile, and large trustful eyes, whose father was a member of the fraternity. The chapter records confirmed his father's membership, and the fact that no alumni pressure had been brought in Cotter's behalf was definitely a point in his favor.

Thinking of it now as he waited by the gray window, Ernest admitted to himself that it was chiefly due to Barrow's opposition that he had urged John Cotter as a candidate.

ERNEST had known very well what his motives were. In his own freshman year he had been as awkward and unsure as Cotter, and he had been no legacy to any house. He had been passed by in freshman year, and it was only after his activities had demonstrated that he might become an important figure on the campus, in spite of a lack of fraternity affiliation, and in defiance of fraternity politics, that several houses had shown interest in him in his sophomore year. That was the reason he had chosen to give Cotter a helping hand. Being a legacy had helped, and in the final night, when the bids had been sent out, Cotter's name had gone down on the list with only a grunt and a shrug from Joe Barrow.

Ernest thought of the night they had called at the freshman dormitory for Cotter, when he had gone to Cotter's door and knocked, and in silence conducted him to the street. Ernest could not forget the shy, pleased grin on Cotter's face, beneath the ridiculous freshman cap. The grin had told of how impressed Cotter was, even a little scared, and of the deeper core of pure delight. In the darkness Ernest had attached the pledge pin to Cotter's lapel, and when they had come again into the light of the fraternity house, where the other pledges had been assembled, the smile had still been on Cotter's face and even Joe Barrow had shaken his hand and welcomed him.

There had been no such night for Ernest. He had been pledged alone, without ceremony. He had come into the fraternity late, but with the distinction that he had already made his mark on the campus. He had earned his pledge, and he was proud of it, but he would never forget that lonely freshman year. The smile on Cotter's face the night he was pledged had given Ernest a fatherly satisfaction.

Cotter had shown that same shy smile again, just the other day, when he had told Ernest that he was having his sister up for the house party and had said that it would be an honor, such an honor, if Ernest would look out for her Saturday when he must play a game with the freshman soccer team. Ernest had thought it presumptuous of a freshman to come to him, head of the house and a senior, with such a request, but the smile had won his consent, and he had forgotten his reluctance when he met Ruth Cotter, with her calm eyes and husky voice and the natural quality about her. He had taken her to the freshman soccer game.

"You've done a lot for John," she had said at the game. "You've brought him out of himself." She had given him a level, confiding glance. "He needed that. He's been pretty sheltered. Practically never away from home. But I suppose you know that," she had added, talking softly. "I suppose you know all about him."

(Continued on page 63)

They were at the punch bowl when Barrow began to talk in his vicious, jabbing way. Ruth felt that she had to make her position clear. Ernest would have tried to stop her somehow, if he had known



The location of the store on historic Union Square, traditionally a hangout for "soapbox orators," adds color to S. Klein's operations



S. Klein's employs no sales personnel to help its customers. They do their own selecting; compete with one another to obtain best values



The store specializes in "distress merchandise," is thereby often able to sell at prices below actual cost. There are no charge accounts

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BRADLEY SMITH

NEVER PAMPER *the Ladies*

By MURRAY CAMPBELL

When S. Klein's, one of the world's biggest women's-wear stores, advertises bargains, millions of New Yorkers consider it an invitation to stark combat. Cash sales: \$38,000,000 annually

OT long ago a lady trying on a \$6.95 evening gown inadvertently bumped girdles with another lady trying on a \$6.95 evening gown. "Oh," she apologized, "I'm so sorry."

"Look," said the other. "If you're so polite, why don't you shop at Macy's?"

This exchange of courtesies took place at what might be called the world's most *inclusive* dress shop—S. Klein on New York's famed Union Square, near the lower end of Manhattan, not far from the Bowery, Chinatown and the tenement districts O. Henry wrote about.

S. Klein's location and much of its clientele would stir no particular envy in such high-toned dress shoppes as Worth of Paris or Nieman-Marcus of Dallas. S. Klein's business figures are a different story: They have an understandable charm for anyone in "the rag business," as the women's-wear trade is cheerfully called by its practitioners.

On a fairly calm day, some 55,000 women of all shapes, sizes and states of temper mill subway-rush style through the aisles and fight their way out the door with around 15,000 paid-for-in-cash dresses. A really brisk day—say on the brink of Christmas or Easter—gives the store the look and feel of an overwrought snake pit, from which some 100,000 women exude clutching 30,000 dresses. All this is in addition to astronomical quantities of those items which women wear over and under dresses—coats, hats, shoes, slips, girdles, bras, stockings and panties.

The whole thing adds up to some \$38,000,000 of cash sales a year—a succulent take that few other women's-wear stores yet seen on this earth have been known to approach. In short, whether you count volume of women, of sales or of dollars, S. Klein on the Square is one of the biggest and busiest dress shops in the universe.

How did this store, which began with 36 cheap dresses in one shabby upstairs room, get that way?

Quite simple. S. Klein's does not pamper the ladies. It does not believe in that sort of nonsense and feels that no sensible lady does either—if such luxury costs her money.

Which does the normal female prefer, S. Klein's asks itself: saleswomen to call her "Modom," dapper floorwalkers to tell her where everything is, chairs all over the place to loaf on, carpets to walk around on, fancy mirrors to look at herself in, and an \$18.95 dress for \$18.95? Or none of that and the very same \$18.95 dress for—perhaps—\$8.95?

The answer is that S. Klein's has no floorwalkers, carpets, chairs, fancy mirrors or other paraphernalia of the usual department store. There are no saleswomen to help the customer select a dress or coat, and to assure her she looks divine in it. Dresses and coats, marshaled beneath placards starkly announcing their size and price, hang by the thousands on gas-pipe racks along the swarming aisles. The customer does her own selecting, often in person-to-person competition with other women of the same size who are hunting in the same price range, and while propelled from the rear and buffeted from the front by still other women searching through racks holding other sizes and in different price ranges.

Once a dress has been successfully laid hold of, the customer may, if she feels up to it, fight her way across current to try it on in one of the swarming mass dressing rooms. Or she can start at once inching her way to a pay desk, obeying signs that say to keep in line and have money ready for cashier. At these desks there is no loose talk of checks, charge accounts, alterations or deliveries. S. Klein's looks on such things as causes of needless expense and

therefore forms of weakness—and S. Klein's is never weak with the ladies.

Unlike dresses and coats, garments like bras and panties are not segregated by size. They lie in jumbled heaps in shallow square troughs whose corners are rounded to minimize injury in combat. Because panties and bras have individual specifications to meet they are generally tried on for size. Except in the case of newcomers to the S. Klein atmosphere, these trial runs take place in the aisles. Bras are usually tried on *over* everything; panties generally

—though not always—make their test run *under* everything except the panties already on the job.

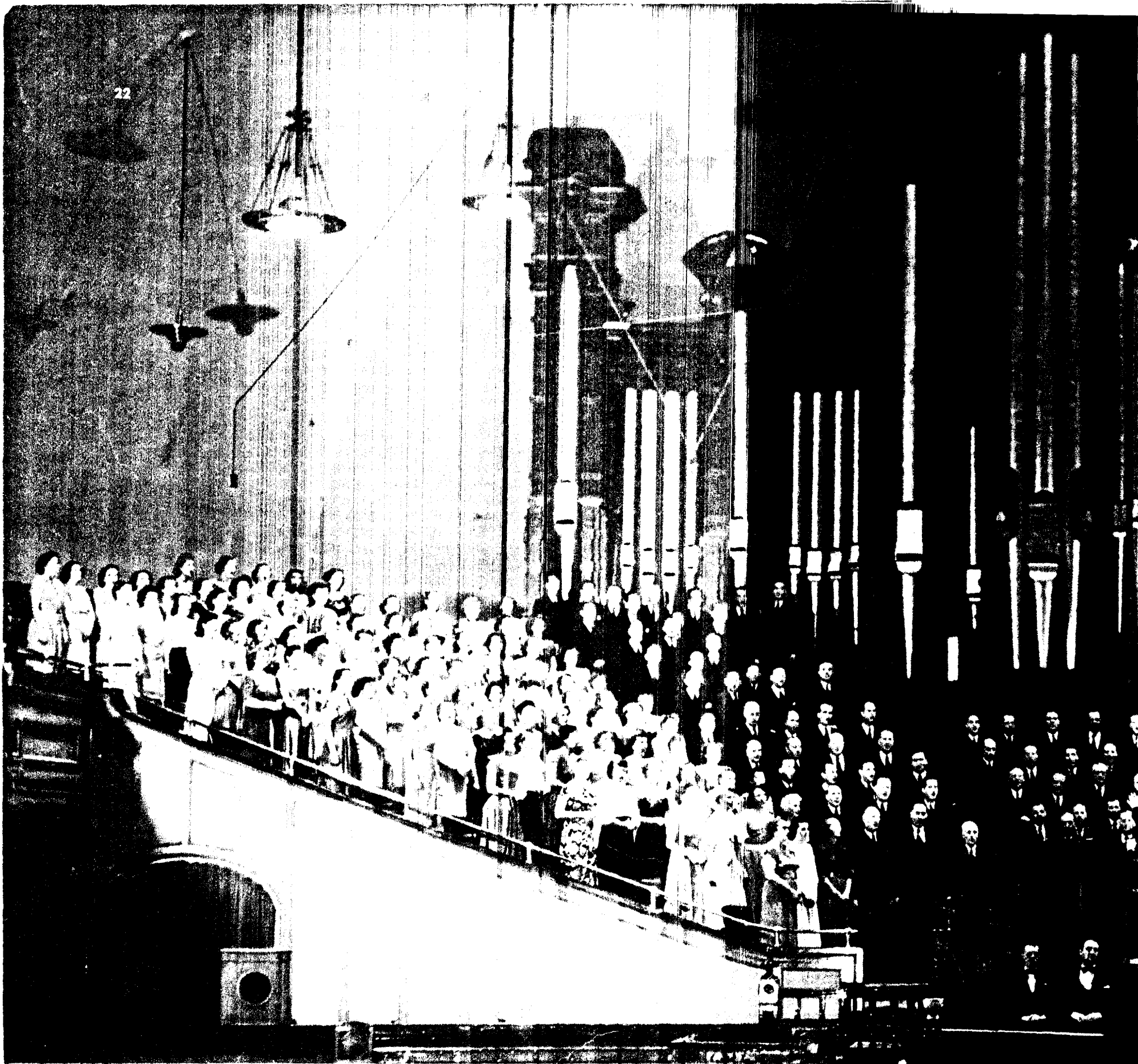
"Ninety-eight per cent of our traffic is women anyway," said a store official who preferred to remain anonymous. (All S. Klein's officials prefer to remain anonymous, incidentally.) "About the only men who notice the panty routine are the detectives, and that's part of their assignment. Somebody's got to see that what goes on also comes off, at least till it's paid for."

This same realism— (Continued on page 56)



No Man's Land at S. Klein's. In keeping with the company's policy of never being weak with the ladies, clients seeking to try on merchandise use a mass dressing room that's usually swarming

Collier's for January 7, 1950



'Gently Raise the Sacred Strain'

MEMBERS of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) have an expressive word to describe a believer who has been backsliding from the Word of Wisdom. They call him a "dabbler." For a Mormon, it is dabbling even to take a swig of tea or coffee.

Not long ago, J. Spencer Cornwall, the gentle, soft-spoken individual who is the director of Utah's 375-voice Mormon Tabernacle Choir and responsible both for the vocal perfection and moral impeccability of his world-renowned singers, got word that one of his high tenors had been dabbling.

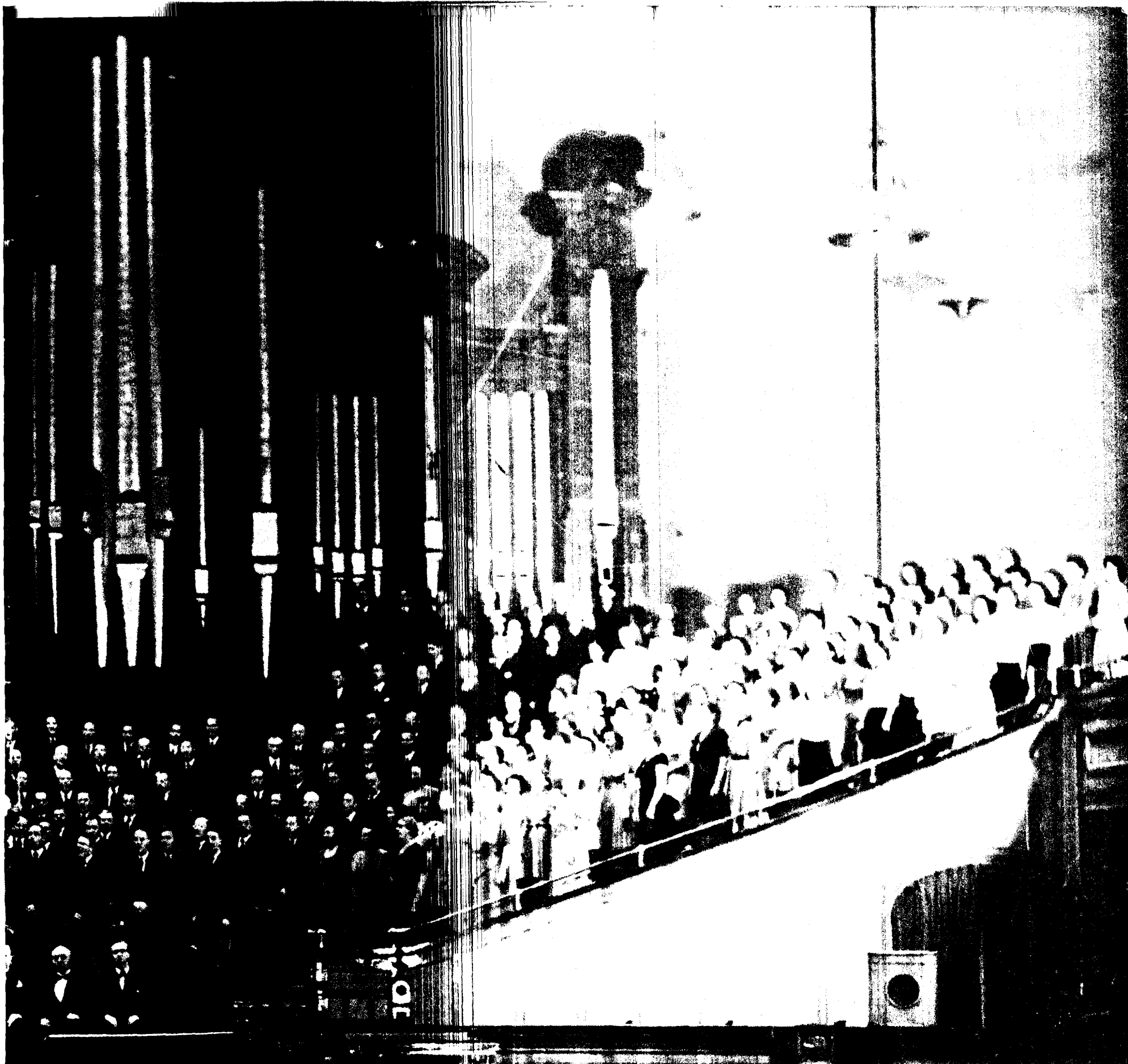
Now a good high tenor is a pearl of great price, and the ordinary choirmaster would forgive him almost anything, within reason—so long as it didn't interfere with his singing. But in the Tabernacle Choir a tenor is a Mormon first and a singer second. For Director Cornwall there was nothing to do but make the delinquent vocalist stop dabbling or stop singing. The way he did it was characteristic of J. Spencer Cornwall, the Tabernacle Choir and the Mormon Church as well.

"It was strategy," Cornwall confided to a friend with a chuckle. "I took him aside and told him that

I was worried about two sopranos who were dabbling a bit—and that's the truth. I said I was afraid I was going to have to dismiss them from the choir. Then I assigned him the extra church duty of getting those two sopranos back on the right path. That's all there was to it."

The two sopranos—and the tenor—are back in good grace again. All three can be heard on the radio every Sunday from Salt Lake City to Shanghai, singing (with 372 other undabbling Mormons) under Cornwall's capable baton. Their Mormon Tabernacle Choir is the largest permanent choir in

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOERN GERDTS



The Story of the Great Mormon Tabernacle Choir

By EVAN M. WYLIE

the world, one of the nation's top-ranking musical aggregations, and one of the major tourist attractions west of the Rocky Mountains.

While some may think the emphasis on abstinence a bit peculiar, the Mormons are proud of it. "We are a peculiar people," the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints likes to say; and the Tabernacle Choir is, of course, peculiarly a Mormon institution. A church choir, it does not sing for church services more than twice a year. On the radio it presents twice as many hymns of other denominations as it does Mormon hymns, and the

Collier's for January 7, 1950

Mormon Church rates a mention only once or twice in the half-hour program. It is undoubtedly one of the finest choirs in the United States. Yet only four members are professional musicians, and its conductor takes as much pride in the fact that a whole row of his sopranos once was simultaneously absent having babies as he does in their ability to do justice to Handel's Messiah.

The only real community program in radio, the choir represents a cross section of the professions and occupations of the people of Salt Lake City. Such is the Mormon passion for music that group

singing seems to be the most popular pastime in town. Each of the wards (church congregations equivalent to parishes), containing from 150 to 2,000 members, has its own choir, glee club, quartets and four or five other choral groups. The best of the singers from all these are auditioned for the Tabernacle Choir.

The mighty chorus is composed of doctors, lawyers and business executives; mechanics, masons, mail carriers and truck drivers; nurses; teachers; high-school and college girls and boys; housewives, mothers and grandmothers. (Continued on page 60)

The House that Foundered

By HARRISON KINNEY

Captain Wilson was used to the terrors of the seas, but any storm was better than a port like our old house in Maine—especially when my father started making repairs

A COUSIN of mine, Captain Wilson, will be visiting us soon," my mother told us one evening in early autumn, when the leaves outside the dining-room window still broke the late sunlight into restless patches of shade on the tablecloth. "He's retired from the sea and wishes to settle in this part of the state. He may wish to take this house off our hands. You boys mustn't bother him with anything; Captain Wilson isn't well."

"I still don't see why we have to sell *our* house to him," my father said.

"We've been through all that," my mother told him. "We'll build in town. You will be nearer your store, and the boys won't have so far to go to school."

"I don't mind being this far from school," said my brother George. "I don't want to move."

"You'd like a new room of your own, wouldn't you?" my mother asked me.

"No, ma'am," I said.

"Of course you'd like a new room of your own," she insisted with annoyance.

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"I sometimes think the boys are getting more like you every day," she told my father.

"It's just that we've worked so long on this old place," my father continued. "I don't know what I'd do without things to fix up all the time. Besides, we've lived here ever since we were married. Both the boys were born here."

"I see no reason to let sentimentality stand in the way of progress," said my mother cheerfully.

"Both of us were born here," George said. "I'm twelve years old, and I was born here."

"Now, never mind," said my mother, annoyed again. "I'd rather not talk about it any more. As soon as the new house is built you'll all be happy that Captain Wilson bought this old derelict from us." My mother went upstairs.

"I like my room in the attic," said George. "I like it when it rains and I can hear it on the roof."

"I think we should consider the matter closed," said my father. "It will only keep your mother upset if we talk about it. Perhaps she does deserve a new house, since that's what she wants."

"Will I have an elm tree outside my window at the new house?" I asked. "Like the one I have here?"

"We'll plant one," said my father absently.

"Yes, sir," I said. . . .

Captain Wilson came to live with us several weeks later, when the edges of the elm leaves were curling with the rust of late fall. He was a tall, thin man in his late sixties.

"You should have a good rest with us, Captain Wilson," my mother told him. "There's nothing around here that could bother you. In the winter, there's so much snow we are practically obliged to hibernate. My husband can't always get to work."

"That suits me fine," growled the captain. "I guess I was getting pretty crabby aboard ship. Little things were beginning to worry me. I think I'll be settling down around here."

There had always been something wrong with the electrical system in our house from the day it had been installed, and one night a wire under the

attic floor boards began smoldering. I guess the mice ate off the insulation, and the wiring wasn't much good, anyway. The smoke frightened my brother George, who slept by himself in a room that had been finished off in the front part of the attic. He began pounding on the door of his room, which was always locked at night from the outside because George walked in his sleep quite often. Captain Wilson was sleeping in the other twin bed in my room. He sat up and I could see his slight silhouette in the frame of the open window. The captain wasn't fully awake. "Where's the mate on watch?" he asked. "What are we steering, lad?"

"It's George pounding on his door," I told him. "My mother told me not to disturb you about anything."

The captain sat in bed for a moment, listening to George's pounding in the attic. "Is he walking in his sleep, lad?" asked Captain Wilson. "Isn't that why he's locked in his fo'c'sle?"

"He never pounds on the door when he walks in his sleep," I said. "He'll be yelling out the window pretty soon."

We heard my father go past our door toward the attic stairs. The captain got out of bed and left the room. I followed him up to the attic where my father, having found the lights didn't work, was peering along a flashlight beam at the thin smoke seeping through the cracks of the floor boards in the unfinished section of the attic. My father unlocked George's door. George was quite angry.

"The whole house is on fire!" he shouted.

"Don't talk like that, boy!" roared the captain.

"Do you want to throw the whole crew in a panic? It's probably nothing but a short under the deck plates."

George looked at me, surprised out of his irritation. "What does that mean?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I told him.

"Really nothing to be alarmed about," my father said, prying up one of the boards with a crowbar he found leaning in a corner. "The insulation is eaten through," he added, after a moment, examining a wire strung along a crossbeam. "The wire was charring the wood. I'll cut off all the power tonight and have it fixed in the morning."

George went back to bed glumly, and my father locked him in again before going down to the rear entry to remove the fuse from the fuse box. We stood in the dark in the upstairs hall until he returned, carrying a flashlight.

"I'm glad my wife isn't here," said my father to Captain Wilson. "She would be quite upset that something got you out of bed. I hope no mention of this will be made to her."

My mother was in Mars Hill attending her ailing mother at this time. Gertrude, the hired girl, was in charge of the housekeeping during my mother's absence. Gertrude came out of her room, carrying a candle in one hand and a toothbrush in the other. It was two o'clock in the morning, but Gertrude always set her alarm clock to ring every four hours during the night so that she could brush her teeth and give medicine to Pal. Pal was an ailing bird dog that had followed my father home from his store one night.

Gertrude had read a tooth-paste advertisement about the bacteria that infect teeth. She worried about her teeth after that. "I once knew a family in Old Orchard whose teeth all fell out because they didn't clean them regularly," she had explained to my mother, who had been awakened by Gertrude's getting up at two o'clock the first night she was with us. My mother never completely trusted any of our hired girls.

"Just a frayed electric wire," my father explained to Gertrude carelessly. "If it doesn't stop storming, Captain, the snow will be too deep for me to go to the store tomorrow. And in that case, I'll fix it myself."

"You'd better call the electrician," Gertrude said stiffly. "I've worked here for six years. There's something the matter with this house. I think it's jinxed."

"Gertrude, there's not a thing the matter with this house," my father said with annoyance. He was a man who was proud of his house.

"You'd better not leave George up there, anyway," she said. "I knew a family in Caribou. There was a frayed wire in their attic and they were all burned alive."

"Will we be burned alive?" I asked my father.

"Blast it, woman," bellowed the captain, "don't prattle like that in front of a nine-year-old lad! What's the matter with women, anyway?" he asked my father. "They make me nervous." He went down the hall, still grumbling.

"We mustn't upset the captain," my father told Gertrude. "My wife won't like it if she hears about it." Gertrude went downstairs making sniffing noises through her nose, and shaking her head a little.

MY BROTHER George and I skied to school the next morning. We lived in the suburbs of Easton, and my father was unable to drive to his store until the state snowplow went past our house. When we returned from school in the afternoon, there was plaster on the floor of the upstairs hall, knocked off the ceiling. I found my father in the attic, splicing segments of wire. The captain had been watching him expose several of the beams under the floor. Reinforcing pieces of two-by-fours had been nailed to the sides of those timbers that were somewhat rotted.

"Her beams are a little weathered," the captain was saying. "Whatever craft I'm on, I just want her to be seaworthy. You'd better run her into dry dock in the spring, Stephen."

"Nonsense, Captain," my father said jovially. "There's nothing the matter with this house. They built houses to last in the day this was put together."

"Once the kerosene tank blew up in the cellar," I said.

"What blew up?" asked the captain in alarm.

"The kerosene tank," said my father. "But it was really nothing." Captain Wilson grumbled to himself and went downstairs.

Our house was an early New England wooden frame structure, with gigantic oak beams and rafters. Through the years (Continued on page 42)



The two men strained to budge the refrigerator. Finally, it tipped and fell on the floor



We were all coughing from the smoke, and my father began to smash a door panel with an ax



"Once a house gets a jinx on it there's nothing to do about it. I've seen it happen," she added



The piano became wedged between the wall and the banister. My father panted, "This is far enough. The water can't get as high as this"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



Colonel Bernt Balchen, polar pioneer

DOH C. KRUDSEN

VIKING on the ICE

Continuing THE STORY OF

Nearly 75 per cent of the missions undertaken by the remarkable U.S. Air Force organization, the Tenth Rescue Squadron, are civilian rather than military. Wonderfully equipped, superbly trained, the squadron helps guard defense lines in an area larger than the 48 states and, in the process, has learned how best to aid combat fliers in distress. Today its personnel protects the families isolated in the frigid wilderness, provides them with their only dependable link to the comforts and services available in the far-flung cities of Alaska

II

THE commander of the arctic's fabulous Tenth Rescue Squadron, U.S. Air Force, is Colonel Bernt Balchen; and Hollywood itself has never done a better job of type casting. Balchen is a handsome, gray-haired viking of heroically paunchy proportions, of whom Oscar Levant once said, "Wagnerian opera lost a great star when Balchen was born without a voice."

Balchen was born in Tveit Topdal, Norway, on October 23, 1899, and became a national ski champion and the heavyweight boxing champion of the Norwegian navy. A U.S. citizen since 1931, he was an American O.S.S. commander in Scandinavia during the war and achieved an undying measure of fame there for the unrelenting feud he waged with a Gestapo chief named Siegfried Wolfgang Fehmer, whom he had known before the Nazi occupation.

One of the features of their more or less personal duel was this: Periodically, Fehmer would organize the entire Gestapo to search for Balchen throughout Norway. For his part, Balchen would, from time to time, taunt the Nazi official by mailing him post cards postmarked Oslo and by leaving copies of the London Times in the reading room at Gestapo headquarters. He never was caught.

Similarly, Balchen confounds his U.S. Air Force superiors today by making unexpected transpolar flights to Europe; by walking about with buttons missing from his uniform; by snoring prodigiously at military functions; and by addressing everyone—including privates and corporals in his own outfit—as "Colonel."

The Air Force recalled Balchen to active duty from a lucrative air-line director's job in Norway and assigned him to the vital Tenth Rescue Squadron command for one major reason: He is America's top arctic and polar expert. In fact, after his 28 years of exploration and discovery in the Far North, he is pretty close to being the *world's* top arctic and polar expert, though a few authorities rank Russia's Otto Schmidt and J. Papanin, and Britain's Sir Hubert Wilkins ahead of him. Wilkins, in turn, also rates Balchen as one of the three great pilots of our time, bracketing him with Charles A. Lindbergh and the late Carl Eielson, the pioneer polar flier.

In 1926, when he was a young lieutenant in the Norwegian naval air force, Balchen was selected to accompany Roald Amundsen on his historic flight from Spitsbergen to the North Pole in the dirigible Norge. Admiral Richard E. Byrd was at Spitsbergen then, too, preparing to make the same difficult flight, with Floyd Bennett in a trimotor plane. One day Byrd visited Amundsen.

"There's something wrong with one of the skis on my plane," he said. "Can you lend me someone to help me fix it?"

Amundsen said, "Young Bernt Balchen is one of the best skiers in Norway. I'll send him over to have a look."

Balchen repaired the ski on Byrd's plane; whereupon the American admiral promptly took off, beating Amundsen to the pole.

Disgruntled at this development, Amundsen left Balchen behind when the Norge finally made its flight.

Byrd remembered this favor, however, and later, when he began preparing for further arctic exploits, requested Balchen's services on a year's leave of absence from the Norwegian navy, a proposal which was granted.

The one year was extended to three, as Balchen became the pilot-hero of Byrd's epic flight across the Atlantic in the airplane America, and then was promoted to be Byrd's chief pilot on the 1929 antarctic expedition.

Balchen was at the controls for Byrd's flight to the South Pole on November 29, 1929. He also helped Byrd discover Marie Byrd Land and several antarctic mountain ranges, which they photographed from the air for the first time. Finally, in 1930, they both returned and exuberant celebrations were scheduled in Washington, D.C., and New York.

When Balchen stepped from the plane in Washington, however, the cheers were rudely suspended. In fact, Balchen was arrested. It developed that, during his years in the Antarctic, he had neglected to apply for an alien's re-entry visa, and when he stepped on American soil, U.S. immigration officials seized him for deportation. It was an embarrassing moment in American history, for while Washington continued to prepare for the parade down Pennsylvania Avenue for the Conquerors of the Antarctic, one of the Conquerors was adorning a Washington jail.

The matter became a government crisis. President Hoover called his Cabinet into session, and Congressional leaders held a series of emergency conferences. Finally, the late Fiorello La Guardia, then a congressman, came up with a solution. He said, "Let's do what they did for the Marquis de Lafayette after the American Revolution and make Balchen an American citizen by special act of Congress." So the Balchen Citizenship Act went through the next day. The parade then was held as scheduled, and Balchen became one of the few persons ever to hold foreign citizenship and at the same time have U.S. citizenship conferred on him.

Awarded to Norwegian Air Force

This is how, after several more years of distinguished flying achievement and polar exploration, Balchen came to be an officer in the U.S. Army and Air Force. Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, a special conference was held between U.S. Minister to Norway Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., and officials of the Norwegian navy, to decide which country had first call on double-citizen Balchen. Norway won, and until 1941, Balchen ferried bombers and set up Canadian training centers for the Norwegian air force.

Then, in a dramatic shift, Balchen was transferred to the U.S. Army Air Forces. He established America's northernmost Air Force base on the west coast of Greenland; he bombed out German arctic weather stations; he went to Stockholm to head up our O.S.S. in Scandinavia; he evacuated crashed U.S. airmen from Sweden to England; he supplied the Norwegian underground with weapons and trained *saboteurs*; he married the Norwegian underground's best female ski courier; he helped evacuate Russian prisoners of war to Finland; and he furnished all the air support for a Norwegian army that pushed the Germans out of

northern Norway and into the waiting arms of the Red Army.

When the war ended, Balchen retired as a full colonel of the U.S. Air Force. He returned to Norway and became the Director of Norwegian Airlines. But when Uncle Sam called on him again in October, 1948, he donned his U.S. colonel's uniform and headed for Anchorage, Alaska, to take over command of the Tenth Rescue Squadron. The choice was a natural, for in addition to being one of the world's three top polar experts, he also probably knows more about arctic flying and rescue than anyone else.

As far back as 1928, he and famed Floyd Bennett flew to Labrador to rescue the crew of the German transatlantic plane Bremen, which had crashed on bleak Greenly Island. This was the trip on which Bennett caught pneumonia and died, and Balchen carried out the rescue alone. For 20 years thereafter, Balchen was called in whenever there was a spectacular crash in the arctic; and during World War II, he personally saved 47 American fliers who had gone down on the uncharted Greenland icecap.

Saga of a Heroic Rescue

On one of these rescues, he created an arctic legend. When his own amphibious rescue plane caught fire after making an unbelievable belly landing on the ice near a crashed C-47, he led three other men on foot across the treacherous crevices and ridges of the icecap to the coast, 100 miles away. They performed the feat in 2½ days, in winds of 150 miles per hour and in temperatures colder than 50 degrees below zero!

When Balchen took over command of the Tenth Rescue Squadron on November 5, 1948, he found that the organization's personnel, too, had gone through a rigorous practical education in arctic rescue methods. They already had more than 450 rescues to their credit; and the outfit had grown from an original complement of 57 officers and 135 enlisted men to 103 officers and 541 enlisted men. These were highly skilled specialists, assigned to detachments and subdetachments scattered from Anchorage and Fairbanks on the Alaska mainland to Adak, Cold Bay and Shemya on the Aleutian Chain.

Each of the major detachments had giant C-54s and big hospital gliders rugged enough for North Pole operations; specially equipped Flying Fortresses with lifeboats that can be dropped on long-range overwater searches; ski- and wheel-equipped C-47 cargo planes to transport paratroopers and to evacuate casualties; wheel-ski-float planes; smaller single-engined craft that can land on nearly every road, lake, river or beach in Alaska; helicopters that can land *anywhere*; dog teams; snow jeeps and amphibious weasel trucks. They had their own doctors, paratroopers, mechanics, dog team men and "arctic woodsmen guides," as the Air Force manuals call the trail crewmen—the private infantry of the Tenth Rescue Squadron.

Balchen got some idea of the over-all efficiency of his highly complex outfit just a few days after he took over. He was sitting in his office and casually looked out the window; off in the distance he saw a small Air Force plane emit a puff of black smoke and disintegrate in mid-air. Two parachutes opened beneath the plane at an altitude of about 600 feet.

Stunned, Balchen leaped (*Continued on page 70*)

The plane lay on its back within five feet of the floe's edge. Hovering over it, the helicopter lowered a rope ladder to the ice and rescued the pilot

FRONTIER

By BILL DAVIDSON

BERNT BALCHEN'S ARCTIC AIRMEN





"George, you can't do this to me," Bobo said

Continuing the bold and uncompromising story of a man

who went in search of the sense of danger

Hell-Bent

By WALT GROVE

II

The Story: Most men would have envied me NANCY, my beautiful wife, my two children, my money, my ranch-type house in Ridgewood, New Jersey. When I had got out of the Air Force, I was finished with flying. I had been through too much. Nancy's father helped me get a job selling valves for a big manufacturer who was impressed with my medals. I should have been all set, but after four years of marriage, I was being destroyed by a combination of dry rot and restlessness. What I felt I wanted more than anything was the sense of danger I'd lost in the war. I took it out on Nancy; I was boorish and unloving to her, and our life together was meaningless. I told her I thought hungry lions should be let loose in the streets; life should be more exciting. When I found her in the arms of LARS, a glad-hander and a cad, I knew it meant as little as she said it did, but I used it anyway as an excuse to alienate us further. I was really ripe for a break when BOBO NOLAN came back into my life. Bobo had been my colonel; he was as tough and realistic as they come. Now he was down on his luck, and was desperate as well. He'd been working with an aerial circus, and had saved and planned to buy himself an old C-47 and start an overseas freight line. He needed a thousand dollars more, and he got it from me without much trouble. He also needed a copilot, but I wasn't having any of that. With him in the deal was ANNIE COLLINS, a young girl who had learned life the hard way, and knew all the answers. We had some drinks together, and I asked them to spend the week end at my house; Nancy had gone to Cape Cod with the children. The first night, Bobo and I had a drinking bout. The next day, when he went into town on business, Annie and I, left alone in the house, admitted a violent mutual attraction, and became lovers. Bobo returned with the news that they were signed up to fly to Paris with a load of secondhand juke-boxes. When he asked me again to be copilot, it seemed like a good idea. I knew I was finished with another kind of life—as ROBERT WARREN, solid citizen. Now I was set for the dangerous life I thought was necessary to a man.

ON THE eighteenth of the month Nancy and the children came home. It had gotten too cool at the Cape, she had felt, and then too it was time for Bob's school to start. He was attending nursery school for the first time. Nancy immediately set about buying him enough clothes to last him the rest of his life.

We were in the dining room, at the table, when I told her. I said, "By the way, I've decided to take a little time off."

"Time off?" Nancy said. "From what?"

"Time off for a vacation."

"But I can't leave now. I've got Bob in school."

That was the big idea. She got it, just like that.

"I need a vacation," I said. "I realized that last week while you were gone. I've been working pretty hard."

"But you wrote that everything was all right."

"It was," I said. "I've just decided that I don't want to work myself to death. Do you mind?"

We ate our soup without saying anything else. When she finished she put her spoon in her plate and laced her fingers together and looked at me. "You're tired, Robert? You just want a rest?"

"Well, what I really meant is that I need a change," I said. "I don't need rest so much as I need a change. You know. Doing the same thing day after day."

We ate our roast beef.

"Well, where do you plan on going?" she asked.

"Maine," I said. I was damned if I was going to tell her what I was going to do. It was none of her business. "To fish," I added.

The company owned a tract of land in Maine and had built a lodge on it for any of the employees to use if they wanted to. I had never gone before but it was a good place to tell Nancy because it was completely isolated—no telephone and you had to travel some distance to the village to get the mail. So she wrote me a letter, okay. So I never went to the village. How did I know she'd write?

"Who're you going with?" she said.

"There'll be some of the fellows there," I told her.

"Just fellows?" she said.

"And Lassie, the world's richest dog," I said.

"That sounds like fun," she said.

"Well, Lassie's a grand sport."

Nancy lighted a cigarette and sat a moment looking down at the table. "You don't care about fishing. You just want to get away from me," she said, raising her eyes and looking at me. "Away from us. Your family."

I hesitated. I wanted no trouble. I wanted to leave quietly, with as little fuss as possible.

"Certainly you do," Nancy went on. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed. She ground out her cigarette. "You just want to get away from us. You think we're unimportant, meaningless. You're just dying to get away, anywhere. And I think that's fine. I say the sooner the better." She stood up. "I'm going into the city tomorrow morning. If your train leaves then, Robert, I'll be happy to take you to it."

We had coffee that night in the living room. . . .

The next morning I left for Connecticut. Nancy drove me to Grand Central. I hopped out with my suitcase and all my rods and reels and baskets and duffels as the cars behind Nancy began honking their horns off. She disappeared in the welter of

traffic on Forty-second Street. I just disappeared.

I checked the fishing equipment in Grand Central. I wouldn't need it in Paris.

I got to Windsor Locks early that afternoon and since I had only one suitcase I took it with me to the airport. Windsor Locks was not a designated port of entry. But all international air lines that used Windsor Locks had joined together and made arrangements for customs inspection and so on.

Bobo would be carrying cargo to France and so he would have to depart from a port of entry, too. I didn't know then why he had decided to use Windsor Locks instead of New York.

I went straight to the airport. It had three paved runways, the longest being about 5,000 feet. Bobo's plane was hangared way down at the end of the line and I walked down there still carrying my suitcase. I had no trouble seeing the C-47. It stuck out like a sore thumb—and I mean sore. I looked at it and I got a funny sinking feeling.

It was painted that dun color that had been used in the first part of the war and I knew how long ago that had been. Bobo's 47 looked like it had been kicking around since the days of El Alamein—or even before. God only knew how many hours it had logged to how many places and back again! I could see where the AAF insignia had not been painted out. There were a couple of big patches on the skin and that made me think it had been shot up a little. It was an old dog and it had really had it.

NEITHER Bobo nor Annie was around. There was a tall lad up on a mechanic's stand with the cowl off the port engine. The big cargo door in the 47 was open and as I was standing there Annie came out and climbed down to the hangar floor. She had on a coverall with a baggy seat that was too big for her and she was dirty and looked tired.

I went over to her, all smiles. It was my big moment. I had arrived. I said, "Annie."

She turned and looked at me and said, "Well, where the hell have you been?"

It wasn't exactly a brass band. I took her hand. "What does it matter? I'm here now."

"Oh, cut it out!" she said, jerking her hand away. "We thought you'd be here yesterday. Where've you been?"

"At home with Mother," I said.

"You were probably off drunk somewhere," she said. "Where's Bobo?"

"I don't know," I said.

"But I haven't got the money, damn it!" Bobo yelled from someplace, quite close.

I looked around, but I didn't see him.

"Then I'll attach the plane," a man said.

They sounded like they were on the other side of the ship.

"You can't do that," Bobo said, his voice still loud, but becoming pleading. "George, you can't do this to me. I've broken my back to get this damn plane. It's not all paid for yet, George. Listen. Listen to me. My cargo comes tomorrow. We're going to load it tomorrow. Then we take off and—"

"Uh-uh," George said. "You're not taking off owing me money. What if you get killed in this thing? Where'll I be then?"

Bobo began to curse. I went around to the other side of the 47. Bobo had a wrench in his hand, and the man named George was scrambling away like a crab, a look of alarm on his face.

"Papa!" I said.

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



Inside everything was in terrible disorder. "Kick the debris aside and have a seat," Annie said. "I'm going to change clothes. What're you going to do?" I looked away



Showgirls in the number entitled *Pré Catelan in the Bois* (l. to r.), Marjorie Winters, Junior Standish, Fran Keegan, Pat Donahue and Annette Kohl

The Return of LORELEI LEE

By JOHN KEATING

Carol Channing, who stars as a birdbrain in the new musical *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, is so good she has Broadway wondering: Is she acting, or merely doing what comes naturally?

BACK in the early twenties, when it still took four days to cross the continent, Anita Loos, the writer, whiled away a New York-to-California train trip by putting down on paper a word portrait of a girl type easily recognizable to the flapper era—a gold-digging, malaprop blonde aptly named "Lorelei Lee." It is a matter of now-historical record that Miss Loos sent the sketch to H. L. Mencken, the definitive authority on those times; that he gave it his blessing; and that its subsequent debut in print touched off a whole series of Lorelei adventures which, in turn, led to a Broad-

way play and, in book-form as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, sold half a million copies in 13 languages, including the Chinese.

Not until now a matter of record, but herewith offered as an important footnote to the Lorelei saga, is the fact that about the time Miss Loos was scribbling away on her west-bound train, a brown-eyed moppet named Carol Channing was toddling her first steps in San Francisco, pardonably oblivious to such contemporary matters as the Charleston, knee-length skirts and bathtub gin.

For what the historians want to make of it, the

paths of the Misses Loos and Channing—and of Miss Lorelei Lee—have now, more than a quarter of a century later, merged. In the current nostalgic rush to recapture the fads and foibles of the twenties, a musical-comedy version of Miss Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* has hit Broadway, and the stellar role of Lorelei is fully and flamboyantly occupied by none other than Carol Channing.

In the wake of smash successes on Broadway, controversy comes inevitably, and in the case of Carol Channing the public debate is twofold. Question number one, which seems destined to be won

by the affirmative, is whether Carol can justifiably be acclaimed reigning musical-comedy queen of the new decade, succeeding to the throne for years monopolized by Ethel Merman and Mary Martin. Question number two, which rages unresolved, is whether Carol's formidable triumph as the scatter-brained Lorelei is a credit to acting ability or, on the other hand, to perfect type casting. "She's been preparing for that part since birth," one Broadway hatchet man avows.

Both sides garner their ammunition from the show itself. When, in a near-classic monograph on mink collecting, La Channing goes through her paces round-faced, staring-eyed, bedecked with diamonds and clad in a gold digger's skintight costume, a goodly part of the audience is convinced that only nature could have arranged so flawless a match of actress and role.

Carol's less catty adherents stoutly defend her against the charge that she is, in truth, the apotheosis of a birdbrain. They argue that it takes plenty of gray matter and shrewd talent to play Lorelei, who was originally conceived as a slim, pretty, ingénue type, when you are big (six feet tall), hefty (150 pounds), and, furthermore, too young (27) to remember from your own past how to shimmy or how to take on the tired businessman.

Dumb Act Helped Her in School

Carol herself shakes her shaggy gold helmet of hair, brushes aside an erratic bang or two, and agreeably sits the fence on the issue of her natural versus acquired attributes. She admits that early in life she found it expedient to assume an air of idiocy whenever fate appeared threatening. "I was always getting called into the principal's office for something I'd done or, in the case of homework, something I'd not done," she explains. "When he'd start to bawl me out, I'd just fall into this asinine girl role and sort of stare dumbly at him. It almost always worked."

Not this phase of her formal education, however, but another later on pointed her to her present stardom. Sent East to Bennington College in Vermont, a progressive establishment which operates on the theory that experience is a major avenue to the kind of culture a modern girl covets, Carol chose to major in the drama.

Each winter and spring, after their sophomore year, Bennington students set out to get temporary jobs in their selected fields. Carol hustled down to Broadway. A week after she arrived, she landed a part in a labor opera, *No For an Answer*, which ran for three Sunday nights and gave her an Equity card. This heady experience made her bid Bennington an abrupt good-bye, and plod forth in earnest to make the rounds of the producers.

This time, since it was for real, things were more normal. Unable to get work, Carol staved off starvation with a night-club repertoire of satirical impressions of people like Willie Howard, Carmen Miranda, and a nameless character obsessed by Milhaud's *Funeral Chant*. The next fall she understudied Eve Arden in *Let's Face It*. She filled in only once.

Next came a semisecret enterprise known as *Cry Havoc*, a grim little drama about Corregidor nurses, which stayed on Broadway for one ill-fated week, and in which Carol clumped about in the guise of a peasant. For the next few years, all she could scare up were a few night-club dates. "I was just a gigantic fiasco," she says. "They knew the names of the people I was imitating—but they didn't know one from the other."

Faith, hope and money were all running out when her parents, en route from Boston to California, invited her to make the trip with them. The West proved no readier for the Channing talents than New York. Persistent badgering of theater people proved of no avail. Then Carol hit on a scheme.

Her father, George Channing, once a newspaperman on the *Detroit Free Press* and city editor of the *Seattle Star*, is now a prominent Christian Scientist and editor of the (Continued on page 49)

Carol's star-dusted performance in the role of Lorelei Lee makes her a likely new candidate for Broadway's richest throne: Musical-comedy queen

Collier's for January 7, 1950



The Corpse in the 'Tween-Decks

By STEVE HAIL

Anthony Raab was a skillful murderer, and his plan of escape was foolproof.

But Anthony Raab, with his corrupt soul, was not proof against the frailty of his own heart

A WALL of gray rain, hard and blinding as a swung curtain of crystal beads, was pushing in before the seasonal monsoon when Anthony Raab elbowed aside the slatted doors of the Hotel Islander in Suva. His pale eyes under the visor of his battered cap shifted quickly around the dimly lighted public room. It was past the supper hour and the bar was uncrowded except for a group of seamen at one end, evidently off the Stateside-bound American Patriot, the big cargo-passenger liner that had docked not more than an hour before.

Raab knew none of them, which meant that he in turn would be unrecognized. Nevertheless, he chose an isolated table near the far window that overlooked the harbor. He crossed the room with the carefully deliberate gait that had become a necessary part of his pattern of life these few months past, then seated himself, careful to keep his back to the half-caste desk clerk across the lobby. He took a .380 automatic—one of his few possessions left unpawned—from a pocket of his wrinkled whites and placed it on the table under his cap.

Mahmud Singh, the wizened Hindu servant, looking strangely top-heavy under a voluminous turban, shuffled toward the table. "A gimlet, sah?"

Raab's eyes raked sharply across the wrinkled face. There was no hostility in the Hindu's expression or in the tone of his voice, though there could have been mockery behind the liquid, brooding eyes. Raab's mouth was pale above his clipped beard. "You know better," he said. "A lemon squash."

When the old man had gone, Raab again turned to the seamen. They were already drunk and raucous, happy at the prospect of being homeward bound. One of them, a big-boned Scandinavian with the wheel-spoke emblem of a quartermaster on his cap, was talking. "So this girl says, 'Why don't you stay here a while, big boy?' And I says, 'Here? Stay here? Not me. I'm going to Frisco...'"

Frisco! For a swift second, nostalgia touched Raab like the edge of a blade; then the bitterness followed and he turned his face away.

Straw sandals scuffed across the bare boards behind him and Singh set down the drink. He did not move away.

Raab said irritably, "Mark it down."

The Hindu's tongue moved right and left across his lips. "Boss man say no more chit, sah."

Raab half rose and slapped the back of his hand sharply across the other's mouth. "I told you I was expecting funds. I—Hell, skip it." He flung a silver coin, spinning, across the table.

Singh pressed trembling fingers to his lips and that was all. Raab could see no resentment in the gesture, no hatred. His lips curled. The ancient fool would not dare! Raab watched him move away and station himself to one side, near the fly-specked window.

Raab nursed the insipid drink, listening to the relentless rain drumming on the wooden awning like fingernails tapping aimlessly, maddeningly, on a tabletop. He sat in silence, despising the rain and the drink and the Hindu, with the consuming hatred that he felt for everything in this confining hole—confining almost as a cell in the Row, though he preferred not to think of that. And now he could not even deaden his frustration with the numbing relief of alcohol. Not since...

"Nice ship, sah." Singh had apparently forgotten, or forgiven, the insult of Raab's slap, and the

phrase held only longing, the hope of escape that Raab knew well—too well, for that much at least he, Anthony Raab, murderer, fugitive, dead-broke tropical tramp, and the old servant had in common.

Raab knew the other's story. He was, in fact, part of it. Singh had been born in the States, but had been lured to Fiji by a smooth-tongued labor recruiter with the promise of fabulous wages. The wages, as it turned out, had not been fabulous, or even adequate; yet, working with a single purpose throughout the long years, Singh had managed to put a little aside against the time when he could at last escape his bondage and go home. His savings had been pitifully small, but they had looked large to Anthony Raab when he had landed on Viti-Levu four years before, fleeing and destitute.

It had taken strong persuasion to get Singh to invest his savings in the worm-eaten trading schooner that Raab had found, but Anthony Raab was a persuasive man. However, he had not been as persuasive with the copra growers of the southern islands as he had been with the trusting Hindu. The venture had been short-lived and disastrous. Singh, surprisingly, had accepted the loss of his money with a calm fatalism that was incomprehensible to Raab. He had not, apparently, even held any rancor toward his partner. "Is all right, sah. You pay when you get. What is to be, will be," and he had gone to work at the Islander, which in itself was only a lesser form of bondage.

Raab had not repaid the debt. God knew he had troubles enough of his own throughout the ensuing three years, trying to get along. He had managed, though, by—Well, that was another thing he preferred to forget.

"Singh!" The desk clerk rapped the brass gong imperiously. Raab's eyes lifted.

THERE was a stranger at the desk. Several traveling cases were on the floor at his feet. He was a white man, though tanned to the color of varnished teak, with a trim, compact body only slightly larger than Singh himself.

"Sorry to have you leave, Mr. Van Dusen," Raab heard the clerk say, "but glad for your sake. A three-year hitch in the upcountry mines is more than enough." He opened the old-fashioned iron safe, extracted a bundle of Fijian currency, and began counting bills of large denominations into the other's hand. Watching, Raab's eyes lighted with a cold fire, and though he had the drink to his lips, his mouth was suddenly dry.

"Ten thousand pounds." The clerk was plainly worried. "Perhaps I'd better give you a draft and—"

"Nonsense!" Van Dusen laughed carelessly. "I have a call or two to make, then I go straight to the Patriot. This will be in the purser's safe before we sail tomorrow noon." He put the packet in an inside pocket and started for the door. "Take the bags to the ship, Singh. I'll be along directly."

He went out into the rain, into the lowering darkness.

Raab felt the tightness of rising excitement in his throat. Ten thousand pounds! Why, with that a man could go home, live like a landed prince. A man...

The hammering of his heart brought him back sharply from his dreams. He made himself sit quietly and he sipped the drink, staring thoughtfully out the window toward the ship. Her cluster lights were already on, throwing grotesque shadows across the dock area where the loading was taking

place. A couple of automobiles, already shrouded in their white duck dust covers, were being hoisted aboard into one of the forward holds.

Then suddenly there were other things there. He saw the ship through a darkening haze and beyond it there were the hills of San Francisco and the almost forgotten coolness of coastal fog sucking in around them, instead of this stinking heat. There was ease and leisure, instead of this losing struggle for a miserable existence. There was—well, why not?—freedom.

AFTER all, it had been four years since he had killed the Finn seaman in that stupid waterfront brawl on the Embarcadero. By now the police must have written it off as unsolved and closed. Anyway, he had changed enough to keep it unsolved. He was sure of that. The false seaman's papers, for one thing, should afford adequate protection, even if the beard did not. Oh, a man changed quickly in the tropics, especially when his luck was out and he walked hand in hand with fear. At any odds, though, it was worth the gamble, for Anthony Raab had to go home—had to. McNab, the old Scots physician, had made that plain enough.

Raab heard again Evan McNab's grave voice after he had finished the examination: "It's a coronary condition, Mr. Raab. To put it simply, heart disease. There is no cure, though there is treatment."

Raab heard again his own voice, thick with the stark fear that closed his throat, asking the vital, the dreaded question. And McNab's answer: "Die? Of course, man. But I do not say tomorrow, or the next day. With care, with moderation, and with proper climate, you could live another ten years. Twenty years—who knows? But you must avoid excitement, exertion, shock. And you must leave this strength-sapping climate. You are from the States, the West Coast? Then it is my advice that you go home."

As simple as that! Fine advice! But was it so fantastic after all? Not if you had ten thousand pounds, it wasn't. A man could live a long time on that. Ten years, certainly. Twenty, maybe, if he handled it prudently.

This time it would be no hotheaded motiveless killing. This time...

He pulled his cap toward him, palmed the gun and returned it to his pocket. Then he shook his head. This would have to be a quiet affair. He got up, making the movement casual, and went over to the service buffet opposite the bar. The seamen were maudlin now, unnoticing.

The carving knives were in the second drawer. He picked one with a slim blade, well pointed. He slipped it, blade upward, into his sleeve, then pulled the visor down over his eyes and went out into the night. It was still raining, a driving persistent downpour that all but blotted up the feeble light of the arc lamps.

There were only two approaches to the pier. Raab took up a position in the shadowed overhang of a copra shed where he could watch both of them. He didn't have long to wait. He saw Van Dusen turn into the narrow street bordering the canal that separated the native quarter from the main part of town. Raab flattened himself in the shadows, feeling the corrugated iron cool against his spine, breathing in the sickly sweet odor of ripening copra. He watched the mining man come toward him, the small figure (Continued on page 58)



Raab flattened himself in the shadows. He let Van Dusen pass, then he stepped forward quickly on silent feet

The City That Didn't Cry Uncle

Worcester does a housing job without federal money

By FRANK D. MORRIS

SPRAWLING over the rises and valleys of seven hills in central Massachusetts, Worcester is in many ways a typical American city—typical in its thriving factories which yearly turn out millions of dollars' worth of machine tools and fabricated steel; typical in its peaceably brewing melting pot of Italians, Swedes, Irish, Lithuanians, French-Canadians, and assorted other nationalities; typical, too, in the grim housing shortage which confronted it after the war.

But unlike the sad and shameful record of most cities in dealing with their housing problems, the story of how Worcester faced up to this headache is anything *but* typical. As a result, the Massachusetts metropolis is today one of the few places anywhere in the nation that can honestly boast it is giving the boys back from the wars a decent place to live at prices they can afford. And at the same

time it has been able to hang on to most of the temporary war workers who moved in, workers whose skills many another New England industrial center has regretfully had to forfeit because of a lack of living space.

The atypic story of Worcester housing is also in part the story of an unorthodox fifty-one-year-old Worcester banker named Ray Harold. A local boy who made good the hard way, Harold started life as the son of a factory worker who never earned more than \$18 a week. The Harold brood was large, and home was a house which had no indoor plumbing; warmth was provided by a wood-burning, pot-bellied stove in the parlor; and a tin tub in the kitchen was used for the usual Saturday-night ritual.

To help stretch the family finances, young Ray peddled newspapers and ran errands in a bank. World War I interrupted that job, and when he was

mustered out he enrolled in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—ambition, to be an engineer. The Harold family was still too broke to subsidize this sort of education; Ray worked his way through freshman year as a waiter. The next fall he switched to Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, doing odd jobs for his schooling and keep. But too many bouts with unpaid room rent and frequent gnawing pains in the midriff led him to wind up his formal education and return home.

In Boston he got a job in the office of the state bank examiner. After less than ten years' experience in this field, he emerged as top man in a group of three Worcester banks, the Home and Equity Co-operative. An archaic management had allowed poor risk mortgages to deplete its reserve; the treasurer, convicted of digging into the vault for personal profit, was retired by the state to the peni-

Aerial view of the 204-family Coes Pond project in Worcester, Mass., 1½ miles from the downtown area. City-operated, it cost \$3,250,000





LEONARD NADEL

Mr. and Mrs. George Reynolds and their five children have a six-room Coes Pond flat, pay rent of \$47.50 per month. He's a tractor operator for a local plant



LEONARD NADEL

Plans for 1,000 more public housing units are discussed by (l. to r.) Tim Fleming, Joe Benedict, Ray Harold and the outgoing mayor, Jeff Sullivan

tentary. When Ray Harold moved in to take over the ruin, the banks' assets had never topped \$8,500,000. Today, consolidated as the Worcester Federal Savings and Loan Association, they have assets of \$50,000,000.

Getting an enterprise of this sort on its feet and keeping it there is a job most people would consider a full day's work and then some. But Harold, whose banker's interest in Worcester's economy was matched by a humane interest in its citizens' welfare, had ideas on a lot of other subjects besides banking—among them, the subject of civic responsibility toward Worcester's World War II veterans.

One day a few weeks after the war ended, Harold sat down and wrote a letter to the mayor of Worcester and to the chamber of commerce. The letter made a trenchant observation and asked a pointed question: Soon, Harold warned, some 10,000 veterans would be coming back to find homes in a city already overcrowded. What was Worcester going to do about it?

Harold did not let it go at that, but went on to offer his own solution. If he had his way, he wrote, he'd do plenty. First, he'd urge small families rattling around in big houses to carve them up into small apartments. Second, he'd ask Washington to give Worcester some of the temporary housing formerly used by war personnel. And, since both these measures would provide only stopgap relief for the housing shortage, he presented a third suggestion: Have the city don overalls immediately and itself build permanent homes for rental to ex-G.I.s on terms they could meet—\$40 to \$50 a month.

Anticipating the Objections

Harold's letter also took care to anticipate some arguments. Scarcity of building materials? "The metropolitan area of Cleveland," he reported, "has found materials to start more residential building since V-J Day than has been started in the entire state of Massachusetts, simply because the people there went after them. Our veterans need homes as much as do those in Cleveland." Shortage of skilled labor? "I am confident that in this emergency you will find our local labor organizations ready to adopt every measure necessary to provide our veterans with homes."

He recalled that, shortly after World War I, Worcester had built 755 new buildings to ease the housing demand. Certainly the city could turn out at least 500 of the same now!

Then came the clincher: "I can think of no better memorial for our veterans than a comfortable place to live while they are waiting for an opportunity to establish individual homes of their own."

He didn't know it at the time, but Harold was, right then and there, talking himself into a job—a

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payless, thankless, night-and-day job as chairman of the Worcester Housing Authority. Today, three years later, he's still working at this job, and occasionally wondering out loud: "Why didn't I keep my big mouth shut?" But Worcester's burghers don't agree; the housing plan Harold spawned is simple, foolproof, and untainted by politics, graft or prejudice. News of it has spread far and wide, and has brought inquiries and visits from housing officials elsewhere.

Harold's prodding letter reached Mayor Jeff Sullivan shortly after Sullivan had been elected on a platform which listed homes for veterans as a major plank. A few days later the mayor, an old-line Democrat, erased party lines to appoint Harold, a Republican, as chairman of the local housing authority.

Worcester had had a housing authority for more than 10 years, but up to then it had produced a total of zero new homes. Back in 1937 the federal government had offered the city \$3,800,000 for slum clearance—providing Worcester would contribute one per cent of this amount, or \$38,000, as a sign of good faith. This proposal was booted around in the city council and finally rejected by a six-to-five vote of the board of aldermen. Washington thereupon withdrew the offer and turned the money over to Raleigh, North Carolina, which eagerly grabbed it.

As president of a busy bank, Ray Harold had had plenty to occupy him between nine and five daily. But, a man of enormous drive, anxious to get roofs over those veterans' heads, he accepted the mayor's appointment promptly. He confesses: "At the time it seemed screwy to me. Here I was, a banker, the perfect symbol of private enterprise and 'the vested interests,' going in for public housing. Some of my business friends thought I'd gone out of my mind."

Soon, thanks to his efforts, all Worcester was housing-conscious. The local press and radio plugged his "share-your-house" campaign until some 300 veterans' families got shelter this way. Meanwhile, the housing authority made a deal with Washington for 300 units of wartime Navy housing; these were set up on one of the hills surrounding the city to form "Lincolnwood."

Both these projects helped initially, but Harold and Sullivan kept in mind that such steps were not the final answer to the housing shortage.

"We were in a tight spot and we knew it," Harold recalls. "Private builders couldn't meet the increasing demand for low-cost homes. The federal government said it 'had no funds available for local housing.' The state of Massachusetts was still wrestling with a state housing bill. So the mayor and I decided that Worcester would have to build and finance the homes itself."

It wasn't an easy task. The city council squawked when asked to float a \$2,000,000 bond issue to put Worcester into the home-building business. Why put this extra burden on the taxpayers? Why not, the opposition shouted, let Washington, or the state, or the other fellow, foot the bill?

The council tossed the whole issue into the lap of its finance committee and adjourned. That was June 30, 1947.

The Sullivan-Harold duo then went to work on the finance committee. On July 13th they talked the committee into recommending a \$60,000 appropriation to buy land for a housing project. The next night the council was called into special session. Grudgingly it okayed the committee's action.

A Nice Location for New Homes

That was the start. For its first building enterprise the housing authority chose a site on the shores of Coes Pond, adjoining Columbus Park. An ideal residential location, it was a mile and a half from downtown Worcester and within easy reach of schools, churches, shopping center and movies. Near-by Columbus Park had plenty of trees, picnic and recreation space, and a bathing beach.

The authority's move into Coes Pond roused more howls of anguish—this time from the homeowners in the neighborhood. At an overflow meeting in the local schoolhouse, they vehemently protested this "influx of flimsy shacks to deteriorate the area and ruin property values." Yes, certainly, they favored public housing for veterans—but not, please, in their vicinity.

The Sullivan-Harold forces had expected this opposition. They had prepared a ready answer in the exuberant Irish person of Timothy Fleming, another hard-working, nonsalaried member of the housing authority, a man with a shock of iron-gray hair and piercing blue eyes. Tim dropped into the protest meeting, greeted many in the indignant audience as friends of long standing, and solemnly listened to fiery speeches which, in gist, rejected the intrusion into their respectable neighborhood of a tailor-made "slum," and demanded that Worcester drop its Coes Pond project someplace else.

Then Tim Fleming took the floor. "I've lived in Worcester for the past 20-odd years," he reminded his listeners in his rich brogue, "and I'm just as anxious as you to make it a city we'll all be proud of. Now don't worry about the Coes Pond project being an eyesore in your community. Take my word for it—the buildings we're planning will have just the opposite effect. If anything, they will increase the value of your own homes."

Tim's urging had its effect and eventually the opposition folded. But (Continued on page 50)



A MAN Called HORSE

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

He was the captive of a wild and primitive people, and they treated him like an animal. Yet one of their women taught him more about the human heart than he had ever learned in his own world

HE WAS a young man of good family, as the phrase went in the New England of a hundred-odd years ago, and the reasons for his bitter discontent were unclear, even to himself. He grew up in the gracious old Boston home under his grandmother's care, for his mother had died in giving him birth; and all his life he had known every comfort and privilege his father's wealth could provide.

But still there was the discontent, which puzzled him because he could not even define it. He wanted to live among his equals—people who were no better than he and no worse either. That was as close as he could come to describing the source of his unhappiness in Boston and his restless desire to go somewhere else.

In the year 1845, he left home and went out West, far beyond the country's creeping frontier, where he hoped to find his equals. He had the idea that in Indian country, where there was danger, all white men were kings, and he wanted to be one of them. But he found, in the West as in Boston, that the men he respected were still his superiors, even if they could not read, and those he did not respect weren't worth talking to.

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He did have money, however, and he could hire the men he respected. He hired four of them, to cook and hunt and guide and be his companions, but he found them not friendly.

They were apart from him and he was still alone. He still brooded about his status in the world, longing for his equals.

On a day in June, he learned what it was to have no status at all. He became a captive of a small raiding party of Crow Indians.

He heard gunfire and the brief shouts of his companions around the bend of the creek just before they died, but he never saw their bodies. He had no chance to fight, because he was naked and unarmed, bathing in the creek, when a Crow warrior seized and held him.

His captor let him go at last, let him run. Then the lot of them rode him down for sport, striking him with their coup sticks. They carried the dripping scalps of his companions, and one had skinned off Baptiste's black beard as well, for a trophy.

They took him along in a matter-of-fact way, as they took the captured horses. He was unshod and naked as the horses were, and like them he had

a rawhide thong around his neck. So long as he didn't fall down, the Crows ignored him.

On the second day they gave him his breeches. His feet were too swollen for his boots, but one of the Indians threw him a pair of moccasins that had belonged to the halfbreed, Henri, who was dead back at the creek. The captive wore the moccasins gratefully. The third day they let him ride one of the spare horses so the party could move faster, and on that day they came in sight of their camp.

He thought of trying to escape, hoping he might be killed in flight rather than by slow torture in the camp, but he never had a chance to try. They were more familiar with escape than he was and, knowing what to expect, they forestalled it. The only other time he had tried to escape from anyone, he had succeeded. When he had left his home in Boston, his father had raged and his grandmother had cried, but they could not talk him out of his intention.

The men of the Crow raiding party didn't bother with talk.

Before riding into camp they stopped and dressed in their regalia, and in parts of their victims' clothing; they painted their faces black. Then,

leading the white man by the rawhide around his neck as though he were a horse, they rode down toward the tepee circle, shouting and singing, brandishing their weapons. He was unconscious when they got there; he fell and was dragged.

He lay dazed and battered near a tepee while the noisy, busy life of the camp swarmed around him and Indians came to stare. Thirst consumed him, and when it rained he lapped rain water from the ground like a dog. A scrawny, shrieking, eternally busy old woman with ragged graying hair threw a chunk of meat on the grass, and he fought the dogs for it.

When his head cleared, he was angry, although anger was an emotion he knew he could not afford. It was better when I was a horse, he thought—when they led me by the rawhide around my neck. I won't be a dog, no matter what!

The hag gave him stinking, rancid grease and let him figure out what it was for. He applied it gingerly to his bruised and sun-seared body.

Now, he thought, I smell like the rest of them.

While he was healing, he considered coldly the advantages of being a horse. A man would be humiliated, and sooner (Continued on page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

1950, Followed by 1951

Using a cracked crystal ball and a greasy deck of cards, our expert can see a tough year ahead

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

THIS would seem the appropriate time for me to join in with a number of experts who will break into print with articles entitled: I Predict for 1950. My predictions, however, differ from theirs on three counts: (1) they are shorter; (2) if they turn out wrong, all letters calling my attention to the fact will be burned promptly and go unanswered; (3) they are worked out solely by me without the help of a large staff of consulting authorities.

The Economic Outlook: I look for generally stable conditions with no appreciable change in shape or size of the dollar bill. There will be a lot of money around, most of it in small denominations. A trend that has obtained for some years will be accentuated in the coming year—the rise in popularity of the coin vending machine. I look for new models that will give you a haircut, supply you with a baby sitter, and write a 200-word thank-you note to the folks you visited last week end. Some authorities fear that this tendency to retail all conceivable goods and services via gadget will cause a rise in unemployment among salespeople. There may be a slight rise in this respect, but the slack will be more than taken up by increased demands for people to service these machines. No cause for alarm, the way I see it.

Medicine: Research on the cause and cure of baldness in men will continue apace and, by no later than June, I look for an announcement that 26,000 experiments indicate that science is on the track. At the bottom of this announcement you will find a precautionary note warning that, in view of the small number of experi-

ments, the results are still inconclusive.

Art: My prediction is for a slight tendency away from obscurity and toward intelligibility in modern upper-case Art. But don't look for any sharp change here. All I mean is that the subjectivity implicit in modern concepts of impressionism will be ameliorated by a modified realism that—well, let's put it this way: it will be a little bit easier to determine whether or not a painting has been hung upside down.

Politics: Despite some trifling inaccuracies of the major poll takers in 1948, complete reliance can be placed in a prediction on which they unanimously agree. There will positively not be a Presidential election in 1950. A poll of my own confirms this. All Congressional and gubernatorial campaigns will be waged, as usual, between dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries and wild-eyed radicals, as opposing orators will make clear.

Dress: The current masculine trend will continue. Small boys of eight and nine will display increased insistence on wearing long pants and porkpie hats at all times, while gentlemen in their fifties will go in more heavily than ever for shorts. The French bathing suit is on its way out, but the strapless evening gown is here to stay, although sometimes you wonder how.

Television: In for a great year. Color is still quite a way off, but shots of Burt Shotton biting his nails in the dugout will be clearer than ever. I look for the debut of at least a dozen new puppets in kiddies' shows, with the 7:30 P.M. puppet-curfew still rigidly enforced. Some authorities claim that the television mast is on the way out and will eventually become as rare as the radio aerial, but this won't occur in the coming year. Airplane pilots will be well advised to continue to observe a high ceiling over all belts within range of major channels. Pay no attention to rumors that Milton Berle and Ed Wynn have run out of costumes. Strictly scare stuff.

Sports: I expect slightly lower gate receipts and higher basketball players. If the major-league pennant races are as close as the 1949 ones, the government will intervene, and forbid broadcasts of crucial games in order to prevent a recurrence of last year's situation where our national productivity (I estimate) fell off 60 per cent during many afternoons in late September and early October. Some smart hombre will clean up by publishing a photographic album of close baseball and football plays that resulted in disputed decisions. English



As for coin vending machines, I look for new models that will give you a haircut

Channel swimming, another 1949 feature, will gain pace in 1950. In the last two weeks in August it will be necessary to decree one-way traffic.

Education: The married war veteran is becoming increasingly rare in college circles. This will mean: (1) better morale among coeds; (2) less laundry dried on the campus; (3) dormitory decoration which runs more to pennants, stop signs and goal post fragments, and less to glazed chintz. No drastic change in primary education where modern progressive dietary and punitive theories will continue to prevail, i.e., you can heat a youngster's cafeteria lunch, but not his rear end.

Traffic conditions: Worse.

Radio: The fate of the giveaway program still hangs in the balance as this is written. If it goes by the board, the radio industry may retaliate with the take-back program. Remember, you've been warned. Otherwise I look for no major changes. Jack Benny will continue to be stingy, debaters on forums will get just as sore at one another as ever, and I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas will be mandatory on every musical program from December 1st through December 25th.

Architecture: The picture is somewhat confused, with modernistic and eighteenth-century American running about neck and neck. However, the 1949 rule for building a home on a new plot will still obtain: first select the best site for the outdoor grill, then go on from there.

Literature: According to reliable graphs, the supply of reminiscences

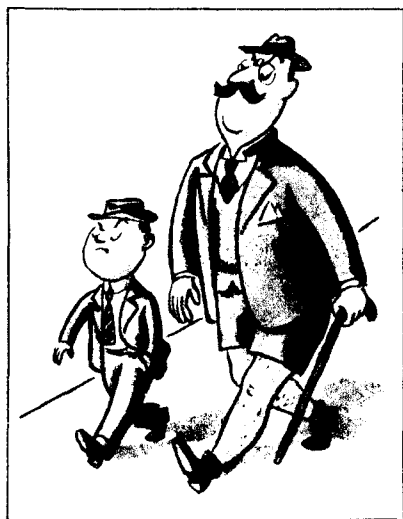
written by prominent World War II military and naval figures will completely dry up by mid-July. However, novels exposing the inside of certain businesses and professions will still go strong. During 1950, I look for the perfume, florist and breakfast-food industries to come in for some racy exposés. Heroines in historical novels: fair and warmer.

Comic strips: The best information I can get is that characters will become slightly more conservative and stick to the Earth and the twentieth century instead of meandering all over the solar system and outlying suburbs and suddenly jumping back to 50,000 B.C. This tendency won't be marked, however.

Movies: No radical changes expected, except that fewer films about prize fighters are in the cards. There is talk in the industry of allowing theater patrons to open up charge accounts, applicable both to double features and popcorn. It remains for the future to decide whether this innovation will be successful, but I foresee a good deal of controversy unless theaters pass a rule forbidding children to put matinees on the cuff without written permission from their parents.

The Atom: This, of course, is the most pressing question of all, and I have purposely saved it for the last. It is not one to be side-stepped, however, but to be faced fearlessly and honestly without any shilly-shallying. The question is, then: Will we, in 1950, have an atomic war which will completely blot out civilization? Well, I certainly hope not! THE END

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Small boys will insist on long pants and fiftyish men will go for shorts



The blue slate tombstones of the onetime Negro slave Amos Fortune and his wife "Violate" are located in Jaffrey Center's burying ground near the meeting house



In 1789, Amos had saved enough to buy land and begin building with his own hands this salt-box-style house, in which the Deschenes now live

To the Glory of AMOS FORTUNE

BY ELLIEN WOODMAN

Little Jaffrey Center in New Hampshire finds inspiration for democracy in the memory of a slave who became a great citizen

A COUNTRY village in the heart of New England, Jaffrey Center, New Hampshire, has no railroad, no bus line, no filling station, no juke box, no movie house, no billboard and only one church. Its common is dominated by an early-American meeting house whose frame was raised on April 19, 1775, the day of the Battle of Concord. From its white belfry the 282d bell cast by Paul Revere clangs the hours. But Jaffrey Center might be just another old colonial New England town if it were not for a Negro slave named Amos Fortune who is reaching out from the grave to bring it fame through the unique Amos Fortune Forum.

In the Monadnock region, of which Jaffrey Center is a part, Amos Fortune is already an American legend as special in his way as Johnny Appleseed or Pecos Bill, but with this difference: theirs are pure folk tales; his is a pretty well authenticated life. Two unforgettable epitaphs are carved on a pair of blue slate tombstones in the old burying ground close by the Congressional Meeting House of which he was a member. The graves they mark are opposite the gate and near the farthest wall. A tall pine is their sentry. By day, overhanging branches shroud their inscriptions; but, when the setting sun is level with Monadnock Mountain, it is easy to see their messages. The first reads:

"Sacred to the memory of Amos Fortune,
Who was born free in Africa.
A slave in America, he purchased liberty,
Professed Christianity,
Lived reputably, died hopefully
Nov. 17, 1801. AEt. 91."

The second reads:

"Sacred to the memory of Violate,
By sale the slave of Amos Fortune,
By marriage his wife,
By her fidelity his friend and solace.
She died his widow
Sept. 13, 1802. AEt. 73."

Much of Amos Fortune's story has been handed down from one generation to the next. So-and-so's grandmother recalls that her grandfather told her that Amos was kidnaped about 1730 by New England slavers operating off Guinea on Africa's wild west coast.

Somebody else remembers an uncle who said his great-uncle told *him* that Amos was dumped on a Boston wharf and sold for £20—the usual price at the time for raw human material.

Amos had never laid eyes on a book, he didn't know one figure from another and the only language he spoke was an African dialect. He became a slave to Ichabod Richardson, a tanner of Woburn in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

He learned to figure so that he might calculate the price of his freedom and compute the period of his servitude. He learned to write so that he could read his indenture papers and those of the girl he loved—Violet, the property of James Baldwin of Woburn.

He became a better businessman than he would have been if he hadn't worked on the problem of buying his freedom. When he died he left money to provide extra schooling for the children of his neighborhood. But when the specified school district (No. 8) was discontinued, the courts ruled that his legacy—which by then had grown from \$437.38 to approximately \$1,000—might be used for another educational purpose.

In 1927 the town's selectmen voted to name the fund after him and to spend the interest on the \$1,000 for prizes for public speaking, one of Amos' favorite subjects.

The money may now go to the forum which also carries his name. Stormy meeting-house sessions—violent debates over colony boundaries and government—had taught him the importance of being able to think on one's feet. He and his neighbors, colonists who had fought for (Continued on page 71)



Reverend Anders Lund, a forum founder, is pastor of Jaffrey Center's First Congregational Church

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



She had bought the yellow dress to please her friends, and now it had come between her and her memory.

THE VOYAGERS

GLANCING through the porthole she saw with dismay that it was a morning of green and salmon-pink Caribbean glory. The air was so soft it seemed no more than a faint salty perfume. She breathed deeply, before she realized what she was doing, then her sudden exhilaration made her frown. Moreover, she had slept too long. It seemed a betrayal of Jack, to have slept so soundly and so well.

Her trunks were unpacked. Yesterday she had watched without interest while the stewardess unpacked them. She scarcely bothered at all about clothes now; she merely tried to keep reasonably neat. Without Jack's admiring or doubtful glance to look forward to, the effort was meaningless.

Sitting on the edge of the twin bed, she quickly lighted a cigarette. What demonic notion had prompted the purser to assign her a double cabin when, from now on, the second bed must remain empty?

She made herself open the closet door. She must wear something, after all, to appear on deck. She fingered the gray suit she had worn the morning before. She had been wearing it a year now. It was like an old friend; more, much more, it was a hallowed memory, a consecration. She brushed her fingers over several more suits, all dark, all plain, linen or rayon. Then her fingers touched the fragile, bright yellow summer dress.

Holding it against her before the full-length mirror, she again felt her betrayal—not so much of Jack, this time, as of the woman she had met last night, the old, wrinkled, miserable woman in the saloon who, like herself, wore the heavy cloak of loss.

They were drawn together at once, linked by a common knowledge. Each knew about the other

at first glance; they shared the same secret. Blanche asked permission to take the chair beside her. She sat there for a long while, smoking a cigarette, ordering a liqueur, listening to the old woman who began to talk at once and without reluctance about her Emery, the words fluttering like anxious birds released from a long imprisonment.

Blanche held her face taut and composed for fear her eyes might brim over if she moved at all. It must be so much harder for a woman as ancient, as destroyed, as the one who sat beside her. She, Blanche, was still young. It should be easier. But it wasn't.

The two women commiserated silently after a while. Each understood how a life had ended for the other, fatally, irrevocably. For neither of them was there a strong current of love to carry them toward the future; they were becalmed in the still pool of sorrow.

Sunlight, streaming through the portholes, fell with such remembered familiarity on Blanche's skin that she shuddered, as if someone had touched her. The dress clung with disturbing warmth against her. But today it was a year. Before she had set sail on this lonely cruise, friends had made her promise, had begged, angrily, that she would change now to something less—well, "tomblike" was the word she remembered.

So, at the last moment, on impulse, she had bought this one dress to please her friends. And now it had become a part of her wardrobe and hung in her closet, bright, positive, something to be contended with.

She took off her bathrobe and slipped the dress over her head. She saw herself in the glass, strangely gay, slim, young, fair—a hundred things far removed from death and mourning.

Collier's SHORT SHORT

It made her flush with a renewed sense of faithlessness and betrayal. She had started to pull the dress off, hating this burst of bright color that had come between her and her memory, when a knock came at the door, and she was forced to stop and open it.

At the sight of the pale pink roses, so fresh and shimmering with life, she went cold. She could not wait for the grinning steward to leave and shut the door behind him. She flew to the bureau, intending to rip off the card and throw it away unread. But she stopped, halfway. The gesture was unnecessary.

She knew perfectly well who had sent the roses; it was the man from last night.

BEFORE she went to her stateroom she had stopped at the bar for a nightcap to help her sleep. The man, blond, smiling boldly but good-humoredly, had come up to her, introduced himself—Frank Somebody—and urged her to let him buy her a drink. All the while Blanche had smiled tightly, trying to appear courteous. After all, it was a pleasure cruise, wasn't it? There was no point in being rude.

In the end, they had talked. He was from Cleveland; she had visited the Midwest. She admired its long stretches of green valley and rolling plain. He spoke urgently. Would she, please, have a cocktail with him tomorrow noon before lunch? She rose to hurry off to her cabin, smiling her refusal as politely as she could.

She could not expect him to know that he had offended her, or how. But now, suddenly, there were tears in her eyes. She needed to see the old woman at once. When the knock had sounded on her door, she had pulled the dress back over her body and now, without thinking whether she wore yellow or gray or black, she hurried out and began to search anxiously for her friend, for the woman so like herself. . . .

They sat together placidly. Great peace, the accustomed resignation, settled on Blanche, seated in the long chair beside the old woman in her heavy black. Fumes of heat rose from the dark cloth as the sun tried to pierce this armor of widowhood. The sea breeze tried in vain to turn back the hem of her gown, to lift it from her somber ankles, her plain black shoes.

Blanche had noticed the dismayed shock in the woman's eyes when she first glanced at the fragile yellow dress. She was ashamed. She began talking quickly until, to both of them, the safe, somnolent peace returned. They were one. They belonged together. Slowly, in a misty, tired voice the old woman told Blanche about her husband, their house, the garden, their trips together. Around each memory she hung a perfect gilded frame.

"I take a cruise each year," the woman said in a quiet voice. "It always helps. Though I must confess it was terrible during the war. There weren't any cruises then, of course."

"During the war? When—?"

"When did Emery pass away?" The woman smiled; the well-rehearsed reminiscences came easily to her. "It was in 1930. I can remember the very hour."

"Nearly twenty years ago?"

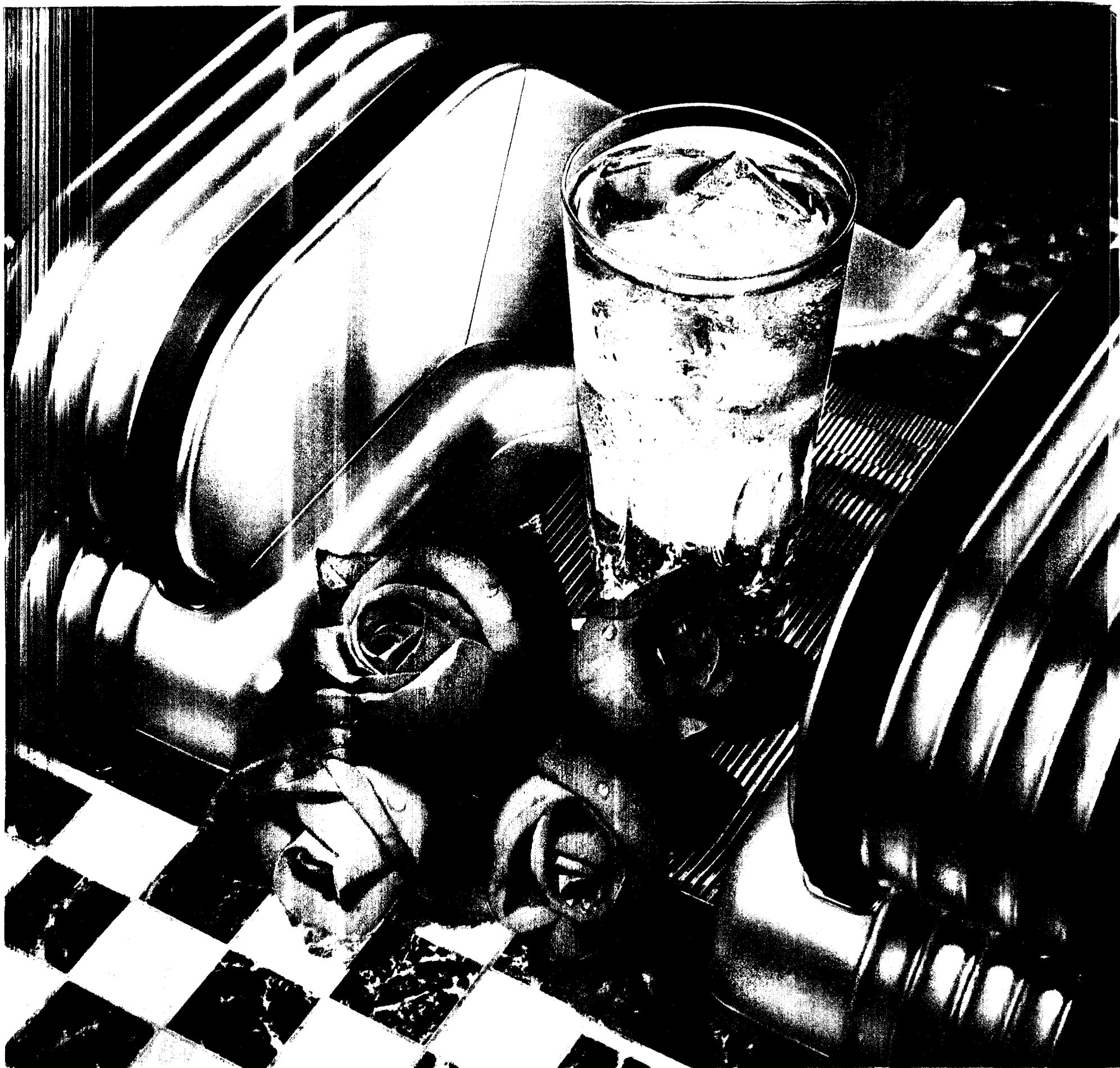
"Of course." Meaningfully, the woman smiled her loyalty and courage to Blanche. "I've asked the purser to seat you at my table. So few understand what we know. We'll be company for each other during the cruise."

"But I—I'm sorry," Blanche said. "I'm afraid that won't be possible." And the feeling of exhilaration she had struggled to control all morning broke through with quick, sharp pain. She turned away from the sudden look of hatred in the old woman's eyes. "I'd forgotten. I've already made a date for luncheon—cocktails—but thank you. Yes, thank you!"

She ran down the deck, trailing her hand along the rail, feeling the beautiful alive heat of the sun seep from the painted wood into her palm. The brilliantly glowing sea, the sun, the mewing gulls flung their beauty at her. Near the entrance of the ship's bar, she saw Frank. She hurried toward him, a curious sensation in her as she ran, as of one awakening.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Perfect highball coming up

You know it's perfect...if you're one of the many, many people who'd rather drink Four Roses. It gives you so much more in quality for so little more in price.



FINE BLENDED WHISKEY
90.5 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.



Wouldn't you rather drink **FOUR ROSES?**

The House That Foundered

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

there was an occasional utilitarian gesture made toward improving the original building; but when my father bought the house in the early twenties, his compulsion to equip the place with all household innovations known to science reached a point of near hysteria.

Some part of our house was under a condition of construction, alteration or demolition from the day he owned it. . . .

I had not been in bed long that night when Gertrude came up the back stairs and knocked on my father's door. I heard them talking, and after a moment my father went downstairs. Gertrude was standing in the hall when I opened my door.

"Is Pal dead?" I asked her.

Gertrude shook her head despondently. "The light won't go off on the refrigerator," she said. "Something is wrong with it."

"What is it, lad?" Captain Wilson asked drowsily from his bed. "Are the watches dogged?"

"The refrigerator won't shut off," Gertrude told him. "I knew a family in Milinocket whose refrigerator wouldn't shut off. It ran itself across the kitchen and blocked the outside door."

Captain Wilson leaped out of bed and began dressing hurriedly. I went downstairs and found my father looking at the refrigerator. There was a button-sized red light which remained on when the motor was operating. There were frost and ice caked about the ice-cube compartment.

"Will our refrigerator block the door and keep us out of the kitchen?" I asked my father.

"You mustn't talk like that around Captain Wilson," my father cautioned me. "Your mother wouldn't want him upset. He's a nervous man."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I'm glad your mother isn't here," added my father.

CAPTAIN WILSON came down the back stairs and joined us. "Looks to me like you fouled the rigging aloft today, Stephen," he said after a moment. "You'd better just get the pilot light doused on the cooler and heave to for tonight. An electrician can get her into fighting trim tomorrow."

"I guess the automatic defroster isn't working," said my father. "I think we'd better defrost the refrigerator tonight. We won't be able to get anything out of it tomorrow, if we don't. If you'll give me a hand, Captain, we'll shove this thing away from the baseboard so I can pull the plug out of the socket behind it."

My father got a birch pole from the woodshed. He inserted the stick under one side of the refrigerator. The two men strained to budge the heavy machine. Finally it tipped a few inches, tottered, and then fell forward on the kitchen floor with a pounding crash.

The house trembled for a second or two, there was a rumbling noise from the basement, and one corner of the kitchen began to settle until the floor was a sagging slope. Gertrude came downstairs and looked at the refrigerator on the floor.

"I thought it blew up," she said. She shrugged her shoulders and started up the stairs to quiet George who was pounding on the door of his attic room.

"She's listing to starboard!" roared the captain. "We'd better shift her ballast before she capsizes!" He was quivering with excitement.

"By George!" said my father, still a little stunned.

"The refrigerator is still going," I said. "I can hear it."

"Don't anybody touch a thing until the electrician gets here!" shouted Captain Wilson. "I'll take a capstan bar to the first hand that does!"

"Everything is all right, Captain," my father said soothingly, leading the captain to a chair. "There's no danger."

"I just don't like a deck that gives way under your feet like that," growled Captain Wilson, pointing a shaking finger at the sag in the floor.

"I must admit, I don't understand that," said my father. "We'll look at it in the morning. We'll leave the refrigerator right there."

The captain stomped up the back stairs and my father was about to snap off the kitchen light when all the lights in the house went off.

"All the lights went off," I told my father.

We could hear the captain trip over something in the upstairs hall and bellow for somebody to turn on a light. Then we heard Gertrude leading him into our room and saw a candle flickering about upstairs.

"The storm has probably hit the power line somewhere," said my father. He groped

his eyes cautiously, but he never looked surprised, or took his head off his paws.

"The lights are off in my room," Gertrude told me despondently.

"I know," I said. "Good night."

"Good night," Gertrude answered in a gloomy voice.

SMOKE began to fill the upstairs hall about four A.M., when the lights suddenly came on again, and I began coughing. This aroused the captain, who sat up in bed. "You'd better take soundings," he said sleepily. "Are we in the channel yet?"

"My father told me I shouldn't disturb you," I told him, "but I think the house is on fire."

The captain threw back the bedclothes, put on his slippers and bathrobe and ran down the hall to my father's room. My fa-

do anything but snow in this blasted part of the country?" . . .

It was still snowing Sunday morning. The road was drifted in, and when my father telephoned the electrician in the morning he was told it was impossible to reach our house, even with horses and sleigh.

With no steam heat in the house, Gertrude started the oil burners in the kitchen range. The kitchen table was placed near the stove, and the five of us ate breakfast there, although Captain Wilson said he was too upset to eat much.

"It's too cold in the attic," said George sullenly. "I'm going next door to sleep with Freddie until the furnace gets fixed."

"That will be all right, George," said my father, "if his family wants to have you."

"The refrigerator has stopped running," I said, looking at the machine which my father had managed to set upright.

"All the power just went out again," sniffed Gertrude. "This whole house is going to fall in. I feel it. It may burn down first, though."

Captain Wilson left the table and went up to our room.

"We mustn't say anything to upset the captain, Gertrude," my father said firmly. "Mrs. Thompson will never believe I didn't personally instigate all this to discourage the captain from buying this house."

"I still don't see why we have to move," growled George. "I was born here. I'm twelve years old, and—"

"Now never mind that," said my father. "We can talk about it later."

After breakfast, I followed my father down cellar to look at the sag in the floor above. The original foundation had been an unplastered wall of rocks on which the base of the wood walls of the house rested. My father had had this wall replaced with a concrete foundation as far back as the kitchen, before cold weather had interrupted the work the previous fall. Under the kitchen, the stones had worked themselves loose and, together with the old beam that held up the floor, had crumbled in one corner under the impact of the fallen refrigerator.

"We'll have to get a large jack somewhere," said my father. "By George, son! What's that?"

The radio in the living room had exploded into sound, with Rudy Vallee singing The Maine Stein Song. By the time we had run upstairs, Gertrude had turned off the radio and was staring at it, holding a toothbrush in her hand. Pal was peering around a corner of the divan. Captain Wilson had come part way down the front stairs and was looking over the banister.

"That's the first time it ever played," said my father. "I traded in a battery set for this a year ago, but nobody in town could get it to play."

We all stood looking at the radio. "The lights are all on," said Gertrude.

"The refrigerator is going," I said. "I can hear it."

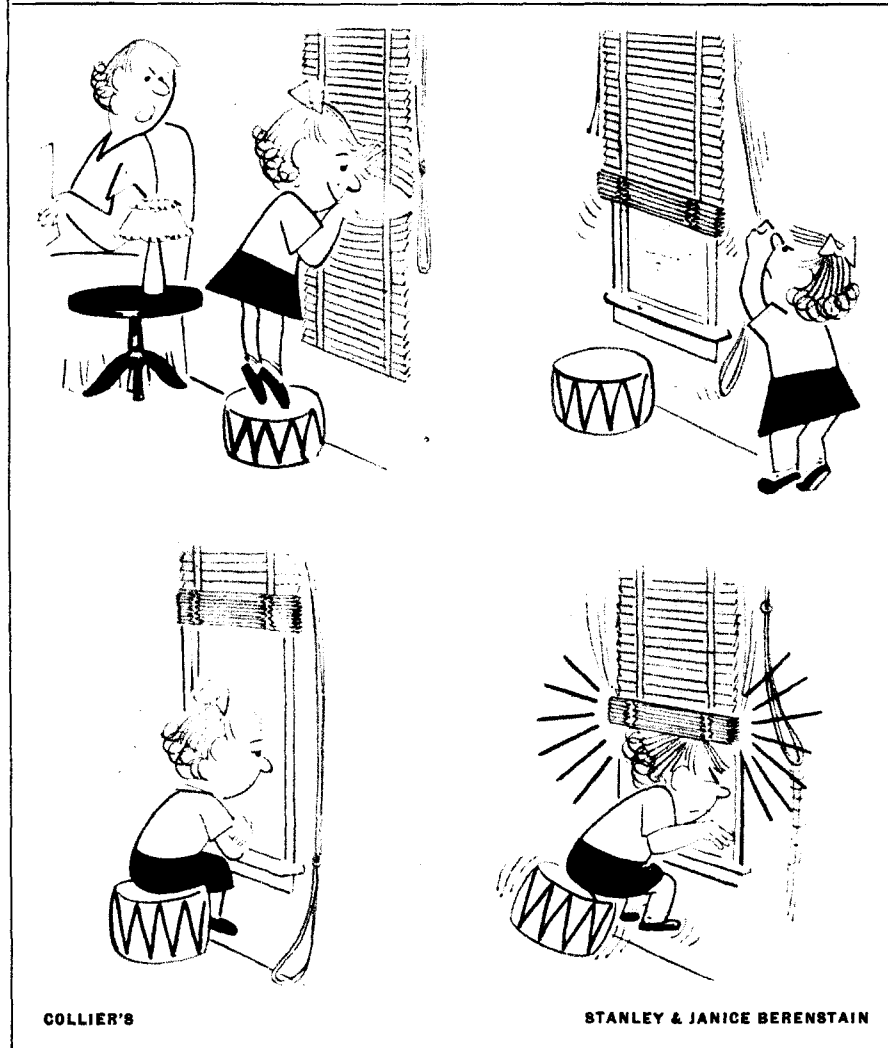
Captain Wilson went back upstairs and slammed the door to our room.

THE snow stopped falling that night, and Monday morning I took my skis from the woodshed and left for school. When I returned in the afternoon I heard Captain Wilson shouting on the cellar steps to my father. "We're shipping water in the aft holds!" he was bellowing. "We're going down by the stern, by thunder!"

"Everything is all right, Captain," my father replied. "These things will happen to the best of houses, you know."

I found the two men arguing and looking at the basement, which was flooded with water that reached above the furnace door. A few pieces of cordwood were floating about, with a wicker laundry basket and a storm door. "I'm afraid the sag in the floor finally strained and broke the plumbing somewhere in the house," said my father.

SISTER



his way into the living room and I followed him. He struck a match, and by its light I saw Pal, the bird dog, looking suspiciously around a corner of the divan.

"The telephone is dead," said my father replacing the phone on the cradle. "It's the power line all right. They'll probably have it fixed before long. You'd better go up and see if the captain got into bed all right. Ask him if he needs anything."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I met Gertrude coming down the stairs as I was going up. She carried her toothbrush, the candle and the bottle of medicine for Pal. Pal had a kind of sleeping sickness. Nothing much could ever arouse him. Gertrude had taken possession of him from the first and had begun giving him a dark brown medicine which, she said, had once cured a sick horse her father owned in Fort Kent. Without trying to awaken the animal, she would suddenly thrust a teaspoonful of the liquid into Pal's mouth. The dog always sneezed on the medicine and opened

ther was trying to calm Captain Wilson as I followed them downstairs.

"It's coming from the engine room," said the captain in the kitchen, pointing fearfully at the door to the cellar. "She must have blown a stack."

"Did she blow a stack?" I asked my father, who was trying to get the door open.

"Please be quiet, son," said my father. "I'm trying to decide what to do."

"Yes, sir," I said.

The sag in the floor had sprung the door. My father got an ax from the woodshed and smashed a large panel in the door. We were all coughing from the smoke. My father disappeared through the broken door. After a while he reappeared, sneezing, and with soot on his face and nightshirt. "The sag pulled the furnace pipe apart," he told us. "I threw water on the fire to put it out. We'll fix it in the morning."

"We can't navigate far without heat in this weather," grumbled Captain Wilson. "Must be forty below outside. Does it ever

Hell-Bent

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Bobo stopped and turned. "Well, if it ain't a company of the United States Marines!" He looked back at George. "Give me that," he said and he jerked a piece of paper from the man's hand. "Come here, baby," he said, leading me off.

"This is a bill," Bobo said confidentially. "I've known George a hell of a long time. I've never known him to do anything like this. He promised me no bill until I made one trip. Credit, he says. That's why I'm way the hell out here. Now the slob wants his money. He's dunning me. I can't do nothing with him. Pay it for me, will you, baby? Do this one thing for Papa. It'll be just until we get to Paris."

I got out my checkbook and put it against Bobo's back and wrote the check. I gave it to George.

He said, "Thanks, Mr. Warren. Thanks a lot."

He left. We stood there watching him walk out of the hangar. Annie came and stood beside us, her hands on her hips.

"I'll get that guy someday," Bobo said.

"Bobo, I can't do nothing with that damn' radio," Annie said.

He looked at her as if he wanted to hit her. "What do you mean *can't*?" he said, his voice beginning to rise again. "I told you, Annie. We don't know any such word as *can't*. That's not our way."

"Well, it's the radio's way," she said flatly. "What do you propose to do about it, Mr. Nolan?"

"Someday I'm going to bust you right in that wise mouth of yours," Bobo told her. "Don't make me laugh," Annie said.

"What're you going to do about that radio?" "Oh, for God's sake!" Bobo said and rubbed his face with his hand. "I'll look at it."

"You're going to have to do more than look, brother," Annie said.

Bobo asked me, "Cigarette on you, baby?"

AFTER giving him a package I had in my pocket, I watched him walk away on his heels, his shoulders hunched, sucking on the cigarette. He swung up into the 47 like a monkey in a tree. I turned back to Annie.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's tired," she said. "He's so pooped he can hardly stand up. And he's broke. He hasn't got a cent. You know how broke he is? He's so broke that he didn't eat any breakfast this morning. He let me, but he wouldn't." She looked up at me as if she wanted to fight. "You ever been tired and broke, buster?"

"Sure," I said.

"Sure," she mimicked me.

"If he feels so lousy, why do you ride him so much?" I asked.

"What the hell do you want me to do? Cry for him?" she said. "What'll that get him?"

"Okay, Annie," I said quietly. Somehow I felt that I had been insulted. "What's that mechanic doing?"

"How should I know?" she said, and she walked off, still looking belligerent.

No, they had not hauled out the brass band to welcome me home. It wasn't a brass band, and it wasn't anything. I knew what a big time we'd have in Paris and what a big time we'd have on the way there too.

I got in the 47 and went forward through the cargo compartment to where Bobo sat at the radio, fiddling with it. He had a light on an extension so that he could see.

"What's the matter with the port engine?" I asked.

"Little ert leak," Bobo said. "He's fixing it."

"Where's the log for this ship?" I asked.

"Around," Bobo said.

"Just around. I don't know. What do you care?"

"I want to see the time on those engines."

"Those engines are fine," he said.

Abruptly his face lighted up. He was listening to something in the earphones. "Hey, good deal, Mac. I got the tower. I fixed it." He took off the earphones and cut it off.

"I haven't had any lunch," I said. "Want to come along and have a cup of coffee or something while I eat?"

Bobo laughed and rubbed his unshaven jaw and looked up at me. "What the hell, baby!" he said. "You know how broke I am. You can buy me a lunch if you want."

"Sure," I said. "Anything you want."

He got up slowly, sighing. "I'm going to make it, baby," he said. "I'm going to make it or bust something trying."

"You'll make it, Papa," I said. "You're almost there. This is the beginning, the hard part. It'll be easier from here on in."

"I hope," he said. "I'm so close I can taste it. And I know I'm going to make it. I've got that feeling that everything's going to be all right."

"Of course," I said. "Sure."

But I was lying my head off. The setup

place she didn't say anything. When she finally stopped the car she said, "Well, here it is. Pile out."

The place that Bobo had spoken of was a rented trailer in a trailer camp. Inside everything was in terrible disorder—clothes, dirty dishes, cigarette butts, old newspapers, empty bottles were everywhere.

I could imagine how it had been for Bobo to come home to that trailer after a hard day's work.

"Kick the debris aside and have a seat," Annie said.

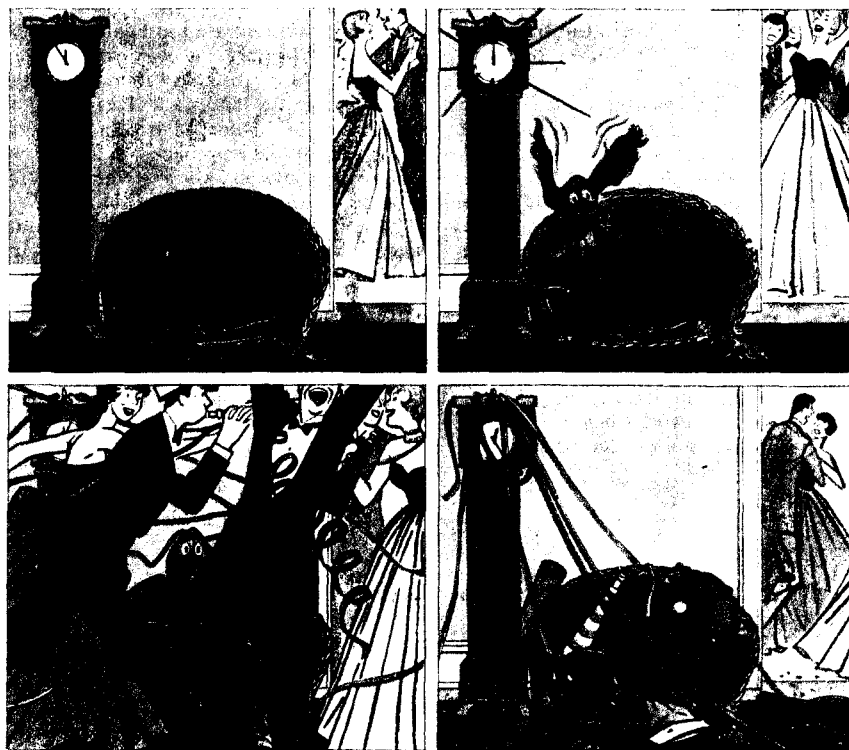
"Thanks," I said.

I guess that I said it the wrong way, because she looked at me quickly and said, "What's the matter with you? What're you turning up your nose at?"

"Nothing," I said quickly but I saw that she knew how I felt. I sat down immediately and opened my suitcase and took out a bottle of Scotch. "This is for you, Annie. I brought it for you."

"So now you're trying to buy my love," she said. "What a stupid present, Robert!"

CLANCY



stank. The odds were all against him. He couldn't possibly do it.

When we got to the lunchroom, Annie was finishing lunch. I picked up her check, too. She sat there while we ate but she said nothing. Neither did Bobo. He acted as if we didn't exist. He was absorbed in the food he was eating and in the thoughts he was having, whatever they were. We all went back to the hangar together.

"Get your suitcase, baby," he said to me. "You can take it over to the place. Annie'll take you."

"Now?" she said.

"Sure. There's nothing for him to do. Or you either. Why don't you stay at the place, kid, and get a little rest? You could use it."

"You don't look so hot yourself," she said. "How about you going and me staying?"

"I've got to watch this joker work on that engine," Bobo said. "You can't do that. Go on, Annie. Get some rest. We're going to have one big day tomorrow."

"Come on," Annie said shortly to me.

I got my suitcase out of the 47 and followed her out of the hangar to a battered roadster with no top. On the way to the

I'll never get a sniff of it. Bobo will drink it all."

"We could drink it now," I suggested.

"You've always got a pleasant answer, haven't you, lover?" she said sarcastically. I had none for that.

She looked at me and her face softened. "You're a good guy," she said. "Look. Can you make one of those sours? Remember—like I had at your house?"

"Sure," I said. "Where are the lemons?" "Lemons, yet," she said. "Well, never mind. I'll have it straight."

"I could go and buy—"

"Forget it," she said. "I want it now. I need it. And I'll take it with a needle if I have to."

Annie managed to ferret out a couple of glasses and we sat side by side on the bed and had a drink. I gave her a cigarette and she smoked without saying anything. I kept looking at her.

At last I said, "Glad to see me, Annie?" "You bet," she said.

"You don't act like it."

"Well, I'm not the affectionate type."

I tried to put my arm around her.

"No."

"Why not?" I asked.

"You figure it out," she said. She put out the cigarette by dropping it on the floor and stepping on it. Then she stood up. "I'm going to change clothes. What're you going to do?"

I looked the other way while she put on a dress. When she sat down beside me again I put my arm around her and kissed her on the mouth. She didn't respond. All she said was, "I want another drink."

I poured it. I sat there looking at her. "All over, huh?"

"You get the picture," she said.

I sat there looking around the trailer: The coverall lay where she had dropped it. The door of the so-called closet was open and I saw her clothes inside. "What're your clothes doing here?"

"Did you think I kept them in a tree?"

"But why aren't they in your trailer?"

"They are," she said.

"But where is Bobo's trailer?" I said.

"Here," she said.

"Oh," I said.

Annie laughed shortly and shook her head. "You are dumb."

"When did this start?"

"About a year ago," she said.

THE idea that she was Bobo's girl had never crossed my mind—I mean, in that way. I had known that they were working together, that they were close, and that they were fond of each other. Yet I had not thought about them in that way. I was shocked and I guess it showed on my face.

"You're beginning to get it," she said. She lighted another cigarette. "Do you see now how Bobo got the copilot he wanted?"

I could not believe that. I thought that she was saying that to hurt me. "The world is full of copilots," I said.

"Not free ones," she said. "Bobo got you for nothing. Well, practically nothing. He got you cheap."

She sounded very bitter. I could not tell whether she was bitter because Bobo had used her to obtain me, or whether she was bitter about something else and making the whole story up so she could take her bitterness out on me. It did not sound like just a story to me, though. It sounded like the horrible truth. I felt sick. I must have looked it, too.

"Oh, all right," she said sullenly. "Go ahead and think what you want. You don't matter anyway. You're just a jerk like all the rest of them with more money than sense. You couldn't understand if you thought about it for a thousand years."

"No, I guess not," I said. I knew then that I was out of my league, that I should never have come. It might have been my league once but it wasn't any more. I was no longer tough. I felt disgusted.

We didn't speak for some time. At last she reached over and put her hand on mine. She said, "It wasn't Bobo's idea at all, Robert. I lied to you. I wanted to hurt you. Bobo doesn't know anything about us. If he did he'd kill me. It was all my idea. I just couldn't keep my hands off you. From the minute you walked into that bar I felt all excited inside. I just couldn't resist you."

"Well," I said.

"Want a kiss?" she said.

We kissed.

"You are nice," she said. "I don't know why I said that, what made me say it."

We kissed again. We had made up.

"But I've got to tell you about it," she said.

"About what?" I said.

"About me and Bobo."

I didn't relish that.

"I met him when he was in Georgia with Brunner's Flying Circus," she said. "I used to live in Georgia and I got a job with them and he worked for them, too. I was a kind of wing walker. You know what that is? Me and two other girls stood on the wing of this ship Bobo flew. We wore just pants and bras and goggles. Bobo'd go real low

Collier's for January 7, 1951

past the grandstand and then do a loop. That was the big thing, the loop."

"You're kidding," I said.

"No," she said, not understanding me. "Don't you believe me?"

"I meant why did you do it?"

"Why, it was a good trick," she said. "What was wrong with it?"

"I mean, why didn't you get another kind of job?"

"I didn't want to," she said. "Oh, I did want to, too, but I couldn't. Listen—ever since I was a little kid I wanted to be a stewardess. But they wouldn't let me. I tried all kinds of air lines but not one of them would take me. I was little enough all right but they just wouldn't take me. I couldn't understand that. I still can't. Why wouldn't they take me? I was little enough."

ANNIE sat there thinking about it. At last she sighed and shook her head. "Boy, that sure broke my heart!"

"Why did you want it so much?" I asked.

"Well, my sister was a nurse on a hospital plane. During the war, you know. She got killed," Annie said. "Her plane cracked up on Okinawa. Well, I just worshiped that girl. I thought she was wonderful. She was, too. She'd been all over the world almost. I kept all her letters. I've still got them, every one. Want to see her picture?"

The snapshot was overexposed. The sister was in uniform, standing beside a tree, and it had not been taken close enough for me to see whether there was any family resemblance or not.

Annie sighed. "Well, when I met Bobo I knew we could go places together. He was different. Lots of those guys in that racket are plain nuts. But Bobo's smart. I saw that right away. He liked me, too, kind of, and I was always after him getting him to teach me to fly. I kept trying to get him to take me out but he wouldn't. I'd say don't you like a good time and he'd just laugh. I couldn't figure that out because then I looked a lot better than I do now and I had to spend about half my time fighting the guys off. Well, one day Bobo told me about his plans. Well, it was just what I'd always dreamed of in a way myself.

"So I asked him couldn't he use a partner, couldn't he use a little help. I asked if I could help. At first he thought I was just making a play for him. But when I began to save my money, too, and bring it to him every week, then he began to see I meant it. He kept telling me it was going to be hard. Hard. That's a laugh. I never had such a hard time in my life. There's so many rules and regulations about transport flying. Free enterprise my foot! If we want to take a chance with our lives I don't see where this CAA, or whatever it is, should care."

It was pretty sad. They were trying to do the impossible. I couldn't understand why Bobo didn't know that.

"Well, I hope you get what you want," I said.

"Oh, I already got it," she said. "Well, almost. I'll have it tomorrow when we take off."

"I'll help you all I can," I said. She pressed herself against me and squeezed me. "What do you want to go for, Robert? Just because of me?"

At that moment I was no longer sure that I wanted to go; much less did I have any idea of why I wanted to go, if I did. It was going to be a rough deal. I was not so sure that I wanted to live dangerously after all. But I couldn't tell Annie any of that so I said yes, I wanted to go because of her.

"I don't know," she said. "You don't look like the type

to me, Robert. Are you sure you want to?"

"Sure," I said. And I knew then that I did not want to go at all. But I didn't know what to do about it other than ignore it. I pulled her closer and kissed her. She kissed back. It wasn't much fun.

"Well, I got to go," she said.

"Where?" I said.

"To pick up Bobo," she said.

"Let him wait," I said, trying to keep my arm around her and pull her closer. But my heart wasn't in it.

"No, he'll be waiting," she said; then abruptly she became cross with me. "Come on now, Robert. Let go."

I wanted to let her go. But somehow I couldn't stop trying. I couldn't stop making ridiculous remarks. "But you can't kiss me like that and just walk off," I said.

"Sure, I can," she said, her voice getting hard. "Look. Everybody's got one weakness—like they drink or gamble or beat their old mother. If you think I chase after fellows you're crazy. I don't. It's just you. I can't resist you. I don't know whether I like it or not. But I can't stop. You're my weakness."

"Well, give in to it," I said.

"Not now, later," she said and she laughed; then she bent forward and kissed me. "Listen, Robert, I love Bobo. I really love him. I'd do anything for him. I know all about him, I know just how he feels all the time, I always know what's best for him. And he loves me, too. He's never said anything about it. But I know he does. You saw how he sent me home this afternoon instead of him coming himself? Well, that's love, Robert. We may be living here like we are and I may not be able to resist you but you can't get around the fact that Bobo and I love each other. You're fun, Robert, but that's all. We'll have fun later. Right now I've got to go take care of Bobo."

I gave up. It was a wonderful feeling.

I sat there and heard the roadster's engine explode into action, heard the roadster

rip out of the trailer camp. I didn't like what was happening but I didn't know how to get out of it or which way to go if I did get out of it. I had given up Ridgewood—and where did I go from there?

I didn't know. It seemed that there was no place to go. I was alone, empty of all desire, and surrounded by nothing.

I understood in a way how Annie and Bobo felt about each other and about what they wanted. But at the same time I could not possibly understand it. Annie had been telling the truth; I was certain of that. I even sympathized with her a little. I believed that they did love each other. But I knew that she and Bobo should not be living and acting as they were. "Why shouldn't they?" I asked myself. "Why not?"

The only answer I had for that was because.

Because what? Because nothing. Just because.

And as I thought that, I remembered that it was something we had said when we were children and were going by intuition and not reason.

PRESENTLY I heard the roadster drive up outside and stop. In a moment Bobo came into the trailer. He looked bushed. He muttered, "Robert. Hi!" and flopped down on the bed and lay on his back breathing deeply.

"Engine okay?" I asked.

Annie came in, letting the door slam.

"Yeah," Bobo said. "There's a bill now for that, too."

"Give it to me," I said.

Annie sat down beside me. Bobo rolled over on his side and looked at us. "Going to offer me a drink?" he said.

"I brought it to Annie," I said.

Bobo laughed.

"What about fuel?" I asked. "Have you made arrangements for fueling tomorrow?"

Bobo reached over and picked up the bottle and drank. "If you mean do I have the money, the answer is no. I told them you'd pay," he said; he coughed. "I'm going to owe you a hell of a lot of money before I'm through, baby. You know I'm good for it, don't you?"

I looked at him. He was looking at me as if he would kill me if I said no. "What the hell, Bobo!" I said. "You never let anyone down yet. We don't have to talk about it."

He lay back down flat. "Cigarette, baby?"

I gave him one.

"I'm hungry, Annie," he said. "Frankfurters," she said.

"Get at it," he told her. "First give me fifty cents for the frankfurters."

He put his hand in his pocket but I said that I would go to the store. Annie told me where it was and that I should drive the car. There was no ignition key for it; the ignition wires had been pulled out of the switch, and to complete the circuit so that the car would start, they had to be twisted together.

I bought some steaks and some beer and got another bottle of Scotch. I took my time about going back. I told myself that they probably wanted to be alone but that was not the real reason—I really didn't want to go back.

They had both showered and dressed while I'd been gone. Bobo still lay on the bed but he had put on an old silk dressing gown that dated back to the war. I'd remembered seeing him in it long ago. He had the bottle of Scotch in bed with him.

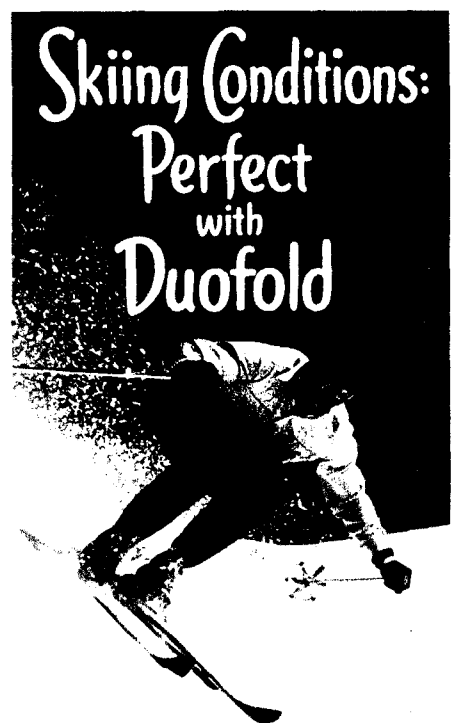
Annie had on shorts and a halter, and she'd evidently shampooed her hair, because she had a yellow scarf tight around her head as if her hair



Sure Cure for Deafness

At times my heart contracts with fear
Because my cherub doesn't hear
When I give orders such as these:
"Go wash your hands for supper, please."
And—"Hurry up, it's way past eight;
Let's start to school or you'll be late!"
"Put on your rubbers." "Comb your hair."
"Don't leave that train and dump truck there!"
"Now stop that noise and go to bed."
Such hints don't even graze his head.
He's deaf each time I try to boss him.
He doesn't hear me when I cross him.
I wonder, time and time again,
Can my papoose be deaf? But then
I whisper, "Would you like some candy?"
And find his hearing's simply dandy!

—MARGARET FISHBACK



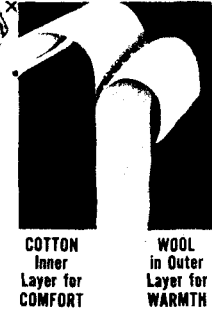
Nelson Bennett, head of The Ski Patrol at Sun Valley, Idaho. And, head of your list to perfect your skiing form...to heighten skiing pleasure, plan on...

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Back in the lodge you'll bask in Duofold's itchless comfort. For the wool is all in the outer layer...touching you is nothing but comfortable cotton. Feeling's believing—send coupon for swatch of Duofold's Ski Fabric.

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.....

P.S. See Duofold in women's skating briefs and underwear for men, women and children.

was not dry. She was sitting outside on a canvas camp chair with a broken back, doing her nails. When I went in the trailer she followed.

"Beer?" I asked Bobo.

"Not when I can drink Scotch," he said. "Get the franks?"

"Steaks," I said.

"Plural yet," Bobo said, watching me.

"You're a big operator, Robert. It must be nice to be a big operator."

"Well, it's a living," I said.

That dinner was exactly like all the other meals I'd had with them. They ate and said nothing. Bobo kept drinking the Scotch and smoking cigarettes throughout dinner. His eyes were bloodshot and his face was beginning to slacken; it looked as gray as putty.

"Well, where do we take off for tomorrow?" I said when he'd pushed back his chair and lighted another cigarette. "The Azores?"

"No. Newfoundland," he said.

"But you can't go to Paris that way," I said. "The regular route is to the Azores and—"

"I know all that," he said, disgusted with me. "We're not going straight to Paris. We're going to make a stop at Shannon."

Annie looked up quickly. "More cargo, Bobo?"

He took a big drag from the cigarette and said shortly, "Yeah."

"What is it?" I asked.

"None of your damn' business," he said; he got up and lay down again on the bed.

"You want your coffee now, Robert?" Annie asked.

We sat there in the twilight drinking coffee until it got dark. I could see Annie's face only when it was lighted by the glow of her cigarette. Finally she pushed back her chair and stood up and said that I could help her with the dishes if I wanted.

I helped her. I think that night was the first time that the dishes had been washed in a month. We washed dishes for what seemed like hours.

Bobo had been asleep and when we had turned on the lights to wash the dishes he had waked up. He was pretty drunk and he kept complaining about the lights.

When at last we finished he said, "You through?"

"Yes," Annie said.

"Well, come on to bed."

GOING outside, I sat down in the canvas chair and lighted a cigar. All the windows in the trailer were open and I could hear them talking to each other. I couldn't hear the words, only the sounds of their voices. Once Annie laughed loudly.

I left the chair and walked aimlessly down the road a way in the dark and stood leaning against a tree and smoking what remained of the cigar. I thought about Bobo and Annie.

They could not be said to be in love with each other. There was no romantic attachment between them. I wondered if there was some other kind of love that a man and woman could have that was different from my notion of love. Was Bobo and Annie's way more right than mine? Then I thought: She's just a tramp and he's fast becoming no good. What the hell are you talking about?

But they did love each other. They tried to take care of each other. They each thought of the other's welfare. Whatever Nancy and I had once had, it hadn't been what Bobo and Annie had. I couldn't have loved Nancy that way; there was nothing in our life that demanded that I take care of Nancy in that way.

Nancy and I had had to have another kind of love: something on an entirely different level, something much more grand and expensive and much better perfumed.

I had taken the long way around but I had ended up again at my original idea. You remember? That hungry lions should be set loose in the streets. That was the only way that Nancy and I could have the kind of love that Bobo and Annie had.

I threw the cigar butt into the blackness of the road. It struck the macadam and

rolled, spraying sparks. I started back toward the trailer camp. I felt much better about going to Paris. I was very glad that I had been able to see that Annie and Bobo, in all their chaos and desperation, loved each other. I felt that a lesser person might not have seen that but would have seen only the outward things, the things that were—well, repulsive.

When I entered the trailer camp I had to look for the roadster to see where Bobo's trailer was. Someone was sitting in the canvas chair outside. It was Annie.

She stood up and took my hand in hers. She had on a long white gown, or robe, I couldn't tell which, and over that a sweater.

She put her hand over my mouth. "Come on," she whispered, and she led me back out of the trailer camp and to the road.

When we were away from the trailer she said, "I didn't want to wake him up. He's asleep."

"Why aren't you?" I said.

She grinned. "I've got my reasons."

We crossed the road and went down a path through someone's wood lot and stopped beside a small stream. She turned to me and reached up and I kissed her.

"Annie," I said, "I don't—I mean, you

We went back to the trailer and she made up a bed for me on the floor. I lay there for a long time before I went to sleep. I couldn't help wondering if all she had wanted from me had been the twenty dollars. I didn't think so, not entirely; she had wanted it, of course, but she had wanted to be embraced as much.

I thought that she was really a pretty miserable little girl and it made me miserable to think about her.

THAT night, I did not sleep much. The floor was hard and I woke up early in the morning while the sky was still gray. I lay there a moment and tried to go back to sleep but I could not. I got up and put on a pair of pinks, my old flying jacket and a khaki shirt. The sun was not up when I left the trailer.

I walked down the road until an old man stopped and gave me a lift in his pickup truck. He let me off at a lunchroom where I got breakfast. It was full of truck drivers who had been driving all night and I ate the biggest breakfast I'd ever eaten in my life. I managed to get to the airport from there.

The first thing I did was have the C-47 hauled out of the hangar and fueled. I

I yelled at the mechanic to see if he had put chocks under the wheels. He had. I locked the brakes and switched on and started the port engine. It sounded a good deal like Bobo's car. I started the starboard engine and they both coughed along together.

I fiddled with the fuel mixture but that didn't seem to help. I ran the engines up higher and higher and revved them. I felt like I was throwing pistons all over the field. The starboard engine was all right according to the instruments—if they were right. The port engine was the bad one. The pressure was low and the heat high and it sounded much worse than the other.

I ran them for a while and then cut the switch and got out to see if either of them had been leaking oil. I couldn't tell but I knew that port engine wasn't going to get us to Shannon or Paris or anywhere.

Bobo showed up at nine o'clock. He was dressed the way I was, and when he saw that, he grinned and pounded me on the back. I realized then how hard I had been trying to revive the dear, dead past and I felt like a damn' fool. I wanted to go someplace quickly and change my clothes.

"We're going to fly it today, baby," Bobo said. "You just stick with Papa." He stood there gazing with admiration at his ship and humming Roll Me Over in the Clover.

"Listen," I said. "What did the mechanic do to that port engine?"

"He fixed it," Bobo said.

"Fixed it?" I said. "Did you run that engine last night? Did you listen to it?"

"Sure," Bobo said. "You think I'm one of these careless boys?" He was grinning.

"Bobo, that engine's no good," I said. "You know it's no good."

"Why, nothing's wrong with that engine," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"It runs hot and the oil pressure drops, and you know it," I said.

"Go on," he said, still grinning. "That's a sweet engine."

That's the way he was. He simply would not talk seriously about the engine. I couldn't do anything with him. I even got him in the ship and started the engine and made him sit and listen to it.

"Hear that?" I said. "You hear it now?"

Bobo made a pretense of concentrating on listening. "Sounds fine to me," he said at last.

I pointed to the panel. "Look at that."

"Why, that's all right," he said. "That's not too much."

"Bobo, are you crazy?" I said. "If you want to kill yourself why don't you do it with gas? That's a lot easier."

He grinned at me. "I tell you what, Robert. If anything goes wrong we'll turn around and come back. How's that?"

"I've heard it before and it's not funny," I said.

He started out, saying something about the cargo. I followed and kept trying to make him listen to me about that miserable engine.

FINALLY Bobo turned on me, looking like he was going to hit me. "Listen, Robert, we're taking off today. I don't give a damn how that engine is. We're taking off whether we even have engines or not. We're going to fly it if we have to use rubber bands for power. You got that?"

I gave up. He was crazy.

He went off somewhere and while he was gone the cargo came in a truck. I didn't know what to do about it, so I had the driver wait. While we were waiting, Annie came. She was very excited and her usually impassive face was flushed.

When Bobo came back and saw the cargo he rubbed his hands together and grinned. "Okay, Robert. This is it. Let's get to work."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"We've got to load up," he said.

"You mean us? You and me?" I said. I had never considered the possibility of my having to load cargo. "Aren't there some guys around somewhere that can do it?"

"There sure are. Us." He grinned. "Come on, Robert. Get the lead out."

We got a tractor with a fork lift and put



told me how you feel about Bobo. I can't understand why you want—"

"Oh, honey," she said softly. "I've worked so hard. I'm tired. I just want a little fun."

So we had a little fun, and then later we were sitting there and she had her head on my shoulder. The night was still black. Several times she sighed and so at last I asked her what she was thinking about and she said promptly, "A fitted case."

"A what?" I said.

"A fitted case. You know," she said. "Like you use when you travel. I saw one in a store the other day exactly like I've always wanted." She was not looking at me. In a moment she added, "You know, stewardesses and people like that who travel a lot have them. I was going to get one when I was with the circus. But then Bobo and I began saving our money."

I had no idea why she was telling me that.

She waited a second or two and then looked up at me. "If you'd lend me twenty dollars I could get it. I'd pay you back when we got to Paris."

"Oh!" I said, startled. "Of course!" I had had no idea that had been what she had wanted.

"You can give it to me now," she said. "I'll probably be up before you are in the morning."

I felt in my pocket and took out some bills and gave her twenty dollars.

"You're a sweetheart," she said and she kissed me. "Well, let's go back."

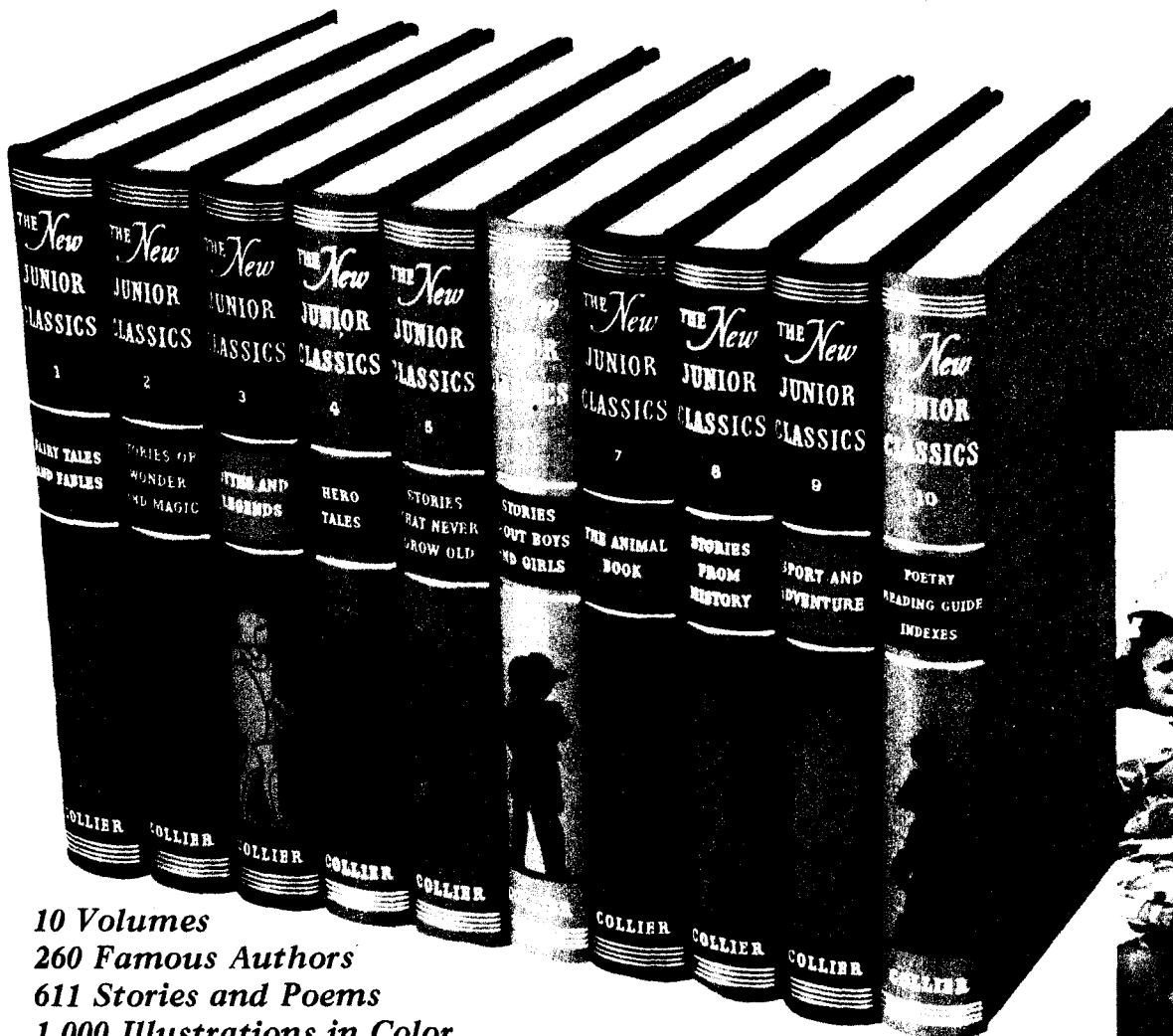
helped with the fueling and then I got a mechanic to stand by because I wanted to run up the engines.

I got in the 47 and walked through the baggage compartment. It was a bucket-seat job and the metal seats had been let down so they were flat against the sides of the cargo compartment. The flooring there was miserable. There were a bunch of ropes and ties to hold the cargo in place lying all in a jumble on the floor. I looked at them and saw that they were old and frayed and battered. I wondered if Bobo knew anything about loading cargo. I didn't. I went forward and sat down in the left-hand seat where Bobo would sit during the flight. There were a couple of seat pack chutes there that looked old enough to have been packed by Orville Wright. All the controls were worn like steps are worn where hundreds of people pass over them daily. There was a crack in the right windshield and several of the instruments on the panel had tape over their faces to hold in the glass that had been broken.

I tried to adjust the seat but that didn't work. Then I noticed the radiator. That 47 was so old that it had a hot water radiator in it to supply cabin heat. The ship wasn't even heated by hot air. That was how old it was. Why, that 47 was a veteran when the war had begun; it had probably belonged to an air line before the government had taken it over.

I didn't like that and I wanted to hear the engines now more than I had before.

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the juke boxes into the 47. They weren't even crated and by the time we had them wrestled into place and tied down I was exhausted. I had not worked so hard in years.

I lay down on the floor for a moment until I could catch my breath. Then I got out and looked around for Bobo. He wasn't in sight. I finally found him in the locker room inside the hangar.

There was no one else there. He'd taken off his pants and he was leaning against the wall, his face was pale, he was sweating and his eyes were closed. He looked sick. I mean really sick.

"What's wrong with you, Bobo?" I asked.

He did not answer. He stood there and I could tell he was gritting his teeth.

"What's the matter?" I said.

After a moment he said, "I got a rupture. My truss slipped."

I thought that he was kidding. You know, trusses are a big joke. I started to laugh but I saw that he was really in pain.

"Have you seen a doctor?" I said.

"What for?" Bobo said.

"Don't be stupid," I said.

"I'll be all right in a minute," he said. "It's happened before. I just have to push it back in."

"You're going to see a doctor. We're not going to take off—"

"Oh, yes we are," he said. "Don't say any more, Robert." Then he added, "And don't say anything to Annie."

I gave up. "Can I help you on with your pants?"

"Now don't be funny," he said.

I had not meant to be. I could not see anything funny about the situation at all. I went out and left him there still gritting his teeth. I couldn't help him.

ANNIE was waiting for me outside the locker room. "Aren't we ever leaving?" she said.

"How would I know?" I said.

"If we don't leave soon we'll be doing our flying mostly at night. Where's Bobo?"

"I don't know, Annie," I answered.

Bobo came out of the locker room, a cigarette between his lips. "Well, how about it? Are we set?"

"Let's have lunch," I said.

All through the meal I kept thinking that it was no good and not what I wanted at all. I was so upset that I could hardly sit still. Annie and Bobo kept talking to me. I couldn't listen to them. All I could do was think, and all I was thinking was that it was no good.

"What do you really know about flying the North Atlantic?" I asked myself. "Air lines fly it every day and every night. But they know what they're doing. You don't. Maybe Bobo knows but probably not. And even if he doesn't he'll fly it anyway. Bobo's crazy."

But it was too late for me to see that. I should have seen it sooner. Perhaps I had. Perhaps now I was finally admitting it to myself. But so what? What was it going to get me now? What could I do?

"Come on, baby," Bobo said. "Eat your soup and pay the check."

We went back to the hangar. Annie already had her own luggage on board. Bobo had his in the locker room in the hangar. He had brought my suitcase with him. He went to get them and I walked out and got in the 47.

Annie was standing behind the seats by the radio. I went past her and sat down in front of her in the copilot's seat, on the right. As I sat there it began to rain. Not very much. Just a light rain. But I knew that if I asked Bobo about it he would say that it was just local and to forget about it.

I heard him coming forward. He was singing. I heard him drop the luggage and then he came into the cockpit and sat down. He was carrying a .45 in a leather holster on a web pistol belt and he hung it over the back of his seat and grinned at me.

"Start the engines, copilot," he said. "Let's run them up and idle them."

We did. I sat there listening to that lousy port engine, watching the oil pressure and expecting that any minute the gauge would hit zero.

"Bobo, don't you hear it?"

"It sounds sweet to me."

It was no good. I couldn't go through with it. I stood up.

"What're you doing?" Bobo said.

"Getting out," I said.

"What for?"

"Because I'm through. Find yourself another copilot."

He was sitting sideways in the seat, looking up at me, his right arm over the back of the seat. He raised his right hand and the .45 was in it, the muzzle still in the holster.

"Sit down, Robert," he said, but I stood.

"Baby, I can't get another copilot now."

Beginning Next Week

A New Mystery Romance

SHELL GAME

By RICHARD POWELL

Young Bill Stuart was the mildest-mannered shell collector that ever picked up a beautiful girl and a murdered man in one night and on the same beach. All Bill wanted was a peaceful Florida vacation. But Valerie Wilson turned his life into a whirl of murders, cops and gangsters—and what's more, Bill enjoyed every hectic minute of it

It's too late. I've got a delivery date to keep. I've worked and struggled and busted my back for this day. This is my big moment, baby. If you louse it up, I'll kill you."

I stood there a few seconds more and then I sat down. He would've done it, he was that crazy. I sat there and I did not look at him.

"Wait here," he told me. "Let the engines idle. I got to take the manifests and get us cleared out of here." He got up and walked out.

Annie came and stood between the seats and looked down at me and smiled that cool smile of hers that was cool only because she was ignorant.

"You don't really want to go, Robert?" she asked.

"No. This heap will never see Newfie, much less Paris."

She laughed.

"That's right, laugh," I said. "Laugh a lot so you'll be in practice. So you won't forget how. I want to hear you laugh like that when we go into the ground."

She laughed again.

Neither of us said another word until Bobo came back.

I heard him close the big cargo door and lock it. When he came forward he closed the compartment door between the cargo section and the cockpit. He sat down in his seat and said, "That's it."

I didn't say anything.

He called the tower and they told him where to taxi. He taxied the ship down to the end of the runway. He revved the engines once and we sat there, props idling, waiting, a light rain falling and the wind-

shield in front of me already beginning to leak. The tower told us to take off.

Bobo released the brakes and gave it the throttle and we were rolling. I tried not to listen to the engines.

"Gear up!" Bobo said.

I raised the gear. "Well, you're living dangerously now," I told myself, "you've finally come across a hungry lion in the middle of an empty street. He's all yours, too, your private lion. He doesn't want to eat anyone else."

FOR an hour and a half everything was all right. Twenty minutes away from Windsor Locks the rain stopped. There was a front moving down from Canada, Bobo said, but we couldn't see it then, although we would run into it before we hit Newfie. We could expect turbulence, icing conditions, and the usual stuff. We were above some cumulus at 10,000 feet and as happy as birds. We were on the beam, and all we had to do was not fall asleep.

I stood up and Bobo said, "Where you going?"

"Check the cargo," I said.

He looked like he was going to say something but he didn't.

I didn't trust either the ropes or the ties, and although I was sure nothing had happened, I wanted to check. I opened the compartment door and stepped into the cargo section. Everything looked all right at first glance. I went down the line checking the ropes and I was almost on top of him before I saw him.

He was sitting on the floor over at one side of the ship because with the cargo tied down the way it was, the bucket seats couldn't be raised. He had the biggest hands I had ever seen and he was clutching a Mae West and a chute pack. He had a big red happy Irish face and he was grinning.

"Who the hell are you?" I said.

"Gaherty," he said.

"What're you doing here?"

"I'm on my way to Shannon," he said.

Even I knew what that meant. "How much did you give him?" I asked.

"Two hundred dollars," Gaherty said. "I won't pay a cent more."

I didn't know what to say to him. I muttered something and went forward and closed the compartment

door again. I sat down and looked at Bobo.

"Well?" he said. "How was the cargo?"

"He's not airtight yet," I said.

Bobo laughed.

"You won't get away with it," I told him. "You're not licensed to carry passengers. They'll take your freight license away from you."

"Hell, he's not a passenger! He's part of the crew."

"Yeah? When he leaves us at Shannon, what're you going to do? When we show up at the airdrome at Orly with one crew member missing, what're you going to say? That he fell out over the Channel?"

"I'll say he skipped out on us."

"And if they catch him then back in Ireland they'll get him for illegal entry or something and deport him back to the States," I said.

Bobo shrugged. "That's his tough luck. If he didn't want to take a chance he should've gone by a regular air line. He was looking for something cheap, so he got something cheap."

"He certainly did," I said.

Thirty minutes later the radio went out. Bobo said, "Take over," and stood up. He went back to the radio.

I took over.

"And you told me you fixed this thing," Annie said. "What did you do, anyway?"

"Shut up," Bobo told her. He went back and she came forward and sat in the pilot's seat.

"Let me fly it," she said. "Bobo promised me I could fly it."

I let her have it and I sat there and watched her. "Get your nose down," I said.

We were over water then and, without the radio, we didn't have the beam. The only way to navigate was by dead reckoning. I knew I couldn't do it with any hope of accuracy. I made a note of the time and told Annie to keep the speed constant. Then I went back and stood by Bobo.

He didn't know what he was doing. I could see that.

"Remember that weather front?" I said. "Yeah."

"I can see it ahead now. We're flying right into it."

"So what?" he said.

I walked back to Gaherty. He was asleep and I woke him up and told him to expect some rough weather. I checked the cargo again. If any of that got shaken loose and the turbulence got too bad, it might make the nose or tail so heavy that we wouldn't be able to trim the ship.

I went forward again. I sat down beside Annie and I said, "I'll take it now."

The air was already getting rough and we had begun to pitch and roll a little when Bobo yelled, "Ha! I fixed it. Get back here, Annie."

She went back and he came forward and sat down and said, "I'll fly it."

"Did you pick up the beam?"

"We're east of it," he said.

We began to correct our heading. The air got rougher and rougher. It was cold, too.

"Let's go up," Bobo said. "Let's get on top of that."

"It looks rough," I said.

We began to climb. We went up to 12,000 and there was just as much turbulence there. Visibility was dropping rapidly. We went up to 14,000 and then to 15,000. It was still bad. Bobo and I sat there and flew it together.

It was really getting cold in the cockpit. Annie tried to get more heat out of the radiator. What a joke that thing was.

I said, "Annie, get Gaherty up here. He's probably freezing back there."

Gaherty came and stood between the seats. "Ain't it early now to be so dark?" he said.

"It's kind of a storm," I told him.

"Oh?" he said. "And is there danger?"

"No," I said.

The turbulence did decrease shortly after that, but not much. Annie gave us some coffee she had in a vacuum bottle. Nobody had anything to say. We planned to land at Stephenville in Newfoundland and spend the rest of the night there and take off early the next morning. The first time we contacted Stephenville control we were still about an hour away.

They told us that it was snowing there on the ground with a sixty-mile-an-hour wind and zero visibility. They gave us Gander as an alternate landing field but told us to proceed on our course since the blizzard was supposed to be over by the time we were estimated to land at Stephenville. They also told us that it was their first blizzard of the year, as if they were proud of it.

"Give them my congratulations," Bobo said. "Tell them I hope they set a record."

WHEN we got over Stephenville it was still snowing on the ground. They sent us on to Gander. Bobo didn't give them any argument. That surprised me. I had thought that he would howl and scream and demand an instrument landing and throw his weight around like he used to in the old days.

The flight from Stephenville to Gander was rough. It took both of us to fly the ship. We were all tired and cold and hungry. I think all of us had had enough by then. Even Bobo.

When we contacted Gander they told us that the storm was moving in on them but that they thought we could beat it in before they were closed in. They gave us Goose Bay in Labrador as an alternate in case we needed it.

We got to Gander all right but we got there about five minutes too late. On the ground it was snowing and visibility was



COLLIER'S

RAY HELLE

down to zero and they had a fifty-mile-an-hour wind. They told us to go to Goose Bay. It was then that Bobo began to argue.

He knew that they were equipped for blind landings and he kept saying that he was an ex-colonel, that he had a green instrument card, and was fully qualified and licensed to land in any kind of weather, et cetera and blah-blah-blah.

I sat and listened to him. They had a Ground Control Approach system there. A man on the ground sat in front of a radar screen. The blip on the screen would be a plane coming in through the murk. The man would talk to the pilot and tell him how much to let down—and when. The man on the ground could land the plane exactly where it should be landed if the pilot, who could see nothing, would only trust the man on the ground.

I thought that it was a good idea to land there. I didn't want to go on to Goose Bay. Gander had perfect blind-landing equipment and I felt easy about making it.

GANDER control finally cleared us for one instrument approach. Bobo turned and grinned at me. "Oh, brother!" he said in relief. "I didn't think I could talk them into that."

"Why not?" I said. "What's so unusual about a GCA landing?"

We fastened ourselves in and I explained to Gaherty how he was to sit and brace himself. I sat there prepared to help Bobo if he needed me and listened in my earphones to the GCA man talking to Bobo. We had turned into her final leg and we would let down gradually until our wheels touched the runway.

"You are high and to the left," the GCA man said, giving the correction.

Bobo was slow to correct and the GCA man repeated his instructions.

We had our landing lights on, of course, but all we could see was the snow rushing against the windshield out of the dark.

"Flaps down," the GCA man said.

I reached to dump them.

"Hold it," Bobo said.

"What?" I said.

"He's giving it to us too—"

"Flaps down," the GCA man said again. I dumped them.

"Wheels down," the GCA man said.

"He's giving it to us too fast," Bobo said.

I lowered and locked the gear. "You're crazy. He's the one who can see. Not you."

We were only thirty feet off the runway and dead center then, according to the GCA man. Of course, none of us could see anything. We could have been at any altitude so far as we knew.

I heard the GCA man telling Bobo to go down the rest of the way. But Bobo didn't do it. The GCA man repeated his instructions. Still Bobo didn't do it. I was about to grab the controls and take us down when Bobo suddenly opened the throttles and took us back up. The GCA man almost had a fit.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Why didn't you land? Have you gone nuts?"

Bobo didn't say anything for a minute. His face was set.

"I never saw the lights," he said finally.

"Lights?" I said. "It was socked down there. How could you have seen the lights?"

"I could've seen them if it'd been right," he said. "They've got high-intensity lights there, you know." He even sounded a bit smug.

"Nuts!" I said. "You were chicken. You got yellow and chickened out on us."

"The hell I did!" Bobo said. "I saved your life. That GCA guy would've killed you if hadn't been for me."

That was such obvious nonsense I didn't know what to say. We flew for a few minutes in silence.

I hadn't been noticing the altitude or the heading. I don't guess Bobo had been paying too much attention either, because he'd been arguing with me. I knew that we were going at full throttle, because I could hear the port engine struggling to keep up.

"What're you going to do now, Bobo?" I asked. "You can't hang around here until it clears."

"I'm going to Goose—" he started, but he never finished the sentence.

BOTH of us heard it and felt it at the same time. It sounded as if a dozen men were beating on the bottom of the fuselage with baseball bats. And I could feel the ship begin to vibrate. At first I didn't know what it was. For about a second Bobo and I stared at each other, both of us afraid. Then I realized what it was.

"Trees!" I yelled. "Bobo, you're too low, you fool! You're—"

We both had our hands on the controls, hauling back, but it was too late then. We were already too low. We hit so hard that the ship staggered.

Then we were in the trees and they seemed to be almost solid. The glass broke out of the windshield and I thought that I heard Annie scream. One engine was running away with a broken prop. I felt one wing drop lower than the other, and we swung around in a short arc and hit.

I never heard a sound like that before. The cockpit lights went out the same instant, and with the crashing, rending, tearing noise deafening me, I was torn out of my harness and flung forward in the dark.

All I could think of at that moment was Nancy, all I could see before me was her face; she was asleep with her head on a pillow and she looked exactly as she had that first morning I'd waked up and looked at her and seen her for the first time sleeping beside me. I could hear her voice, too, and she was pleading with me.

"Robert," she was saying, "Robert."

All around the periphery of that picture of Nancy asleep were little scenes: the first time we'd met, coming home to her from the war, moving into the house, both times she'd gone to the hospital to have the children.

I wanted to cry out: *For God's sake, stop! I didn't mean to, I take it back! Let me live it over again!*

What did I expect? A miracle? Certainly I did. But it didn't do me any good.

I was snapped forward through the darkness. I did not travel far, but I went awfully fast—and I hit awfully hard.

(To be concluded next week)

Next Week



WAS JOE LOUIS THE GREATEST?

By Gene Tunney

The retired, undefeated heavyweight champion picks the best

THE POSTAL INSPECTORS

When the Post Office Department cops swing into action—

NOBODY BEATS THE LAW

By William J. Slocum

BABY DOCTOR

A comforting glimpse behind his competent, professional manner

By John Kord Lagemann



The Return of Lorelei Lee

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

church's religious periodicals. Shamelessly trading on his name, Carol concentrated her phone calls on people in the theater who were also Christian Scientists. Through one of them, she was steered on to a revue then forming in Los Angeles, Lend an Ear.

At the audition Carol was the last of some 2,000 hopefuls trying out. By then bleary-eyed, the show's producers arbitrarily had limited each to a five-minute hearing. Carol stepped forth, announced firmly that she would do six of her nine prepared skits, and proceeded unabashed. At the end of the six, the producers called for more, and Channing was in.

Lend an Ear was a turning point in the Channing career for more reasons than one. Its subsequent move to New York brought Carol to substantial Broadway notice. And during its run, in November, 1948, she met and married Al Carson, a pro football player with the Ottawa Rough Riders, known to the Canadian sports pages

as "the murderous Ax," and to Carol and friends as just plain "Ax." Off season, Ax works as a private eye for a Manhattan detective agency. One of his feats on the job has been the capture of two robbers whose specialty, for some as yet undiscovered reason, was hijacking manhole covers and then carefully indexing them in the back of an old truck.

Carol and Ax settled down in a modest apartment on Seventy-sixth Street in Manhattan, whence, apart from her stage appearances, they sallied forth mainly to take brisk conditioning walks around Central Park. Then, a few months ago, came news of the casting of G.P.B. A bell rang in the Channing mind. Still in the cast of Lend an Ear, she made a frontal attack on the new venture. But the producers couldn't see this wide-faced Juno as Lorelei. Then, in true theater tradition, the roundabout, accidental approach worked. Carol's lusty and antic personality attracted the eye of

Oliver Smith, coproducer of G.P.B. He summoned Anita Loos. "There's my Lorelei," she said, and the rest is profitable Broadway history.

These nights, as Carol Channing loosens her long limbs and her raucous voice, gives out with Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend, and wows her listeners with such gemlike Lorelei-isms as, "Possession is 12-10ths of the law," most everybody in the audience would swear that not a thought lurked behind that bland baby-face. But they're wrong. Carol is now deep in planning her next Broadway coup. It is to be, she hopes, a life of Sophie Tucker, and among the bits of business she is quietly working up is the real-life incident where Sophie's veteran touch calmed a theater audience when the place caught fire.

With Channing herself no longer a tyro at keeping audiences in the palm of her hand, Broadway is already figuring on another sure-fire smash hit.

THE END

The City That Didn't Cry Uncle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

the Battle of Coes Pond was not yet won. The land had been corralled—but not funds to build on it. Nevertheless, architects went ahead with their plans for the project. At the first fall meeting of the city council, early in September, 1947, these plans were presented by the authority, which was still looking for the rest of the \$2,000,000 it needed to build.

Again a storm broke. One councilman criticized the site and its facilities; another warned that the entire project inevitably would lead to bankruptcy. For a while it looked as if Ray Harold's boys would leave city hall empty-handed. But their supporters on the council rallied and when the matter came to a vote, enough councilmen voted aye for the bond issue to be approved.

How to Get More Bricks Laid

With this hurdle cleared, Harold and the rest of his unsalaried authority members really went to work. Construction was begun. Tim Fleming daily visited the project to supervise operations and egg the workmen on. "Mac," he'd sing out to a boss bricklayer, "I want more bricks today—we're behind schedule." Tim had carried a hod for years; now a successful contractor, he knew every angle of the building trades, and the workmen respected him.

Costly strikes have delayed many a construction job, but Coes Pond, which incidentally employed 100 per cent union labor, had no trace of labor trouble. Most of the credit for this goes to authority member Sam Donnelly, a short, balding man as soft-spoken as a country parson. While Tim Fleming was the expert on bricks and mortar and steel, Sam's bailiwick was labor problems.

President of the Worcester Central Labor Union, Sam has had 25 years' experience as a union official. His technique in handling threatened strikes is simple: "Let's talk it over, boys. If we don't, it will cost both sides money."

And so the Worcester Housing Authority proceeded, functioning like a well-coached, well-drilled football team. A few months ago Ray Harold asked for applications from veterans for occupancy in Coes Pond, and was swamped with more than 1,200 for only 204 apartments—garden-type affairs, well scattered over the site to allow plenty of room for parking and play. The brick buildings, with limestone trim, are fireproof; their staggered design provides cross ventilation; and the casement windows, spacious closets, tiled bath and modern kitchens were items most of the applicants had known only in magazine illustrations.

Selecting one applicant from every six was a problem to tax the judgment of a whole squad of Solomons. But Mayor Sullivan had worked out a foolproof plan. He appointed a screening committee to review the applications. On it were the Reverend Leo T. Rock, a Catholic priest; Rabbi Herbert Ribner; the Reverend Joseph W. Beach, a Congregational minister; and David H. Hayes, vice-commander of the Worcester Veterans' Council. Their choice of tenants was as final as a Supreme Court decision, but the preliminary care they took is well worth noting.

George Debs, secretary of the screening committee and an insurance man who took two hours a day from his own office to do the job, was the only one in the group who knew the applicants' identity. The screeners picked him for this post; to them, every applicant was just an anonymous case number—a device to insure that the applications would be judged strictly on merit, without tinge of prejudice or influence. Signs of pressure had already appeared; Sullivan, Harold and other members of the housing authority were being buttonholed on the streets and besieged by letters and phone calls urging "special consideration for a most deserving family." All such cases were

referred to the screening committee for routine handling.

For months the screeners met two nights a week. At each session they passed on about 25 applications. Each committeeman would sit with a score card while George Debs read the applications aloud. A typical meeting went something like this:

"This is case No. 235. A veteran with two children has been living through the winter in a poorly heated summer camp at Lake Quinsigamond, but must vacate by June 1st. Has no place to go . . . doctor recommends more comfortable quarters to preserve children's health. Our investigator reports conditions described are true . . .

"Case No. 236. Navy veteran has been living for the past two years in a two-room tenement cellar with his wife, infant and sister, sixteen, who joined them when her mother died. Sister sleeps in a clothes closet. Place always damp, overrun with rats and mice. Leaky toilet on the floor above drips down on the wallboard partitions. No hot water, no bathtub. He's paying \$43.50 a month for this . . .

"Case No. 237. Ex-Marine with four years' service in the Pacific. Lives with his mother, while his wife and their two children share a small, cold-water flat with five other members of her family, eating in shifts . . .

And so the pitiful, nameless stories would roll on: the case of a family of four which had staved off two evictions and now faced a third; another living in the drafty loft of a barn; another in the cramped half-attic of a bungalow. The screeners would make their decisions on their score cards.

When the 204th selection had been made, they breathed no sigh of relief, for hundreds of other families on the list are not yet placed. But they will be, for Worcester is about to launch another housing development. Ray Harold and his housing authority are concentrating on this project as a big brother to Coes Pond, 400 more home units to be built in rolling country on the opposite side of the city.

For this new project, Harold and his staff also had a struggle. When the city council was asked to allocate to the authority 30 acres of land on the City Farm, an institu-

tion for the old and indigent, members of the welfare board rose up, saying the land was needed as pasture for a herd of 80 cows. Ray Harold reminded the board that it would still have more than 300 acres, a considerable allotment per cow. When the board remained adamant, Harold put the issue pretty bluntly: "Which is more important—fodder for your cows or homes for our veterans?" The city council voted for the veterans.

Meanwhile, Worcester's private builders, who had been criticized for not meeting the housing emergency, undertook to match the bustling activity at city hall with a program of their own. A group of local bankers and

mortgages payable in 25 years. Eleven Worcester builders agreed to work without profit to erect the houses, and local supply dealers volunteered to furnish the materials at cost plus delivery charges.

The city government provided streets and sewers for only a token assessment.

By cutting corners this way, the St. Nicholas Trust held the cost of its homes down to \$7,500 apiece. Preference for rental was given to veterans with one child; rental, \$55 a month plus heat and lighting charges. After five years the homes may be offered for sale at going values. First choice of buying will go to the veteran tenants—and then to the public at large.

Through the trust, Worcester's private enterprise, producing much-needed homes in a hurry, vindicated itself of many of the charges leveled against it. But the trust considers its job completed and is reluctant to start another housing development because, in the words of Harry L. Gustafson, chairman of its construction committee, "We can't meet the competition from public housing."

At Coes Pond the city of Worcester spent an average of \$15,000 per apartment, or a total of slightly more than \$3,000,000 for the project, including the expense of land development. Ray Harold justifies this by pointing out that the housing authority deliberately invested extra money for fireproof, brick buildings, in order to insure longer life and higher resale values over the years.

Added to this factor is the management overhead which the city assumes as a landlord. A reserve fund has been set up to foot this cost and also to maintain a slid-

ing scale of rentals based on the individual veteran's income and the size of his family. A Coes Pond tenant earning \$50 a week to support a wife and three children pays less rent than the neighbor who has the same income but only one or two children. The point here, says Harold, is to make equable the living expenses of each family in the community, regardless of size or earning capacity. Call it a form of Socialism if you like, he says, but at least it gives the veteran a chance to live decently and thriftily while raising a family and trying to improve his position in life.

To this a firm amen comes from Joe Benedict, manager of the Coes Pond project. An Air Force alumnus, now in his mid-thirties, Joe did a creditable job managing Lincolnwood, the Navy temporary housing project which Worcester took over, and was a natural choice to step into the front office at Coes Pond.

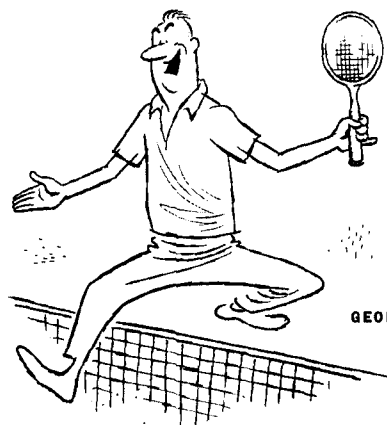
"These boys don't want charity," he insists. "All they ask is a reasonably priced place to rear their children, while they work hard and save their money toward buying a home of their own eventually. After all they've been through, during and after the war, you can't deny them that wish."

In this brief declaration, Joe Benedict sums up the attitude on veterans' housing of Mayor Jeff Sullivan, Banker Ray Harold, and John Q. Taxpayer as well. This last fellow, incidentally, suffers no great burden, because of his financial share in the venture; the total cost—between \$50,000 and \$60,000 annually—boils down to a mere half dollar on his tax bill.

Worcester citizens don't claim to have created a housing Utopia for veterans. But they are proud that in their own small way they have used deeds, not words, to help solve one of America's most pressing problems.

THE END

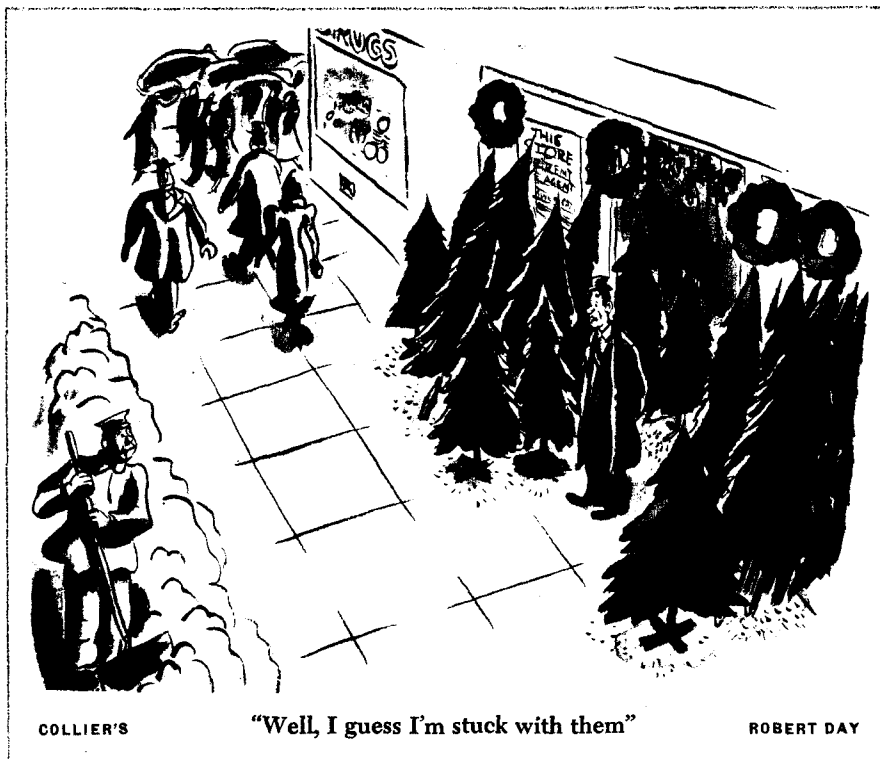
Collier's for January 7, 1950



It's Easier on the Face

The man worth while, who can lose with a smile,
Is a sport to the nth degree;
But the one who can win with a great big grin
Is the type I prefer to be.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



"Well, I guess I'm stuck with them"



THIS YEAR WE'D LIKE to pin a small round button on the left lapel of every single person we know.

A button that says (in bold letters): "At last, I started!"

For ever since the year one, men like yourself (and women, too) have sat down at the beginning of each new year and given themselves the old pep talk about saving money.

Then they've proceeded to back out with every excuse in the book: "Too busy. Can't get started. Next year."

Well, Buster, there's no loophole for your conscience this year. No excuse. Not with the Payroll Savings Plan around.

All you have to do is fill out a blank—and automatic Payroll Savings Plan takes care of all the rest.

You sit back—watch the U. S. Savings Bonds pile up—and collect \$4 for every \$3 invested, when the Bonds mature.

When they make it that easy, can you honestly talk yourself out of saving? Can you?

See your employer tomorrow to sign up for Payroll Savings—or, if you're self-employed, your banker can tell you about the Bond-A-Month Plan. Start saving this year, for sure. (We'll begin shining up your pin, tonight!)

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING - U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Dames Cause All the Trouble

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

glared back at her. "Fine," said Henry. "It's a standoff. We hate each other. Cease firing. I've got to call the boss. Where's the phone?"

"They don't even trust me," the girl said angrily.

She led the way downstairs and showed him the telephone stand in the hall; then she flounced into the living room and picked up a magazine.

HENRY sat there waiting to complete his call and he thought he knew why the boss was upset, especially if the boss's wife was anything like her sister.

"Hello, Mr. Champion," Henry said. "This is Trimble. Yes, I'm at your house. Boy, what a time I had getting here, struggling through the snow. It's bitter cold and there wasn't a soul on the highway. I finally went off the road, I wedged the car between two trees—what's that, Mr. Champion? Oh, the baby."

Henry took a deep breath. "I could of killed myself," he muttered. "The baby's okay, Mr. Champion. I personally looked at the rash. What does it look like? Like a rash—don't get excited, Mr. Champion. I'll try to describe it better."

He heard the girl snorting in the living room. Henry mopped perspiration from his forehead. "Like bumps," he said finally. "Like red bumps on his face."

"My God, bumps," Henry heard Mr. Champion say, and then he could hear the boss discussing it with Mrs. Champion.

"Take it easy, Mr. Champion," Henry said. "Remember, you and Mrs. Champion went to Florida to relax because the baby had worn you out. Start relaxing. When I say bumps I don't mean big bumps. I mean little bumps, boss, you could hardly even call them bumps. Like lumpy red spots. No, no, he's not disfigured—you think it's what? Hold the phone."

Henry leaned over to peer into the living room. "The boss's wife thinks it's impetigo."

"She's batty," the girl said.

"She's batty," Henry said automatically into the telephone. "Wait a minute, Mr. Champion. No, I haven't had a drink. I didn't mean to insult your wife—you know how women are, Mr. Champion." Henry could see the girl in the living room rocking with silent laughter, almost choking.

"Choke to death," said Henry to himself and listened to the boss.

"I'll call the doctor," Henry said. "He probably couldn't come out now. I may have trouble myself. I may have to stay here all night—"

In the living room the girl knocked an ash tray off the arm of her chair.

Henry had the phone glued to his ear. Henry was pale and tense. "Being with me, Mr. Champion," said Henry grimly, "is like your sister-in-law is locked up in a convent. She is safe as a statue. What kind of a guy does your wife think I am, Mr. Champion, to play around with the boss's sister-in-law? Oh, I see, Mr. Champion. Yes, I understand. Yes, she does look a little bit that way. Well, tell your wife not to worry. I'll phone you in the morning."

He hung up the phone. The girl in the living room was staring at him angrily. Henry looked smugly at her. "Your sister is worried about you," he said. "She thinks you are a very impulsive girl and while you probably mean to do the right thing, you are not the kind of girl who has very good control. You are lucky it is a guy like me who came here and not some wolf."

"I wouldn't say I was lucky!" the girl said furiously.

Henry went over to the closet and put on his hat and coat. "There is no need for alarm," he said coldly. "I never intended to stay here. That poor little kid upstairs is defenseless, but not me."

He picked up the phone and called a number. "Will you send a cab out to—"

A voice said, "What do you think we got here, Mac—sleds?"

Henry hung up. He walked down the hall and opened the front door. It was getting dark. He flinched and then braced his shoulders.

"Take care of that baby," Henry said. "Don't be having any orgies around here that might corrupt that innocent child."

He opened the door and the snow blew in his face. Henry winced, then staggered outside. He plunged erratically ahead, sideswiped a tree and fell down, momentarily disappearing under the snow.

Henry remembered having heard that after the initial pain wore off, freezing to death did not hurt. Maybe in the spring they would find his body here. It would keep in this weather, Henry reflected. They might even put up a tablet to his memory on the front lawn.

"I am too young to die," Henry said to himself, and went back to the house and hammered on the front door. When the

Joyce drank hers, her eyes staring at him over the rim of the glass. She looked very fetching, Henry thought suddenly, and for a moment he contrasted his lonely apartment life with his present position. He thought of the baby sleeping peacefully upstairs and the house creaking but standing firm against the onslaught of nature.

He got a little weak in the knees. The girl reached to the shelf for something and stood on tiptoe. Henry moved to help her and his shoulder brushed hers; they stood side by side and her hair tickled Henry's nose. He felt slightly feverish and kissed the tip of her ear. She jumped as though he had bitten her.

"That does it," she said. "You can stay. I'm leaving."

"Now I've done it," Henry said to himself. "It's just that I'm feverish," he said defensively. "It won't happen again."

"I'll take care that it won't," she said.

Gloomily Henry followed her out into the front hall, watched her put on her galoshes.

He started for the stairs. He had reached the top landing, when suddenly there was a rending crash outdoors. Henry heard a tree go down and at the same instant the lights went out.

Henry lost his way. He got into a bathroom, stumbled out, came down the hall to an opening, thought he was stepping inside the nursery and instead walked off the top of the stairs. A second or so later he was at the bottom. Joyce screamed from the kitchen and came running with a flashlight. "The baby!" she screamed. "Are you lying on him?"

"Nobody ever worries about me," Henry said. "I could have broken both legs."

He took the flashlight from her. "I hope you're not afraid of the dark," he said, and went up the stairs again and located the nursery. He picked up the baby and guided himself down the stairs with the aid of the flashlight.

"This baby and I have something in common," Henry said, going back into the kitchen. "We're both covered with bumps. What does he eat?"

"His bottle," she said. "We heat it in this dingus. It's a bottle warmer. You put water in the bottle warmer and plug it in and that's all there is to it."

"What heats the water?" Henry said. "You got a couple of Boy Scouts going to strike flints under it?"

"Stupid," she said, "it heats by electricity—" She stopped suddenly and clutched her head. "How silly!" She looked horror-stricken. "The stove is electric. We have an oil burner. We can't cook—we can't even heat the house."

"Take the baby," Henry said. "Where's the woodpile, if any?"

Joyce was looking at him with wide frightened eyes. "It's at the back of the yard, at the edge of the lot."

"That's just where Mr. Champion would put it," Henry said. "Not up close by the house. Oh, no. At the back."

FROM a rear closet, he dug out a pair of rubber boots. He took the flashlight and stumbled outside and found the wood frozen in one great solid lump under the snow. He kicked at it with the rubber boots and tugged at it with his hands.

He brought armfuls of it back to the house. Joyce had spread newspapers on the living-room floor and Henry lugged in the wood, finally deciding he had enough for the night. He crunched papers in the fireplace, cut slivers from the logs and got the fire started.

"I'll bring the baby's crib down here," Henry said. "The baby can sleep here by the fire all night."

He went upstairs and found the crib wouldn't go through the door. He took it apart, cursing, carried the pieces downstairs and set it up again. The baby was whining and Joyce, looking worried, joggled it on her knee.

"Only married guys should have to suffer like this," Henry said hoarsely. He prowled through the house with the flashlight and came back finally with a glittering three-legged object.

"You know what this is?" Henry said.

"Certainly," Joyce said. "It's a tripod. Dick uses it for photography. He got it for Christmas and he's in love with it. It was very expensive."

"You're wrong," Henry said. "This is not a photographer's tripod. It is a thing for putting in a fireplace and hanging a kettle from its top. What does the boss love most, his tripod or his baby?"

He shortened the legs of the tripod, tightened them, spread them wide and wedged the tripod inside the fireplace. He went off again and came back with a kettle and a length of wire. He looped the wire to the handle of the kettle and hooked it over the top of the tripod. The kettle hung just above the flames.



girl opened up, Henry darted into the hallway and leered at her.

"On second thought," he said, "I have decided to accept your kind invitation to spend the night."

The girl's mouth opened but no words came forth.

"While you are whipping up a tasty meal," Henry said, "I shall be dressing for dinner. Which is the master bedroom?"

Without waiting for an answer he went upstairs, and a few minutes later a hot shower had thawed him out. Carefully he selected gray flannels and a woolen shirt from the boss's wardrobe, and knotting a tie about his neck, he sauntered downstairs and found the girl in the kitchen. She jumped when he walked in.

"You'll have to get used to me," Henry said. "Is that what we're having?" He looked at the wreckage of a cold leg of lamb on the kitchen table.

"As long as I'm spending the night with you," Henry said, "I ought to know your name."

She dropped the teacup she was holding. "Joyce Kendall," she said. "And only one of us is going to stay here."

"What's that on the top shelf?" Henry said. "It looks like a brandy bottle."

"It is," she said. "Dick's been saving it for ages. For something terrible special."

"For us," Henry said. "The faithful servants on the old plantation."

He reached for the bottle and poured two glasses.

"It's cold out there," Henry said. "It's a mile to town."

"The baby's bottles are in the refrigerator," she said. "The doctor's phone number is on the pad by the hall phone. I'll be back in the morning."

"You wouldn't leave me with a baby," Henry said. "You wouldn't do a contemptible thing like that."

She put on her coat and hat. She walked down the hall, opened the door and stepped outside. Henry stood with his nose against the glass peering into the night. He saw her trip and fall. Her legs went high in the air. There was just enough light so that Henry could approve of her legs.

SUDDENLY Henry heard a wail from upstairs. He opened the door and dashed outside. He rushed to the girl, grabbed her, and brought her, kicking, back into the house. He closed and bolted the front door.

"I couldn't let you do that," he said. "Besides, the small fry is screaming."

"I warn you," she said, "I'm able to take care of myself." She led the way out to the kitchen and took a bottle of milk from the refrigerator. "Will you get the baby? I think we're both getting colds. We'd better wear masks when we're near the baby."

She found a dish towel and wound it around Henry's face just below his eyes.

"The kid will think I'm Jesse James," Henry said in muffled tones. "I'll scare the hell out of him."

"I got water in there," Henry said proudly. "When the water gets hot, we lift the kettle off. We put the kid's bottle in the hot water. This thing is known as the Trimble Tripod Bottle Warmer, patent pending. Don't swipe it."

"Wonderful," Joyce said. "It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw."

No girl, Henry told himself, had ever looked at him in quite that way. Like he was the Wright Brothers. It made Henry embarrassed.

"Aw," he said, "it was nothing."

A LITTLE later, Joyce was feeding the baby. It sucked contentedly, now and then looking sleepily up at Henry.

"Here's this kid," said Henry. "He doesn't even know trees are crashing down outdoors. There's a terrible snowstorm, the power's off—he doesn't give a damn. He's getting his bottle and everything's all right with the world. I'm hungry myself."

"We don't want cold lamb," Joyce said. "I'll think of something."

"Old Dan'l Boone Trimble will think of something," Henry said, and went back to the kitchen. With the flashlight he found a cache of canned soup and emptied the contents of several cans into a large pot. "It'll be like a stew, sort of," Henry said, adding a can of tomato to the vegetable, beef and oxtail already in the pot. "A rich nutritious mulligan," said Henry, adding a dollop of the brandy and carrying the pot back to the living room. He stoked the fire, put on the kettle, and went back to the kitchen for soup plates and spoons.

By the time the soup was ready, the baby was asleep. Henry and Joyce ate their soup, sitting on the couch. Ten steps away from the fire the house was bitter cold.

"Well," said Henry, "here we are. Warm and snug and the night before us."

The girl looked startled and retreated to the far edge of the couch.

"Are you sure you're warm enough?" he said solicitously, leaning toward her.

"Quite warm enough," she said, and wrapped a blanket tighter around her.

Henry made a mental note to tell the boss when he came home that he was wrong about his sister-in-law. She was as warm and impulsive as a dill pickle.

Moodily he threw another log on the

fire and watched the sparks go up the chimney. The firelight flickered over Joyce's face, over the sleeping infant. Henry envied the baby, whose life was as yet uncomplicated by dames.

"I'm sleepy," Joyce said. She stretched out on the couch. "Suppose we take turns tending the fire. Wake me up at midnight."

A moment later she was asleep. Henry sat in the chair; when he felt drowsy, he got up and walked out into the hall where the chill air sharpened his wits. He prowled around the room, inspecting the fire, and the baby and Joyce.

He went to the kitchen and brought back the brandy to help him keep awake. He sat down in the chair by the fire and looked at the sleeping Joyce. She was even pretty with her eyes closed, he thought, and a wave of self-pity came over him.

Henry sat there inspecting his charges from time to time, adding fuel to the fire and nipping at the brandy. Finally he reached a conclusion. This girl was warm-hearted and impulsive, but not with him. Something had happened to him in this house, but nothing had happened to her—except that she wanted to get rid of him.

It was not a pleasant thought for a man to have with him through a long, cold night.

THE brandy level dropped in the bottle and Henry felt steadily worse; finally he was no longer able to sit there and look at Joyce. He walked over and dropped on one knee beside the couch, peering blearily at her. He knew he was a louse; he was taking unfair advantage, but he bent forward and gently kissed her on the lips. The next moment her eyes were wide open and Henry leaped backward almost into the fire.

Henry tried to recover his poise. "It's three o'clock," he said.

She sat up and looked at him. "Why didn't you wake me at twelve?"

"You were snoring," he said.

"I was not snoring," she said. "You take the couch."

Henry lay down and pulled the blanket over him. "Anything I can do for you?" he said.

"Just go to sleep," she said. "I'll be all right."

She would be, he thought bitterly. She

didn't need him at all. He turned on his side and closed his eyes. . . .

He awoke to a beautiful but heartbreaking fairyland. A tree was down across the lawn, and the sun shone brilliantly. He heard a snowplow in the distance, and the house was warm and comfortable. Joyce came in from the kitchen with the baby over her shoulder.

"It stopped snowing at four o'clock," she said. "The plows went through hours ago and the repairmen fixed the wires at eight."

Henry looked at his watch. It was noon. He felt sad that the snow had stopped. Now he was just an assistant baby sitter out of work. He started to say something to Joyce and then thought better of it.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'd better go."

He went upstairs and had undressed when he heard the knocker. Joyce called, "Can you get it, Henry? I'm changing the baby."

Henry climbed into a pair of the boss's pajamas. He pulled on a dressing gown, went down the stairs and opened the door. Knee-deep in snow and luggage, Mr. Champion and his wife stood there and stared at him. Nobody said anything.

"Well," said Henry finally, "you came home early, hey?"

"Obviously you weren't expecting us," the boss's wife said. "Where's my baby?" She sounded several degrees colder than the snow.

"We tried to phone last night," the boss said. "Couldn't get through and we were worried. Took the first plane up this morning and a cab from the airport."

The boss's face was grim. "We apparently didn't get here soon enough." He looked in the living room at the couch and the blankets. He saw the tripod in the fireplace, the brandy bottle on the floor. He closed and opened his eyes and breathed hard. "Get out," he said.

"Yeah," said Henry. "sure. I'll rescue my car and head for the office—"

"Don't bother," the boss said between his teeth. "I'll send you a check. Get out."

"In your pajamas?" Henry said.

Joyce came into the hall with the baby. Its mother took it from her.

"The rash is gone," Joyce sounded cold and angry.

"Joyce," her sister cried. "You should be—are you all right?"

"I'll say just this," Joyce said. "Henry wrecked his car getting here in the storm. He came part of the way on foot. The power went off and he kept a fire going all night although he was sick himself. He figured out a way to heat the baby's bottle, and keep the baby safe and warm. He saved the baby's life. Come with me, Henry, I'm pressing your suit."

HENRY turned, astonished, then caught a glimpse of himself in the hall mirror and started back in shock.

"I caught the rash from the baby," he said. "The kid's contagious. The red spots. Only on me it's in streaks."

He touched one of the red streaks, then looked at his finger. "Lipstick," he said solemnly and looked at Joyce who was staring level-eyed at him. "You kissed me last night," he said wonderingly.

"You sleep very soundly, Henry."

They looked at each other and neither of them heard the boss and his wife babbling profuse thanks and apologies.

"... can never repay you," the boss was saying when Henry stopped him with an imperious pajama-armed wave.

"How was Florida?" said Henry.

The boss said it was fine. Warm. No snow.

"I'll be wanting some time off soon," Henry said. "A couple of weeks for a honeymoon."

The baby suddenly held out its arms and its mother said, "Look, Joyce dear. The baby wants you."

Joyce looked back over her shoulder as she and Henry started for the kitchen. "Sorry," she said gently, "some other time. I have to take care of Henry." THE END



COLLIER'S

"Personally, I can't imagine what I see in him"

LEONARD DOVE

Collier's for January 7, 1950

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN

FAST



Here's Why...

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients that are specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

WANTED:

100 Men and Women!

Whatever your age or occupation, Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a substantial spare-time income. Simply take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIERS and all popular magazines.

Right in your own home, you can build up a profitable business by telephone and mail. No door-to-door selling is necessary. For full details, without obligation, mail penny postal with your name and address to—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-88
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUB. CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 16 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



**Get Well
QUICKER**
From Your Cough
Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar
Cough Compound

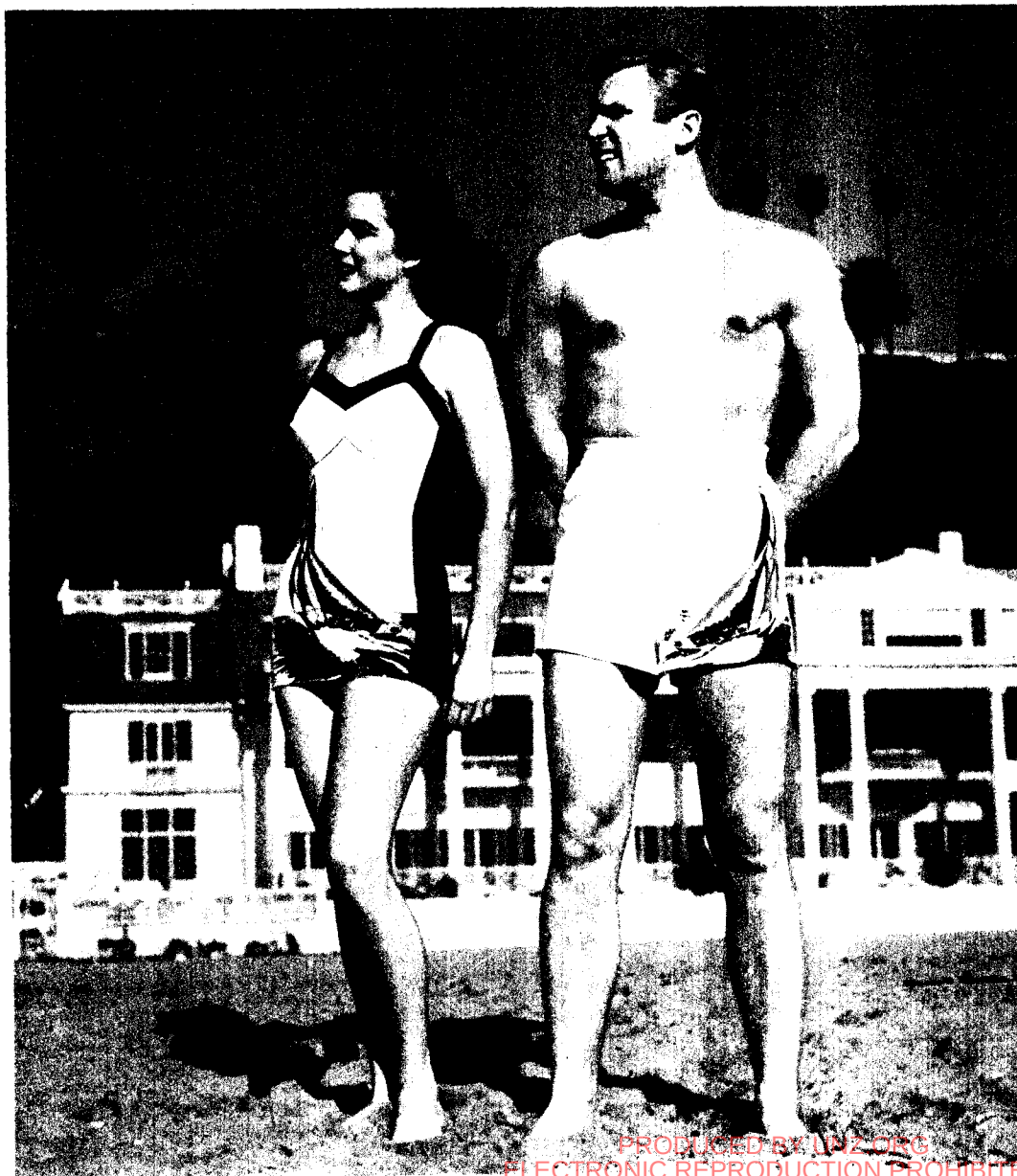
TOOTHACHE?

For Quick Relief
Ask your Druggist for **DENT'S** TOOTH GUM
TOOTH DROPS
POULTICE



Nancy Olson and Robert Stack take time from the set of *Mr. Music* to sun-bathe in matching suits

Golfer Joe Kirkwood, Jr., Hollywood's Joe Palooka, and wife, Cathy Downs, like the sailboat motif



Howard Duff, radio's Sam Spade, puts on a sport shirt of multicolored, native-type printed rayon

THE SUN

IF YOU'RE headed for sunny climes this winter, or if you're one who likes to buy things early so you'll be right in style next summer, here are some of the new ideas now available.

The story in swimwear is color and brevity! Beach jackets match boxer trunks in a limitless array of colors and patterns. They come in companion sets, his and hers! And many of them come in nylon—light in weight and quick-drying.

In sport shirts, the accent is on sheer fabrics. There are voiles, batistes and dotted swiss that are so light you can see through them. That makes for greater comfort than ever before. They come in deep masculine shades with checked, striped or windowpane patterns. In regularweight cotton and rayon shirts there are a variety of patterns—native-type prints, colorful plaids and checks, vertical stripes, polka dots and panel effects. These come in button-front styles, coat-shirts with two lower pockets, and in slipover models. Knit pull-overs are better-looking than ever in an endless assortment of plain colors and with multicolored contrasting chest stripes.

Sport clothing is lighter and more casual. Jackets and slacks are zephyrweight. They run the gamut from tropical worsteds and featherweight tweeds to denims and cotton cords. There'll be lots of walking shorts down South this winter and many more, everywhere, next summer. Slacks and shorts are especially good in high colors like rust and brick. Headwear of the informal type is on the rise. Lightweight caps of wool, denims and plaid cottons are dotting golf courses and winter resorts. They're jaunty-looking and they're comfortable on cool or very hot days.

There's a colorful note in shoes too. Dark brown, deep green and blue brushed leathers go ideally with today's sportswear.

THE END

Collier's for January 7, 1950



Richard Arlen looks and feels great in this rayon pull-over number with its knitted collar and cuffs



Bill Lundigan of 20th Century-Fox wears one of the cotton knit pull-over models that are not only comfortable but colorful, too



Duff in wool; Hoagy Carmichael in fancy print; Lundigan, cotton; Arlen in voile

SHINES—SOMEWHERE

BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Warner's Kirk Douglas looks like a golf "champion" too, in this increasingly popular green hue



Bill Holden, star of Sunset Boulevard, would star anywhere in this bold Glen plaid sport jacket and blending gabardine shirt



Wendell Corey, on the Columbia lot, goes for dark shirt, camel's-hair sport jacket



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Never Pamper the Ladies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

though not the male detectives—follows the ladies into the “washrooms.” Signs there sternly forbid trying on or changing of garments, outer or under. Otherwise, it seems, a shoplifter might walk in off Fourth Avenue in one outfit and walk out in another. In fact, until the death of Sam Klein, the founder, a few years ago, that is exactly what some shoplifters *did* do, and with Sam’s tearful blessing.

Sam, a pious man, had signs all over the store reminding his customers in English, Italian, German and Yiddish that no nice lady steals. Illustrating this sermonet was a woman’s face, all wet with tears of repentance and framed by jailhouse bars.

Applying the Golden Rule

Sam insisted, however, on interviewing all backsliders in person, and usually decided the woman had stolen because she could not afford to own a Klein outfit—the way, he felt, all women should. To make up for this instance of the world’s coldness, Sam generally presented her also with whatever items she had overlooked taking, had a nice cry for himself, and turned her loose.

A modified version of this spirit of understanding remained the store’s policy after Sam’s death and well into the recent war, when the demands of the black market made shoplifting an organized and lucrative business. Today it doesn’t pay to try to outwit the store’s detectives, only some of whom are conveniently marked by badges and olive-drab uniforms. A mere handful of the couple of million women who throng in and out of the store’s low doorways each year actually do try it.

“We’re already selling mostly below original wholesale cost,” a store official explained. “Even the wildest bargain hunters don’t expect us to let any of it go for absolutely free. Though you do get a few bum sports in 2,000,000 women.”

Most S. Klein customers arrive by subway, bus, or Third Avenue el. But it is not too unusual for chauffeured limousines to pull up at the store’s garish façade and discharge society clientele. At the Metropolitan Opera opening a couple of years back, when an elderly society matron laid a leg up on a table for the benefit of tabloid photographers, she tossed in the announcement that she was wearing an S. Klein dress.

“Plus, of course, a fortune in diamonds she didn’t buy here,” a Klein man explained. “Yes, we cater to all types. The female hunger for bargains is no respecter of social lines.”

Klein’s “overhead” or cost of doing business runs about seven cents of the customer’s dollar. The average retail dress store charges the customer about 36 cents on her dollar for overhead; some of the more “exclusive” stores charge her 50 or 60 cents—much of which goes for stylish surroundings and salesladies with stage-type manners and accents. S. Klein’s customers wait on themselves and bring their own manners and accents.

Savings on overhead, however, are only an incidental reason for the store’s success. The major credit belongs to an army of sharp-scented “buyers” who stalk day and night through the rag-business jungles, foraging for items known in the trade as “overruns,” “overcuts,” “distress merchandise” and “copies.”

A good case in point is the recent affair of the Rita Hayworth Wedding Dress. An enterprising dress manufacturer had whipped up, while Rita and Aly were still hot emotional news, a replica of the actress’ wedding gown. This dress went pretty well for \$18.95 up on Fifth Avenue. Down at S. Klein on the Square the same dress, made of the same material by the same manufacturer, and minus only his label, went at the same time for \$8.95—and it went by the truckload.

Such triumphs make women happy, and

S. Klein’s chief stock in trade is providing such triumphs day by day.

But how can the store make a profit by selling an \$18.95 dress for \$8.95?

Dress stores don’t make their own dresses: They buy them from dress manufacturers, a race of men who live a feast-or-famine existence, like people who live by betting the horses. They also play hunches, as the manufacturer did who figured that 20,000 women would go for an \$18.95 replica of Rita Hayworth’s wedding dress.

Producing a dress for 20,000 women is something like cooking a meal for them. You aren’t likely to come out exactly even. As a sort of insurance, you’re pretty apt to prepare for, say 22,000 women. This means, in the rag business, that you have an “overcut” or “overrun” of 2,000 dresses. The stores that have contracted for the original 20,000 aren’t likely to want the extra 2,000: They’ve already got lots of would-be Rita Hayworths to find and sell.

But hold, an S. Klein buyer has heard of your plight. He scurries into your office—maybe just a length ahead of an Ohrbach’s

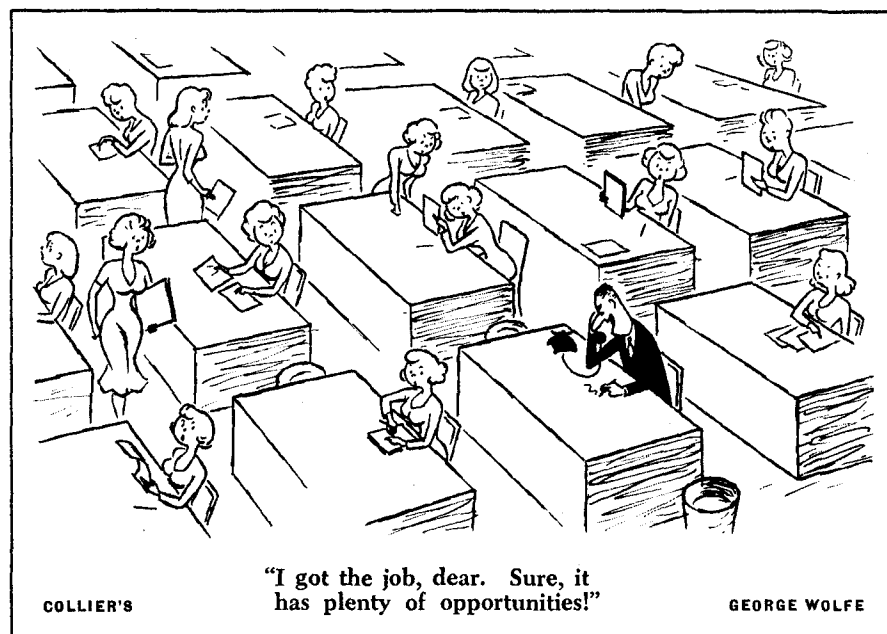
overhead plus such details as taxes and profit.

“Less than cost to make” goods are “distress merchandise.” The manufacturer’s only choice with them is whether to suffer complete distress, or maybe only fifty cents’ worth of distress on the dollar.

The emotional aspects of this quandary don’t bother S. Klein’s: after all, it must think of its customers. The rag business is no place for the tender soul. However, it is necessary to bear in mind that some of its savagery is deliberately staged, as in professional wrestling. Many an overcut is strategically planned well in advance, with a Klein buyer in an advisory capacity. Here the argument runs:

“Look, you got your machines all set up and your people making this dress like they were doing it in their sleep. How about keeping them going for an extra 5,000 for us—at a price?”

Chances are the manufacturer will agree. He never knows when he will have a really tough overrun to dispose of, and his Klein friend can be very useful.



or Gimbel’s or Macy’s buyer—and commiserates with you in your grief. In the midst of his tears, he notices a bright side and mentions it: You made a nice profit on the original 20,000, which more than covers your sad loss on the extra 2,000. Why let the extra 2,000 be a loss at all? Why not sell them to S. Klein’s for what it cost you to make them, and so get your money back?

A day or so later the New York Daily News and the New York Daily Mirror, S. Klein’s favorite tabloid ambassadors to its public, carry full-page advertisements in type four inches high.

This big type is about the Rita Hayworth Wedding Dress at \$8.95; but that isn’t what clears the dresses off the racks soon after the doors open. What really does the trick is a four-word phrase, in letters seldom more than a modest inch high. The phrase, often underlined in case you don’t ordinarily bother with small type, reads, “Below Original Wholesale Cost.”

Those four simple words, S. Klein’s firmly believes, are what gets ‘em. What woman, the store reasons, can resist buying at less than wholesale the same dress for which another woman, maybe a neighbor, has paid all of wholesale plus a profit?

The four words, or some enticing variation of them, appear in almost every S. Klein advertisement, of which there may be eight or nine pages in one issue of the News, Post or Mirror. Occasionally the magic phrase reads, “Less Than Cost to Make.” That means that the manufacturer was stuck so badly with his overcut that he had to sell at less than his actual cost—enough less to allow for S. Klein’s seven-cents-on-a-dollar

Another considerable source of Klein merchandise is the “copy”—a form of plagiarism to which the rag business attaches no odium. Many a dress manufacturer will cheerfully copy, for S. Klein’s or anyone else, a dress that has “caught on” nicely up in midtown or beyond. It is of no moment to him whether it is his own dress he is copying, or some other manufacturer’s. A buck is a buck, and a guy has to live.

To live with S. Klein’s, he has pretty much to supply goods for fewer dollars than they would cost anyone else. He seldom complains very loudly about this, for S. Klein’s “turns over its stock”—that is, sells everything in the store—from 20 to 25 times a year. Many dress stores—including the dress sections of department stores—are happy if they can turn their stock over five or six times a year. It’s not hard for the manufacturer to see who can buy more dresses per year from him.

A rare but sometimes dramatic source of Klein merchandise is the “job-lot.” A job lot is an odd lot of assorted garments which the manufacturer doesn’t want to bother to sort out and sell individually. Such lots are often pretty opulent grab bags, containing anything from a bundle of mink coats to gowns of the hundred-dollar-and-up class. Klein buyers love to track down and lay hold of such blue-blooded items, which are usually offered for sale in the store’s Quality House.

This Quality House is a small section in the store’s annex, a couple of doors up the street from the main store. It does have a few salesladies and carpets, and even a chair or two, but the same democratic, every-girl-

for-herself rules apply as in the rest of the store. Just the same, when items like mink are offered, the detective force steps in to keep the fight clean.

About a year ago, the Quality House laid hold of and offered for sale 35 mink capes at \$699 each. Several hundred ladies, each with her \$699, were at the street door long before it opened, with a contingent of city police helping the store detectives maintain order. When the barrier was sprung, the bulk of the contestants made for the elevator. A hundred or so of the smarter ones, plus one man, made for the stairway.

At the threshold of the mink room, a phalanx of detectives admitted the first 35 ladies and the one man. Thirty-four of the ladies grabbed up mink capes and brandished their \$699; the thirty-fifth, and the man who was accompanying her, grabbed a cape together and brandished \$6.99.

In the early edition of one of the newspapers, the advertisement had carried an inadvertent decimal point. The man was a lawyer who knew his client’s “rights.” He and his client, complete with \$6.99 and “rights,” were pushed out through the phalanx of detectives and a 36th lady was admitted with her \$699.

“The nerve of some people,” a Klein man remarked later, among other things.

Except in the case of obvious slips like the mink wrap decimal point, which happen once in a blue moon, the store is fantastically careful to live up to all claims put forward in its advertisements. Goods proclaimed for sale at below original wholesale cost are actually being sold at below original wholesale cost; otherwise there would be trouble with outfits like the Better Business Bureau, which know how to make life actively unhappy for false or slippery advertisers. Besides, there is the store’s very real sense of responsibility to its customers.

“Our business is bargains, and bargains are built on faith,” a Klein executive explained. “Fooling a woman is like fooling a child: you only get away with it once.”

The Nighties That Got Lost

Sometimes it costs the store extremely important money to gratify its sense of psychology. A few months ago, for example, the store contracted with a Puerto Rican dress manufacturer to make up and deliver by airplane several thousand exotic slips, negligees, nightgowns and petticoats prettily sewn by native hands. The sale was announced and a horde of women was there when the doors opened. Then a hideous mishap was discovered: The nightgowns had been placed on the wrong airplane.

Rather than let the crowd down, a Klein man (anonymous, of course) stood up on a box, explained what had happened, and promised to send each lady who purchased one of the negligees a matching nightgown by mail, absolutely free, with the store’s compliments.

“We took a mean loss,” he explained later. “But we kept their faith. That was always Sam Klein’s psychology.”

Sam Klein, creator of the store’s “psychology” and cafeteria-style merchandising methods, came to this country from Russia at age five. His first job was in a skirt shop at \$2.50 a week; but his restless ambition soon made him manager at \$7.50 a week. By age twenty-eight he had saved enough money to rent an upstairs room looking out on Union Square, and stock it with 36 low-priced dresses hung on a rack.

His business gradually spread downstairs and along the block, consuming in its progress a lunchroom, a drugstore, a piano factory, a nickelodeon—run by Adolph Zukor, now of the Hollywood peerage—and one of the few hundred saloons in which The Face on the Barroom Floor is supposed to have been written. The original brick buildings still stand, conspicuously bolted together and still more conspicuously plastered wher-

Collier’s for January 7, 1950

ever possible with big blue-and-white signs reading "S. Klein on the Square."

By 1932, Sam had made his store the largest women's-wear shop in the world; at the time of his death, ten years later, it still held the title.

For a few years a committee of his survivors tried running the store, but seemed to lack his touch. Somewhat similar "self-service" stores, like Raymond's of Boston and Ohrbach's of Union Square, Newark and Los Angeles, forged far ahead. In 1947, however, Grayson-Robinson Stores, Inc., a nation-wide chain that felt it had Sam's touch, bought the store for \$3,000,000 or thereabouts and made it again one of the leaders.

Today, with two exceptions, S. Klein on the Square is much as Sam left it. One exception is the teeming but percentage-wise unimportant men's department. Here, as in the rest of the store, men are seldom seen. The chief merchandise is suits: A woman picks a coat of her husband's size from the rack, pays for it, and is given a ticket admitting her to the pants department, where she picks up the pants that go with the coat.

The one striking departure from Sam's "psychology" is in the matter of advertising. Before 1922, he would not spend a dime on advertising, except to warn his clientele to stay home on Jewish holidays. In 1922, he let himself be talked into advertising a few of his bargains in the newspapers.

Resultant crowds jammed the subway, the sidewalks and the store itself to such an unaccustomed degree that police reserves were called out to keep the women in order. The police department suggested to Sam that his ads were an incitement to riot and should be suppressed for the public good. This Sam could not see and, in the spirit of proving the police mere alarmists, he advertised a dollar-dress sale.

In the course of the consequent melee he went out on the sales floor, meaning to cir-

culate among the competing women to prove to himself at least how easy it was. Once out, he couldn't get back. He was marooned by the milling customers until the inevitable arrival of the law. This time the cops came in waves, 200 of them altogether, until what passes as normal at S. Klein's was restored. Sam emerged pale and shaken. He never advertised again. For 25 years his store's name never appeared anywhere except on the building's façade.

Two of the Top Executives

The present advertising campaign, with its almost daily barrage of eight or nine pages of elephantine type per newspaper, began in 1947. It is run from a small upstairs room by a quiet and scholarly young man named Leo Goldsmith. Phil Harris, an amiable young extrovert who enjoys being confused with band leader Phil Harris, occupies Sam's office as president and ring-master of the merchandising maelstrom that Sam left behind him.

How do S. Klein's earnings stack up against those of more placid-type operations? This is a subject on which Klein executives are mute as giraffes; though a grand mogul of the Fifth Avenue sector of the rag business did let this reporter in on the secret.

"They make just what the rest of us make," he said, "and that is around four cents on the sales dollar. But they have human satisfactions the rest of us can never know."

Here the mogul looked wistfully about his expensively paneled office.

"Just imagine," he said, "the sheer joy of making women wait on themselves and walk around on bare floors and pay cash on the spot or get out. My friend, if you knew what spoiled problem children women shoppers can be, you'd realize those Klein fellows are really living."

THE END



A SHOCKING Murder Trial

TO EXACT A TERRIBLE, SECRET REVENGE

"Guilty or not guilty—the foreman of the jury didn't care. Not if he could exact his terrible and secret revenge!"

Don't miss this complete mystery novel. You'll find it as fast-moving and intimate as the most tense story you ever read!

You'll be on the edge of your favorite chair every minute as the author plays cat-and-mouse with the life of Steven Kent, accused of murdering his wife—so that he can marry another woman, a woman he admits in court he loves! You'll live through almost unbearable suspense as the foreman of the jury, who holds a strange hatred for Steven, influences the minds of the jurors against him, one by one, with maniacal cunning! And you won't breathe easier until you learn the final verdict in the last word of the last paragraph of the last exciting page!

Don't Miss — "THE TRIAL OF STEVEN KENT"

AND THAT'S ONLY a taste of all the absorbing fiction—all complete in this month's AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The second complete novel, about a romance in Geneva, most glamorous of European cities, is by popular storyteller Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger!

EVERYTHING COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

plus Shorter, varied fiction to suit your every mood. Ten additional stories—shorts, short shorts, vignettes, and storiettes—in this big issue, by such favorites as Alec Rackowe, Jerome Brondfield, Lawrence Williams!

plus Revealing articles on:
NEW MIRACLE DRUGS BY THE DOZEN!
HOW TO SAVE \$1,000,000,000 (cutting customs red tape!)
WEEK ENDS WITH GOD
HOW WE SCALP THE INDIANS
I FISH FOR SEA MONSTERS!
OUR NO. 1 WEATHER EXPERT PREDICTS YOUR FUTURE!
... and other articles ahead-of-the-headlines.

plus A host of small, lively features to brighten any rainy day: The popular "Interesting People" photo-section, Food Front, Why Don't They?, Family Problems, Life's Little Miracles, Welding Words, and cartoon chuckles.

There's never a frustrating "Continued Next Month" in this magazine. Every story, article or feature you see here you enjoy complete in this issue. That's why close to 3,000,000 American families read and enjoy The AMERICAN MAGAZINE every month!

ALL THIS IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

NOW ON SALE



"He's taking me for a ride in the country and I want something that will compete with the fresh air"

Collier's for January 7, 1950

The Corpse in the 'Tween-Decks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

looming grotesquely large in the reflected lights. He let Van Dusen pass, then he stepped forward quickly on silent feet.

It was quite simple, really. A hand on the coat collar, snapping the head backward, the knife plunging downward and at an angle into the hollow between Adam's apple and collarbone, then as quickly withdrawn to avoid the spurting blood. A gurgling gasp then, that was meant for a cry but that was no louder than the whimpering of a sick child. As easy as that. No exertion, really, no excitement. Even Doc McNab, Raab thought, would have approved. The money was still in the coat pocket. Van Dusen was dead before Raab's steady fingers searched it out.

He left the body where it lay, but flung the knife aside and heard it splash in the fouled waters of the canal. Then he went back to the hotel. He entered through a side door and went directly to the washroom. There wasn't any blood on his clothes. . . .

Singh had returned by the time Raab re-entered the public room. The seamen were still there, too, with the big Swede quartermaster holding the floor. "Now, you take these Chinese, even them dames up Bubbling Well way—"

"Another squash, sah?" Singh said.

Raab gave him a smile. "Make it a gimlet this time. This rain soaks through to your bones."

He paid for the drink with small silver, feeling the comforting bulk of the paper money in his pocket. In a way it posed a problem. A sudden display of wealth might raise some questions. Yet he would have to repay Singh before he left, and that—

But would he? The Hindu had already waited three years for repayment. There was no reason he couldn't wait longer. He could wait forever.

Tomorrow, though, Raab would have to pay for his passage on the Patriot. He sipped the drink, frowning, and then suddenly he had the answer. The thing to do, of course, was to arrange for an unpaid passage, perhaps stow away and . . . But, thinking it through, he knew that wouldn't do. When they reached the mainland there would be the police. No, that was out. It was something that even an ignorant fool like Singh would never try.

That left the workaway angle, yet he knew that no workaways were ever signed on in a foreign port. There had to be a legitimate vacancy in the crew in order to give the mate authority to employ a replacement. So far as Raab knew, the Patriot had a full crew. Then too, a crew member would have to work. Not hard labor, perhaps, but too strenuous certainly for a man with a damaged heart.

THINKING about that again, Raab felt the clammy fingers of fear probing his breast and he raised the glass, gulping the drink. Then his eyes fell again on the Swede quartermaster, the gay Lothario, the international lover. Now there was a job, if you had the knack for it. Raab himself had shipped as quartermaster more than once. All the rating required was a certain skill in steering. You alternated your tricks at the wheel with lookout duty in the bridge wing. That was all. Too bad, he thought, there wasn't a berth vacant on the Patriot.

And then the glass was shaking uncontrollably in his hand as the idea came to him. Why couldn't there be a vacant berth? Why not, indeed? His eyes went instinctively toward the service buffet. The bar would be closing for the night before long and after that . . . It was only a short walk back to the ship, but it could conceivably turn out to be a long one—very long.

Then he put the thought away—part of

it. Here he was, a man of means, thinking like a murderer. He'd have to get over that. Why, with money you could hire things done. Anything. He got up, weaving a little from the effect of the alcohol after his long months of abstinence, and went out into the night once more, trying to control the excitement that was working in him. He crossed the canal and headed for the far outskirts of the native quarter.

He was back in less than an hour. The flat package of currency in his pocket was a little smaller, though not much. The ar-

busy combing the native quarter, the desk clerk told him, for it was obviously a native job. A knife in the throat. Horrible. The clerk was shocked—and a little smug. Hadn't he warned Van Dusen?

Raab was properly sympathetic. He wanted to ask about a missing quartermaster off the Patriot, but decided to say nothing. Maybe Singh would have heard about it. Raab would bring it up casually and . . . But Singh was not there. Another boy served the meal. Raab did not bother to ask about the Hindu. It was a bit of luck, really, for now there would be no necessity to explain his sudden departure, and any unpleasant scene over the debt would be avoided.

RAAB finished breakfast, then told the clerk, "I may be leaving on the Patriot, though it's not certain yet. But have my account ready, just in case."

"Then Mr. Raab has received the funds he expected?" the clerk said.

Raab forced a small, sad smile. "Not that lucky, I'm afraid. I'm going to try to persuade the mate to let me work my passage. There might be a job open in the crew."

There was, though Raab was worried on the way down to the pier. He still had heard nothing about a missing crew member. Suppose something had gone wrong?

But the mate, a tall gaunt man named Miller, explained everything. There were seams of perpetual worry creasing his bony face, but he didn't seem overly worried now. "Yeah, might be a job," he told Raab. "I got a big squarehead on the twelve-to-four who didn't turn to this morning." He shrugged. "Same old thing. Boys tell me they last seen him going off with some girl last night. He'll wake up after the ship's gone, with empty pockets and a case of the snakes."

Raab murmured, "The police? They—"

Miller snorted. "No use. The woman'll keep him drunk and out of sight till his money's gone. After that it's the consul's job, not mine." He looked at Raab. "You got papers? You a citizen?"

Raab nodded and the mate turned away. "Might have your gear ready then. If the Swede don't show, the purser'll sign you on. We sail at noon."

Raab went back to the hotel, paid his bill with practically all the silver he had left, and ordered his bags taken to the pier. He

followed soon afterward, arriving at the gangplank just as the ten-minute whistle blasted from the Patriot's stack. Evidently the Swede quartermaster did not hear it, or was past caring. He was nowhere in sight as Raab climbed the plank.

The Patriot went to sea at noon. Raab was standing by on the bridge wing, and as he watched the mooring lines come spooling aboard he felt an overpowering sense of release, his confining bonds severed at last. Anthony Raab was going home. And he was going as he had dreamed it for four long endless years, a man of independent means, free of worry, free of suspicion, free of everything, even his unpaid debt to a stupid Hindu menial.

Raab looked astern. The island, the dot of land, tall with fanged peaks that he had come to loathe with a bitter passionate hatred, did not make an unpleasant picture from this angle—dead astern and fading fast. Another hour, he thought, and the Patriot, steaming full ahead now, would have sunk the land forever under the rim of the ever-widening Koro Sea.

But he did not have that long to wait, for the thunderheads had moved in before the ship had cleared the channel, hiding the land from view. A greasy long-running swell was pushing in before a series of squalls that marched down on them from the south. The Patriot began to roll, gently at first, then with a quick-rolling motion.

The mate clung to the grab rail at a forward window, the wrinkles that creased his forehead deepening with every roll. The skipper, a bulbous, red-faced man, came out of the chartroom. "Glass is dropping, Mr. Miller," Raab heard him say to the mate. "We're getting the edge of that disturbance in the Tasman Sea. I'd advise you to check on the cargo in the holds—those cars in number three, particularly. By the way, there was a last-minute item went into the 'tween-decks. A corpse. Make a note of it on your stowage plans."

Miller said, "A—a corpse, sir?"

"That mining man that was knifed last night. Van Dusen, his name was. They're shipping the body to the States. Coffin's in the port wing, I believe. Call me if the weather makes up." He closed the door of the chartroom.

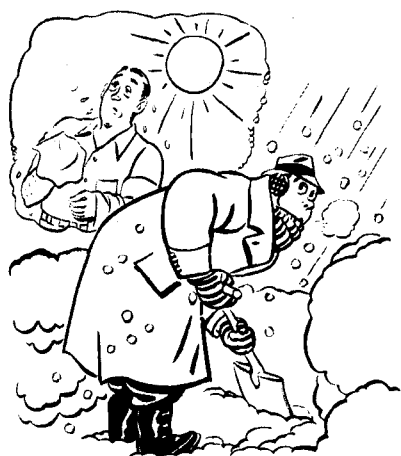
THE sound, to Raab, was like the devil slamming the only exit from hell. The blood drained from his face.

"What's the matter, Quartermaster?" Miller asked sharply, frowning at him.

Raab gave him what he hoped was a sheepish grin. "A little sick, sir. Been ashore too long. I—I'll be all right."

But he wasn't, and he spent the rest of the watch wondering why. Van Dusen's body was aboard, sure. But, so what? Dead men couldn't harm you. He shook his head, trying to put the thought aside. It was, he supposed, just the shock of knowing that not quite everything had been left behind, that Van Dusen was, in a sense, following him. Reasoning it out that way made him feel better, and when the watch ended he went to his bunk in the quartermasters' fo'c'sle and put Van Dusen out of his thoughts. It was not too hard. Of course the packet of money safe beneath his pillow helped. After a long time he slept—and dreamed.

He dreamed he was alone in the 'tween-decks, for some reason that was not quite clear, and the hold was in almost complete darkness. The feeble ray of his flashlight was cutting through the gloom as he walked slowly toward an odd-shaped wooden box which he recognized as Van Dusen's coffin. Then as he stared at it, feeling the horror crawling in him, there was a sound, unearthly, unidentifiable, and a hand was clutching at him, shaking him, and cold fingers moving toward his heart. He fought against them, but there was no strength in his body; he heard himself crying out his terror and then a voice said, "Seven bells,



PAT ROONEY

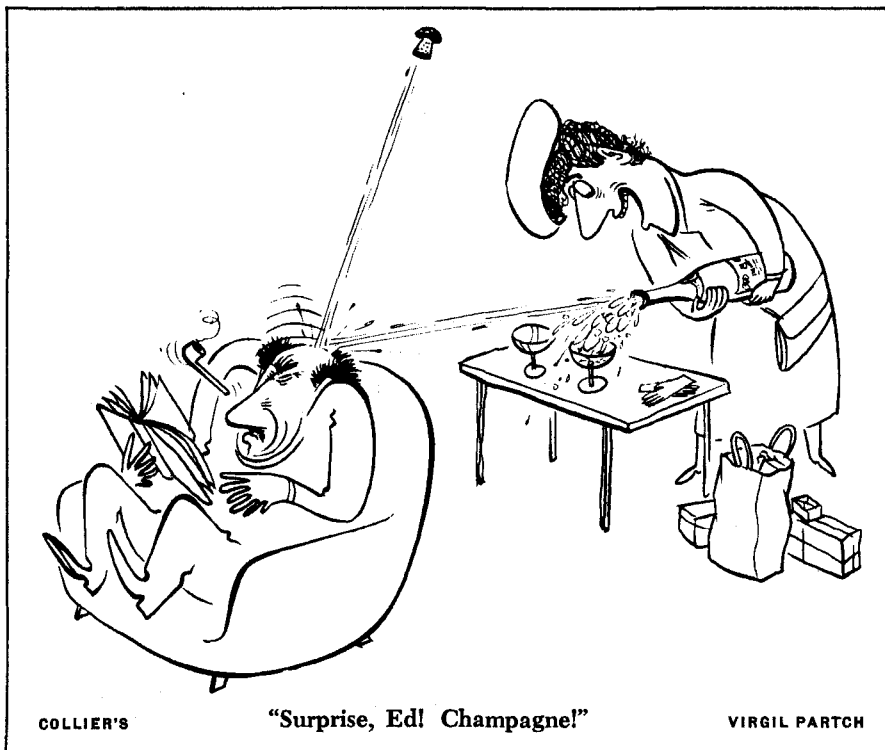
Freezing Point

Shoveling snow knee-deep around,
Sore of back and twice as numb,
I wonder how I ever found
The heat of summer bothersome!

—S. H. DEWHURST

rangements had been satisfactory, and very cheap, considering. He got his key from the clerk and went slowly up the stairs. On the third step he paused for a moment, looking back into the room. The seamen, with the quartermaster in the lead, began staggering toward the door. Raab said softly, "Fair winds—handsome," and continued up the stairs.

He slept late and well, then got up and packed his few belongings. When he went down to breakfast the news of Van Dusen's murder was all over town. The police were



COLLIER'S

"Surprise, Ed! Champagne!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for January 7, 1950

Mac. Your watch," and the eight-to-twelve quartermaster was standing over him, shaking him awake, staring at him curiously. "Mac, you shouldn't drink that native stuff. Look what happened to the Swede."

The pillow was soaked with sweat; his whole body was wet. He sat up, relieved and grateful. Yet in his half-wakefulness he said, "The Swede? You know what—" He caught himself just in time.

The man was still looking at him. "Sure. He missed a pierhead jump. And now you got the snakes." He turned away, headed for the door. "Sea boots and oilskins, Mac. The night's a bitch."

ABOVE the Koro Sea, the sky had blackened, lowered and split wide open. The rain was a deluge. The wind, gale force now, was alive and howling. The vessel reared and plunged; she scooped solid water with her flaring bows and flung it aft in a hissing, foaming torrent.

Raab, standing lookout on the bridge wing, felt her yaw wildly to a comber larger than the rest and saw his watch partner at the wheel fail to meet it in time. Unchecked by rudder, the vessel fell off into the trough and went over on her beam-ends as if she never meant to come back. She did, very slowly, but before she recovered, Raab heard the sound from the hold.

It was like an avalanche in a distant canyon at first, dull and muffled; then, as the cowl ventilator leading down into the 'tween-decks caught it and magnified it, it became a rending, crashing roar. Some part of the cargo had shifted, Raab realized; but that did not explain the other sound—the sound that tightened the muscles of his stomach and sent shivers up his spine.

It was not the piping of the wind, nor the sibilant wash of the sea, nor the complaining of the hull as it worked in the seaway. It was a wailing, half-human howl.

"Quartermaster! Raab!" The mate's voice was hard and commanding.

Raab slid down the canting, slippery deck, bringing up hard at the wheelhouse door. He was thankful for the summons, thankful for the nearness and the comfort of another human being.

Miller thrust a flashlight at him. "Get below and have a look at the 'tween-decks. Find out what's carried away. I'll steady her down as much as possible. Lively, now!"

Raab heard his own breath drawing in in deep, sobbing gasps, but now the mate's words calmed him. Miller, then, had heard nothing more than the crash of the shifting cargo. That was evident from his tone and his words. He was a ship's officer, understandably concerned with the safety of his cargo. So maybe the cry had only been a result of Raab's overwrought imagination. Certainly it had been that, nothing more. After all, dead men did not come alive, or scream. Telling himself that, he felt better. His sweating hand steadied on the flashlight and his breathing slowed.

He found himself weaving and stumbling down the bridge ladder then, bracing himself against the scend of the ship. Abruptly he slowed, remembering his first apprehension. He ducked inside the deckhouse, made his way through a lower deck alleyway to the electrically controlled watertight door that separated number three 'tween-decks from the midship quarters. He hesitated there, feeling the sweat breaking out on his upper lip, then he turned the switch that opened the massive door.

The safety klaxon broke into raucous warning as the steel panel slid slowly open. Raab took a deep breath, snapped on the flashlight, and stepped through the opening into a darkness as black as night. Behind him the door glided shut with a final metallic click. The klaxon ceased. Here the only sounds were the muted thunder of the turbines, the soft hissing of water rushing past the skin, the complaining creak of cross-members. The air was heavy with the smell of engine oil and steam and copra.

The cone of light picked out details of the cargo space. The automobiles were still there, undamaged. The cargo in the starboard wing—there was Miller's answer.

The shoring had carried away and cases were toppled and strewn crazily across the deck. The light dimmed then and flickered, and Raab cursed whoever was to blame for not renewing the batteries. Nevertheless, he started forward, eager to check the damage, get it over with quickly. That was when he heard the sound. It was off to his left, somewhere in the port wing.

It wasn't loud this time, and it wasn't a wail. But, as before, he realized that this was neither wind nor water nor the working of the ship. It was a soft snuffling sound like the whimpering of a trapped animal, yet it was somehow strangely human. Slowly, by force of will, Raab swung the fading beam of light. It wavered, then steadied on a plain oblong box lashed to the sweat battens in the far wing. It was obviously not a part of the spilled cargo; he knew that it was Van Dusen's coffin.

He turned then, or tried to, but some strange compulsion held him transfixed, forcing his eyes to follow the path of feeble light to where, now, a shapeless white figure was rising slowly from the casket. Raab cried aloud in terror, or thought he did, yet no sound came from his constricted throat. And he smelled no copra now, just the stinking sweat of fear as it broke out beneath his arms and trickled down his flanks.

Before him the figure grew and took human shape, though it was wrapped in what seemed to be some ghostly, luminescent cloth. It was slight, compact, even as Van Dusen had been in life. Then, as Raab watched, it started toward him, very slowly, yet seemingly as determined and relentless as death itself. It had eyes now, eyes that were liquid and yet seemed to bore into—Then Raab's light went out.

He remembered the dream then, of less than an hour ago, the cold fingers searching, clutching at his heart. He remembered the ending of the nightmare, with the quartermaster shaking him to grateful wakefulness. Yet Raab knew now, suddenly and very clearly, that this was no dream. This was as grimly real as anything he had ever known—as real as the murder of the Finn seaman, years—ages—ago, or the Swede quartermaster, or Van Dusen himself. No, there would be no awakening from this.

But he turned at last, in fear, running, stumbling on clumsy feet back the way he had come. He reached the closed door somehow, groped frantically in the smothering darkness for the switch that would mean escape. He never found it, for behind him the man-figure whispered, "Raab!" and terror laid avenging fingers upon his heart, squeezing, constricting it, and he felt a searing flame deep within him and then darkness. And that was all he ever felt.

THE figure remained silent and unmoving for a moment, his eyes becoming accustomed again to the darkness, no longer feeling any hatred toward the dim dead heap before him. Nor did conscience trouble him. After all, it had been God's will that had brought Anthony Raab to him on this, the long-awaited voyage home. A rare smile turned the corners of his wrinkled lips and he turned and groped his way back to the wooden box that had provided a convenient resting place for him since the morning of the day before. He drew the white duck dust cover, which he had removed from one of the automobiles, closer around his thin body against the chill of the damp wind funneling into the hold through the deck ventilator.

There was nothing to do now but wait. Sooner or later someone else would come. There would be time enough then to tell of his longing to go home, the hopelessness of the waiting, and, at last, the decision to stow away.

He sat down again, feeling shame now at having screamed out his terror of the storm, of the strange rocking darkness of the hold, of the cargo crashing down around him. There was really no cause for fright. What was past was done. And discovery and whatever lay beyond it . . . Well, what was to be, would be. Mahmud Singh told him self that.

THE END

HANDY SCHMANDY

By W. F. MIKSCH



VIRGIL PARTCH

"His skill evoked in her a devout hero worship"

THE new national census may turn up a lot of facts, but one they probably will overlook is this: *For every unhandy husband there is a handy husband who lives right next door.* (NOTE: Any husband who put up his storm door as early as November may leave the audience now, as he is not going to like what I have to say, and that's perfectly all right with me. So run along to your home workshop, Handy Andy, and finish forging those book ends for the guest room. The rest of this is for unhandy men only.)

Every time we change our address, it is my bad fortune to move next door to a junior mechanic who makes things in his spare time, which impresses my wife, and keeps me awake nights with the buzz of his band saw. My present neighbor, a particularly obnoxious amateur craftsman named Ralph, is no exception. Even before our moving van became a speck on the distant horizon, he turned up on our porch extending a work-callused hand that reeked of dried glue and banana oil.

"Ralph Wheery. Live next door," he said with a welcome-wagon smile. "Got something down in my cellar I want to show you." Hoping it might at least be a cask of Saint Péray, I followed him. But it turned out to be just another old chisel-scarred workbench agleam with polished tools.

"Made the bench before I got the tools," Ralph said proudly. "Used nothing but my fingernails and teeth. Had to break the longer boards across my knee. Now I got a swell electric jig saw." I regarded his jig saw, dimly wondering into how many stove lengths it could cut up Ralph.

"Lathe," Ralph went on, waving at another nasty piece of apparatus. "Use her to turn things. Candlesticks, newel posts, all that stuff."

My wife is fascinated by unflagging industry like Ralph's. She thinks it's simply wonderful the way he spends his evenings and week ends knee-deep in sawdust, surrounded by socket wrenches, transforming old egg crates into Adirondack chairs. His skillful handling of home repairs evokes in her a devout hero worship.

"Ralph's cellar doesn't fill up with water," she will say. "Ralph's windows don't stick. Ralph would rather

pour cement than eat. Why can't you be more like Ralph? See, there goes Ralph up on his roof with some shingles."

"Let me know when he falls," I reply. "I haven't laughed in weeks."

"Ralph takes such a pride in his home," my wife continues. "Ralph built his wife a folding breadbox with gate legs and a drawer for cookie cutters."

"Okay, but didn't I build you a shelf for canned goods?"

"Ha! That!" my helpmeet chortles implying—not by word alone, but by her shrill, brittle laugh—that what I have wrought down in our cellar, under great duress in something like 4,000 man-hours, cannot hold a candle to even the least of Ralph's creations.

It is an endless process of humiliation for me. If scarlet letters were still in vogue, I would be wearing a big, red B for "Bungler." Ralph repairs his upstairs and downstairs in the time it takes me to hang a wall calendar; he can redecorate their dining room and inlay the linoleum while I am still struggling to get the lid off a can of paint. Ralph can build hutch cabinets, repair pop-up toasters, point bricks, string sleighbells, patch an inner tube, wind up a shade spring or trim a wick. The last time I tried to replace a simple fuse, the fire engines came, followed by the insurance company's arson squad.

Aside from marital shipwreck, living next door to a part-time cabinetmaker like Ralph has other drawbacks. From a rest-and-quiet standpoint, it is a good deal like setting up housekeeping in a corner of the Carnegie Drop Forge and Rolling Mills. On Sunday mornings (a time which, leading authorities agree, is most conducive to deep sleep), I am bestirred by the tap of Ralph's claw hammer, the whine of his belt sander, the rattle of C clamps, the clatter of dowel pins, the counter-sinking of screws, the cleating of wood cleats, the mortise of tenons. Ralph is busy making things, including me miserable.

I do not covet my neighbor's wife, nor his emery wheel, nor his home welding outfit, nor his drill press, nor his toggle-bolt collection, nor his homemade Cape Cod foot scraper.

Nor do I love my neighbor as myself. In fact, I wish he'd move away and let some unhandy fellow move in.

THE END



"I was proud of my shelf"

'Gently Raise the Sacred Strain'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

The youngest member, Carol Williams, a student at the University of Utah, is sixteen; the oldest, Fred Reese, a retired butcher, is seventy-four.

As the choir has grown older it has become a tradition for children to join their parents in the ranks. Soprano Dorothy Kimball Keddington, one of the stars of Salt Lake City civic opera and radio, and her sister, Lois K. Lloyd, were preceded in the choir by their mother and maternal grandparents. One family, the Birds, has had as many as seven members singing in the choir at one time. Some of the singers have set records for vocal stamina. Housewife Jessie Evans Smith has been a second alto since 1918. Dentist Charles Bird began booming away in the bass section in 1914, and butcher Fred Reese joined the first tenors in 1905 when Teddy Roosevelt was president.

The choir membership has the healthy, industrious, unsophisticated air so characteristic of Mormonism as a whole. As good Latter-day Saints, the singers give a great deal more to their church than just the hours spent at rehearsals, broadcasts and church conferences. Each donates from 15 to 20 per cent of his income to the church in tithings, missionary fund donations, fast offerings and other causes.

Activities of a Busy Couple

Second soprano Elvira White, for instance, mother of two children, teaches a ward primary class one night a week and spends another with ward women canning preserves or sewing for the church welfare organization. Her husband, Verdi, a second tenor and hustling young lumber broker, teaches missionary classes, spends a night in the fields each week on a ward agricultural project, is shortstop-manager of the ward baseball team, and guides tourists through the grounds and buildings at Temple Square.

A solid family front in the choir is provided by first tenor Wallace Johnson, a Salt Lake City druggist, and his wife, Jean, a second alto, and their daughter, Betty Anne, a second soprano. This is the Johnsons' 21st year of rising at six on Sunday morning to get to rehearsals. They usually skip breakfast which, they found, was apt to affect their singing. Betty Anne, eighteen, a freshman at the University of Utah, gained her seat in the Tabernacle Choir this year. Two other children, David, eight, and Helen Jean, eleven, may someday turn the Johnson trio into a quintet.

The family is deep in other church work. Betty Anne is assistant chorister in her ward Sunday school. Wallace Johnson hurries from the broadcast to his own ward, where he instructs boys from twelve to sixteen who are in training to be deacons and teachers. Then he teaches Sunday school for children aged three and up; and, one Sunday a month, he stays on for fast meeting until after 1 P.M. At 5 P.M. he relieves his partner in the drugstore, while his wife takes the children to Sunday-night ward meeting.

During the week his evenings are devoted to his work as a seventy (a high post in the Mormon clerical order), and his chairmanship of the Ward Missionary Financing Committee. Saturday nights he spends at the ward assisting in the carefully organized program for children of all ages. Movies, dances and athletics are used to keep the young Mormons off the streets.

The choir's director traditionally is chosen by the president and the Twelve Apostles of the church. For the past 15 years this post has been held by J. Spencer Cornwall.

A former supervisor of music in the Salt Lake City school system, now in his early sixties, Cornwall rules the choir with a rare combination of professorial dignity, infinite patience and a deft sense of humor. He be-

lieves it is as much his task to keep the choir a Mormon institution, in which the people sing for the spiritual enjoyment they derive from it, as it is to guard its musical standards. "We are close to one another," is the way he puts it. Choir members reciprocate by speaking of "Brother Cornwall" in tones of deepest affection and admiration.

Choir rehearsals are held in the Tabernacle on Thursday evenings and on Sunday morning for an hour before the broadcast. At 7 P.M. on a recent Thursday, the strains of a recording of the previous Sunday's broadcast mingled with talk and laughter as the singers drifted in, pausing to joke and chat and pick up their sheet music in the cloakrooms. Each carried a thick sheaf, for the rehearsal was not concerned only with the four selections to be broadcast the following Sunday.

Cornwall explained earlier: "When you make people sing the same thing over and over again, spontaneity goes out the window. We spread a new number over six

was a ripple of laughter; everyone knew the night was a perfect one.

"All right," the conductor added cheerfully, "let's try it once more." As the group continued to struggle with the piece, he patiently worked along with them. At one point he paused to blame the composer for awkward construction; at another he blandly suggested that perhaps some of the singers' scores were printed incorrectly. Finally, when there was still no improvement, he called a halt by clapping both hands over his ears and telling a story.

A doctor had a patient who went deaf from too much drinking. When the man followed the doctor's advice and gave up alcohol his hearing returned, but soon he was back at the doctor's office again stone-deaf. "You've been drinking," accused the doctor.

The patient nodded. "I could hear fine," he replied, "but what I heard was so poor, I decided I could do without it better than without the whisky."

The choir roared with laughter and set-

and to one another that actually they're still holding back a bit. Every once in a while we have to take away the microphones and go after a full fortissimo just to remind ourselves of the power of 300 voices."

Rehearsals are only part of Cornwall's job as choir director. He has one of the few salaried positions—aside from those of the president and the Twelve Apostles—in the Mormon Church. In his big, plain office just across the street from Temple Square, he keeps busy auditioning new singers and selecting the music for the Sunday broadcasts and special concerts.

Determined to maintain close contact with his singers, he keeps a name chart of the choir seating arrangement and makes it a point to know each singer's first name, where he lives, his business and his hobbies. Mary Jack, his quiet, retiring secretary, brings him up to date with a weekly briefing on members' trips, births, engagements and marriages.

No one is ever invited to join the Tabernacle Choir and every candidate must have an audition, irrespective of ability or prominence. Cornwall judges each not only for voice and ability to read music, but for character and personality as well. "A person can't sing well in a chorus," he declares, "unless he feels he is wanted there. He has to enjoy singing with a group and be able to make friends with the other singers, too."

Those who pass the auditions are placed on a waiting list of more than 100, but even this is no guarantee that they will be admitted to the choir. Ever watchful of his organization's musical standards, Cornwall refrains from making a replacement until he has found a voice that is at least as good if not better than the retiring singer's.

There Is No Soloist Trouble

Nearly 100 of the present members of the choir would make excellent soloists, but this is counter to Cornwall's policy. "The slightest sign of playing favorites is all that is needed to start trouble among even the nicest people," he observes. When a soloist is required, a nonmember is invited. Well-known singers who have sung with the chorus include Helen Traubel, Patrice Munsel, Richard Bonelli, John Charles Thomas and Leonard Warren.

Cornwall's tact and diplomacy undergo their severest tests in dealing with retirements. The choir becomes so much a part of life for the singers that resignations occur only when a person is in ill health or moving away from Salt Lake City. Very often when Cornwall decides a voice is no longer what it used to be, he must undertake a strenuous campaign to convince the owner.

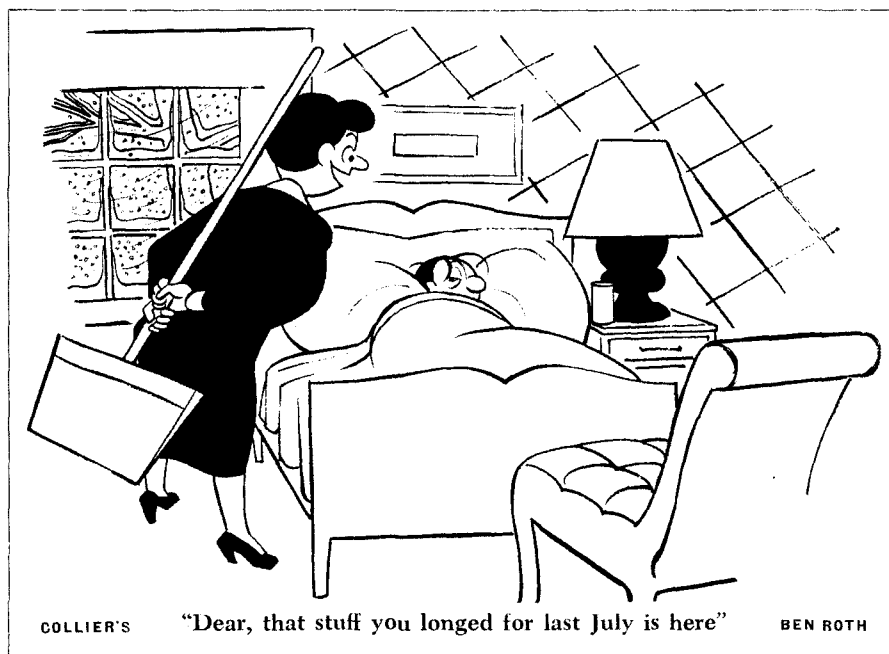
He usually begins with a few tactful remarks in a private chat. If these are ignored, there is a showdown in Cornwall's office during which he asks the individual if he "won't let some younger person have the same wonderful experience you have had." Even then many find it difficult to leave.

A husband and wife disputed Cornwall vigorously about his retirement suggestion. The most to which he could get them to agree was that they would consider his request during their summer vacation.

"They walked out, promising to write to me," he remembers, "and I could have dictated right then the letter they wrote to me two months later—I've had so many like it. 'We have had a wonderful rest and our voices are fine again. Won't you please reconsider and let us sing for you?'"

"I guess," he added with a sigh, "I'll never find the way to answer those letters. There just isn't any. Oh, well, I'm no exception. They'll probably have to throw me out someday, too."

Judging by Cornwall's present energy, that day is still distant. Like his singers he devotes much of his spare time to church work. He has just completed a two-year labor: selecting and arranging the tunes for a



weeks so that we pick it up gradually, gain confidence in it and are masters of it by the time we sing it on the air. Often we cover as many as 14 numbers in one evening, singing just the portions of each in which we need more practice."

Promptly at seven thirty organist Alexander Schreiner took his place at the console, arranging stops and touching foot pedals softly. The hum of chatter and laughter subsided and Cornwall, wearing gabardine slacks and a tan sport shirt, stepped to his music stand at the base of the choir loft, beside the console. The 300-odd singers were seated above him in a great semicircle—the men in the center, the women flanking them on the sides. Each row was a miniature eight-part choir of sopranos, baritones, tenors, basses and altos. Cornwall tapped with his stick and the singers led off with a brief warmup melody. There was a pause while one of the tenors offered the customary short prayer and then they settled down to work.

"We have some difficult pieces to practice tonight," a baritone whispered to me at my station in the choir loft, "but I don't think you'll see Brother Cornwall lose his temper. I've been here for 15 years and it hasn't happened yet."

His prediction was borne out a few minutes later when the singers ran into trouble obtaining the proper balance and shading for a selection. After Cornwall had led them through the passage two or three times without noticeable success, he paused, ran his fingers through his shock of gray hair and raised a quizzical eyebrow.

"My," he observed mildly, "the weather seems to have affected your singing." There

tled down to conquer the difficult passage. Finally they sang the hymn just the way Cornwall wanted it. "Thank you," he said quietly. "Thank you very much. Now we're friends for life."

For the next 45 minutes the singers rehearsed a dozen different numbers. Despite the ground covered, the pace never seemed hurried and there was no tenseness among the singers. Either they were singing joyously, listening intently to one of Cornwall's critiques or laughing delightedly at one of his stories. Never were Cornwall's remarks aimed at less than a group. "The sopranos will have to assert themselves," he would say, or, "Tenors, hold back a bit." One of his cardinal rules is never to single out an individual for criticism. "That sort of thing is sheer rudeness," he says, frowning and shaking his head.

At the close of the session he gravely announced, "You've all earned your Mormon pay—many thanks for coming," and then remained at the music stand, chatting and shaking hands with members.

Though the session had been lively and informal, Cornwall later admitted that, as usual, it had left him close to exhaustion.

"Try keeping control of 300 people for an hour," he observed. "You'll find it takes a lot out of one. A choir in action is an autocratic instrument. One person—the conductor—must dominate the singers and the audience. Sometimes the balance is so delicate that a conductor dare not look too closely at the singers for fear of being thrown off by a facial expression."

"Another problem is getting such a familiar group to give its maximum. They think they are, but they're so used to me

America takes stock at mid-Century



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Who could have predicted in 1900 that the next 50 years in America would be the greatest period of social, economic and industrial progress in history?

Who could have foreseen the wonders that

lay ahead? That by 1950 the amount of goods consumed by the average person in the United States would have risen two and one half times—that nearly every family would own an automobile, a telephone, a radio—that real wages (wages in terms of what they will buy) would more than double while we were reducing the work week from about 58 to 40 hours?

Every American ought to understand the system that has made all this possible. For it is the newest, most revolutionary, most productive way of life this old earth has ever seen. It has done more for the average man than any other ever invented—because it is built on freedom, competition and opportunity.

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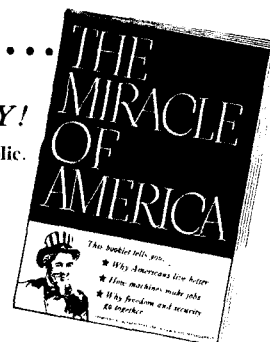
Today the eyes of the world are on us. Everywhere the free and slave systems are at grips. It is a time for new resolutions—for thought and prayer. It is time for every free man to make his voice heard. It is time for us to understand not only how our system works but how each one of us can help make it still better. The answers are in the free booklet, "The Miracle of America." Send for it now!



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Next Week



HE HAD A LITTLE SHADOW

By Charles B. Child

Inspector Chafik playing a dangerous game with drug traffickers in the back streets of Baghdad

YOU GOT TO RELAX

By William R. Scott

The runaway Lion sneered. The lovely girl smiled—and Earnest gave hilarious chase after both

ACCIDENT AT THE CROSSING

By John R. Humphreys

The story of a man who thought that he had nothing to live for, and his dog—who lived for him

400-page community songbook of spirituals, folk songs, cowboy ballads and Christmas carols that will be used in Mormon wards around the world. This past summer, while Assistant Director Richard Condie took over the choir, he conducted choral festivals in Los Angeles and Phoenix and taught at the University of Texas.

His hobbies are "a little hunting and a lot of fishing." Whenever he can spare a day off, he heads for a cabin in a canyon 60 miles from Salt Lake City where he whips the surrounding streams for trout from sunup to sundown. Although he will drive to a trout stream on Sunday, his religious scruples prevent him from fishing in it until Monday.

When J. Spencer Cornwall and his singers gather in the Tabernacle, they are carrying on a tradition almost as old as the Church of Latter-day Saints itself. From the earliest days of their history, the Mormons have been a singing people.

Ox Wagons With a Brass Band

The first Mormon pioneers who crossed the plains to Utah in 1846 in search of a haven from the persecutions they had suffered in the East, had with them a large brass band. The long procession of ox-drawn covered wagons (one of which was driven by Director Cornwall's grandfather), the herds of cattle, the riders, and weary, dusty, coarsely clad men, women and children halted an hour before sunset every day. As soon as supper and prayers were over, hymns were sung and the people danced quadrilles, polkas, Scotch reels and minuets led by Brigham Young himself.

Often these camp meetings on the prairie attracted audiences of curious Indians. Because they obeyed Brigham Young's edict to respect the red men's rights and greeted them with good will and gifts, the Mormons had no serious trouble with them. In fact, discovering that the brass band's music fascinated the Indians, the thrifty Saints raised money by charging them admission to the concerts.

When privations and hardships caused tempers to fray and discipline to crack, Brigham Young bade William Clayton, an English convert, to compose a hymn that the people could sing at their campfires to "lend them support in fighting the trials of the journey." Clayton withdrew from camp and in two hours reappeared with a hymn he called All Is Well. Later rechristened Come, Come, Ye Saints, it has since become the great hymn of the Mormon Church:

*Come, Come, ye Saints, no toil nor
labor fear;
But with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you this journey may
appear*

*Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell,
All is well! all is well!*

On July 23, 1847, Brigham Young, with 143 men and three women and two children, caught the first glimpse of the Great Salt Lake Valley from the summit of Big Mountain.

"Enough!" he cried. "This is the right place; drive on!"

Within one week after the migrants had entered the valley, they had built the Bowery, a community house containing space for a good-sized choir. Though food that first winter was so scarce that, so the story goes, a pound of gold was offered and refused for a pound of flour, the settlers continued to expand their tiny colony. The next summer there were 450 homes, and a Hymn of Welcome was sung in the Bowery for the second party guided by Brigham Young and escorted into town by the redoubtable brass band.

A city rose swiftly on the sloping floor of the desert valley. The site of the Bowery was designated as Temple Square and here, in 1867, while the rest of the nation's frontier settlements were still pretty much on the Missouri 1,000 miles to the east, the

Mormons were busily putting finishing touches to their Tabernacle, an enormous oval-shaped structure with a massive roof resting like an inverted bowl on sandstone buttresses. It had a seating capacity of 8,000, and that year it held its first church conference, with a choir of 150 voices.

Joseph Ridges, an Australian convert appointed by Brigham Young to build a suitable organ for the Tabernacle, made a far-reaching search for the best wood and found it—a straight-grained soft pine variety—in southern Utah. Ox teams dragged the logs 300 miles to Salt Lake City where they were seasoned and shaped into pipes. The vast quantity of glue required was secured by boiling strips of hundreds of buffalo hides in huge pots over open fires. Twelve years later the organ was finished.

Contrary to common belief it has never been one of the largest organs in existence, but it is recognized as one of the most brilliant and beautiful anywhere. World-famed concert organists, who make special trips to Utah to play it, pronounce it one of the outstanding examples of great organ building.

As familiar to listeners as the choir's opening theme, Gently Raise the Sacred Strain, are the names of the two present-day organists, Mr. Alexander Schreiner and Dr. Frank Asper, who have been alternating at the keyboard since 1924. Schreiner, who studied at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, has been at home at the console of an organ since he was four years old, and at the age of eight was branch organist for the church in his native Nuremberg, Germany. His book of Organ Voluntaries is used by church organists throughout the United States. Already Schreiner's seven-year-old son plays the organ in his ward Sunday school, and someday may carry on at the Tabernacle instrument.

Utah-born Dr. Frank Asper also was a child musician, giving his first concert when he was six years old. Later he studied in Europe. Dr. Asper's audiences have included three United States Presidents and the former Crown Princes of Denmark and Sweden. Both organists, considered among the finest in this country, have made dozens of transcontinental tours.

With the new Tabernacle and organ, the choir gained rapidly in musical stature. By 1870 it had grown to a permanent group of 100 voices and became known as the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. Five years later it presented its first performance of The Messiah. In 1889 the conductor's baton was taken up by slender, intense Evan Stephens. Through his efforts in the next three decades the choir was transformed from an obscure Rocky Mountain singing society into a nationally famous musical organization.

Born in South Wales, Evan Stephens combined the traditional Welshman's passion for choral music with tremendous energy and great personal charm. Let the Mountains Shout for Joy, best known of his many hymns and anthems, summed up his vigorous approach to living and singing. Within six months after his appointment, he enlarged the choir to 300 voices and set about molding it into a faultless precision instrument and inspiring the members with his own fervor for singing. In 1893 he led them out of Salt Lake City on the first of a series of concert tours that eventually took them from San Francisco to New York and included a concert before President William H. Taft in the White House.

Singing Promotes Good Will

The tours began at a time when Mormonism was still being criticized in many parts of the country. Polygamy had been officially abolished only in 1890. Detractors, in floods of scurrilous pamphlets and abusive speeches, had presented the church in such a distorted light that it was feared the choir might suffer bodily harm. Some cities turned down cold the choir's request to be allowed to appear. But, as it turned out, the tours proved the choir to be the foremost good-will device the Mormon Church has ever developed.

Besides dispelling prejudice, the choir's trip was a musical triumph. Critics, in columns of lavish praise, hailed the discovery that "all good things in music are not concentrated in the metropolis," and the end to the conviction that "an artistic civilization exists only east of Buffalo's grain docks." No less an authority than John Philip Sousa called it "the best-trained choir in the United States" and a St. Louis newspaper compared it to "a regiment of organs."

When Evan Stephens finally resigned in 1916, the choir was already on its way to becoming the tourist attraction which today brings cars from every state to Temple Square on Sunday mornings. Invitations were received to sing at the Hollywood Bowl and Chicago's World Fair. Besides performing with nationally known singers, the choir has appeared with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski, and under Eugene Ormandy, who calls it "the most beautiful, most coherent and well-balanced choir I have heard anywhere."

In 1929 it began the radio concerts which, presented without a break ever since, have become the oldest, year-round, nation-wide broadcast in radio.

When the choir goes on tour, the Word of Wisdom ban on dabbling does not interfere with the members' good time. "We take our church seriously, but not ourselves," they like to say. The 22-car special train is as full of laughter and high jinks as an Elks picnic.

Choir parties are formidable affairs since, if each singer brings only one guest, the attendance tops 700. A high point in fun during the last outing was a barbershop quartet composed of J. Spencer Cornwall, Richard Evans, Alexander Schreiner and Frank Asper rendering Drifting Along to Dreamland in tones described by one choir member as "enough to drive every living thing out of the state of Utah."

The Rise of a Commentator

Tall, youthful-looking Richard L. Evans has been the producer-commentator for the Sunday radio concerts since 1930. Born in Salt Lake City, he did such announcing chores as straight commercials and descriptions of auto races on the salt flats before he was assigned to the choir programs. His talks on such subjects as power, privilege, freedom, gratitude and parenthood were begun as an experiment. They have proved so popular that four collections of them have been issued in book form. The latest, At This Same Hour, was published last year.

Immensely energetic and exceedingly popular, Evans has become one of the leading figures in the Mormon community. He is president of the Rotary Club. Answering his heavy correspondence and attending to his other radio and church activities keep him on the run. Rough notes for his talks are scribbled on bits of paper as he moves about Salt Lake City and are revised in his study Saturday nights. Of the response to the choir and The Spoken Word, reaction which comes in the form of thousands of letters from listeners here and in Europe, Evans says, "We (Mormons) have come to learn gratefully how many things men of all faiths have in common."

And, it might be added, through the Tabernacle Choir, Americans have come to know and respect the Mormon Church. Druggist Wallace Johnson still remembers that one day when the choir was singing at Chicago's Century of Progress, he wandered into a drugstore near the fairgrounds and fell to talking shop with the owner. When he was leaving, the man took him aside and asked him if he would like to stay over in Chicago for a month and run the store while he took a vacation.

Johnson pointed out that he was a perfect stranger.

The man replied, "I know you're a good druggist from talking with you. And," he added, pointing to a badge Johnson was wearing, "if you're a member of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, that's enough of a recommendation for me."

THE END

Collier's for January 7, 1950

Brothers' Keeper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Yes," Ernest had said, and after a moment's hesitation. "Well, no, I don't know much about him, except that he's a good kid and I was glad to help him along."

Her quick look had left an impression of thoughtful, almost anxious eyes, then she had said, "I really thought he was too young for college. He doesn't know much about the world. He's not smart that way, and I wanted him to wait another year. Out home, you see—well, it's just a corner of a small city and John was always with the same group, right up from grammar school." She had added, irrelevantly, it had seemed to Ernest, "He was very popular in high school."

A SHOUT came down from Barrow's room. "Tallyho, Ernest!" and he turned quickly to the window. Far down fraternity row he saw a figure approaching among the trees. He thrust his hands into his pockets and clenched them into fists, visualizing the faces at the window upstairs, and the gleam in Barrow's eyes.

No, Ernest thought, he could not wait here for Cotter. He would not have the boy run the gantlet of those bright, exclusive eyes above. He put on his coat, and as he went toward the door he picked up the scarf and shoved it into his coat pocket. Without looking up at the window above, he turned under the trees to meet John Cotter.

Cotter walked with more assurance now. He did not shamle along as he had in the first shy weeks, with head bent a little as if to keep the new pledge pin in his lapel forever in sight. Ernest set his jaw as he thought how he would blast the sureness from the boy's quick steps and bow that head again. He leaned against an elm trunk to wait.

Cotter touched his freshman cap and said, "I came up as soon as I could, Brother Wilson."

Ernest moved his shoulders against the tree trunk, pushing himself forward. Avoiding Cotter's eyes, he said, "Let's take a little walk. Got the time?"

"Sure, I've got plenty of time." The freshman fell in step beside him, and cleared his throat and asked, "Anything wrong?"

Ernest had turned away from the chapter house and the window from which Joe Barrow was surely watching. "Cotter," he began, "I don't know how to tell you this."

"Something is wrong."

"Yes," Ernest said flatly. "Cotter, this is a tough thing to explain. I hope you'll understand. And let me say right now that I'm damned sorry about it and I'd stop it if I could, but I can't. The fact is, the house wants your pledge pin back."

It was blunt, but no words could cushion a thing like this. Cotter stopped short. He stood with his hands in the pockets of his coat, his eyes downcast, and as Ernest watched, one hand came out of a pocket and went to his lapel, groped there, and was joined by the other fumbling hand. It took a long time for him to get the pledge pin loose.

Ernest felt the touch of Cotter's fingers and the pin cold in his own palm, and heard a hoarse voice saying, "I made the freshman soccer team."

The words stabbed Ernest. They seemed so relevant, and yet they were not relevant at all. Yes, Cotter had made the freshman soccer team. He had worked hard. He had done all that could be expected of a pledge. For God's sake, Ernest thought, what could he say?

Cotter's low voice said, almost humbly, "I guess you don't have to tell me why, Wilson."

Ernest said slowly, his tone low and unconvincing, "John, a fraternity is a social organization. You know that. If there's any clash of personalities, it simply isn't a fraternity any more. We're saving you pain, John, in the long run."

"I see," Cotter said, his voice still thick, but now with an edge of bitterness. "It's Barrow, isn't it?"

Ernest put one hand diffidently on Cotter's shoulder. "I'm sorry about this, John," he said. "Believe me, I am."

Cotter moved his shoulder abruptly and Ernest let his hand drop. Their eyes met, and for an instant Cotter's eyes seemed bright and angry, then the light was gone from them and they were deep, anxious shadows in his face.

"Wilson," he said, "what am I going to do? And what am I going to tell people?"

Tell them, Ernest thought, that the house is a bunch of lousy bigots. Tell them no man could belong to such a house and keep his self-respect, so you walked out. That's what you ought to tell them, he thought. But aloud he said, "Cotter, this sort of thing has happened before. Believe me, no one thinks the less of anyone because of it. These things just happen, that's all. A fraternity is based on companionship, you know, and—"

"Yes, you said that, Wilson."

"You'll be happier with some other house. I think," Ernest went on.

"Some other house?" Cotter gave him a look that made Ernest sorry he had said it. Cotter said, "If I'm not wanted, I'm not wanted. I guess I'm through here. I guess I'll get a transfer somewhere. Yes, I'll clear out tonight, with my sister. I—" His voice broke off.

Ernest bit his lower lip and said, "I thought your sister left last night, with the others."

He was thinking: If she had just kept her mouth shut. Why hadn't she kept her mouth shut? He disliked these smart-eyed, uncompromising women.

"She's still at the inn," Cotter said. "She decided to stay over another day."

Smart-eyed was the phrase that had passed through Ernest's thoughts, but it was

not fair to those clear eyes, those aware and intelligent eyes; they were beautiful eyes and they went with the sure, throaty voice and the hardheaded integrity that had forced her to speak out, defiantly, throwing her words deliberately into the teeth of Joe Barrow. If she had just kept her mouth shut, Ernest thought.

"John," Ernest said gently, "didn't you have a talk with Ruth last night? Didn't she tell you anything?"

"Yes," Cotter said, and looked up. "Yes, she said there was some trouble with Barrow. I thought that was it," he said. "But I

"Some of my best friends are Jews," she had said. "Especially my mother."

The house party had been over by then—now it seemed much farther in the past than only yesterday. There had been the farewell gathering at the Sunday punch bowl before the girls went off to their trains. They had been at the punch bowl, Ruth and himself and Barrow and only a couple of others, and one dialect joke had led to another, and then some characteristic, vicious, jabbing talk from Barrow had made her feel that she had to take a stand, had to make her position clear. Ernest would have stopped

her somehow if he had known. Walk away from Barrow, that was the only thing to do. Ignore him. You couldn't throw yourself against that wall of prejudice. At the time it happened, just after the silence, when he had taken her arm and led her away from Barrow's shining, malicious gaze, Ernest had said, "Ruth, I wish you hadn't said that."

"I wish I'd said more," she had murmured. "I wish I'd let him have that punch bowl—right between the eyes."

"It would have been better if you had, and not said anything."

She had turned then, and her eyes met his. He had hurriedly said, "Never give a guy like Barrow anything he can make something of. That's what I meant. Now, Ruth, see here—"

She had moved on, into the hall, and as he caught up with her she had murmured, "Oh, it was deliberate, Ernest. It was very, very deliberate." She had turned to face him. "So you didn't know," she had said. "Because of Father, John thought of course you knew, but then, after I talked to you yesterday—" Her voice had trailed off.

"No," Ernest had said. "But that makes no difference, Ruth."

"Yes, it does. I can see it in your face. It does make a difference."

"I was thinking of Joe Barrow," he had said. "Don't you see?"

But she had been backing away from him, her eyes wide and shocked. "Yes, now I do see," she had said. "Oh, my God, I thought you checked these things! Get me my coat, please. I'm going back to the inn."

AS HE held her coat for her he had murmured, "Ruth, everything is all right. Don't worry about it." But she had turned away, and signaled to her brother, and they had gone out of the house together. Ernest had been more upset then by the expression in her eyes than by all that had happened afterward, when Barrow demanded he call a meeting, and produced others to back him up, and the thing was threshed out.

"I knew Cotter was hiding something," Barrow had cried. "I knew it all along. That's the way they are, traveling under false colors. If he'd told us the truth in rush week—"

"What would you expect him to do?" Ernest had asked, his voice falsely dulcet with sarcasm. "Walk into the house and say, 'Hello, fellows, my name is John Cotter. My mother's a Jew.'"

"Exactly," Barrow had said. "One way or another, that's exactly what he should have done."

"Joe, look here," Ernest had protested. "Cotter thought we knew. He thought we investigated all the freshmen. In rush week when he talked about his father being a member, that's what he had in mind. He's a legacy, and naturally he thought we knew all there was to know about him." He had ended with a slurring bitterness, "He thought we had some kind of Gestapo to check on things like that."

"We know now," Barrow had said. "It's not too late."

He couldn't have stopped it, Ernest told

Head Start

Which sex is the harder to please is quite clear,
You've only the two to compare:
A woman insists on a permanent wave,
A man wants but permanent hair.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

thought you knew all about me, Wilson. Is it my fault?"

"No," Ernest said. "It's not your fault."

"I guess I'll leave town tonight with Ruth," Cotter said. "I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do." He sucked in his breath. "Good-by, Wilson," he said, and as if he felt there had not been enough emphasis in it, he said it again. "Good-by."

Ernest felt a sickish pressure in his stomach as he watched Cotter walk away. He had been blaming it on Ruth, blaming her and absolving the house. It was the same thing, the very same thing. Was he really, deep down, as bad as Joe Barrow?

Her phrase returned to his thoughts, aggressive and defiant, and he remembered how her head went back as she said it, and how her chin came up, and how fire had smoldered in her challenging brown eyes.



COLLIER'S

"What did I tell you—we're just in time"

STAN FINE

himself as he started walking again, aimlessly away from the house. After all, there were words in the charter, words that hadn't seemed to mean much before, words so deceptive that they seemed assurances of fraternal fellowship: *Joined in Christian brotherhood*, the words were. Barrow had used them as a lawyer's words, and it had been futile to point out that Cotter was a communicant of a Protestant church, as his father was, futile to argue with Barrow about what Christianity meant, and whether there were degrees of Christianity determined by the genes.

The boy had asked what he could do. How could you answer a question like that? What *could* he do, Ernest thought, except leave college and transfer somewhere else, half a continent away? He thought how it would be when the word got around. He thought how every eye would search out Cotter's lapel, to see the bare buttonhole. He thought how whispers would follow the boy and how covert smiles would emerge as grins behind his back and how they would whisper, "That's Cotter. They broke his pledge. Nobody knows why."

Ernest was sure not even Barrow would give the reason why, except perhaps a wry-faced whisper to a campus friend. It would be easiest for the brothers to say, "Well he didn't quite make the grade—" with a trailing off of the voice and the intimation of much left unsaid. One thing was sure, the house would not be affected by this incident that would be forgotten on the campus before spring. Cotter alone would feel the full effect of it and would not forget it in a score of springs.

He stopped short. He had left so much unsaid in his interview with Cotter. It wasn't fair. The way he had done it, with only a halting intimation of the true reason and all that vague talk of fraternal companionship, he must have left the boy feeling that personal inadequacy was responsible also for the broken pledge. He had not been letting Cotter down gently; he had been shirking his duty. He should have told Cotter, "John, the house is full of anti-Semites. That's the one and only reason for it."

Then it would have been a thing Cotter did not have to face alone; he would not have had to torture himself to disclose a flaw of personality.

FOR some time Ernest's hands had been shoved deep in his pockets, and one hand had been crushing a silken ball that was becoming moist now from the sweat of his palm. He took it out of his pocket, and shook loose the ball; the scarf, perhaps Ruth's scarf. He had forgotten to ask Cotter about it.

Yes, he thought, it was surely hers. Saturday night at the dance, when they had stopped out on the lawn, she had tied it around her head. He remembered her moist lips and the quick intake of her breath and her whisper, "This is not what I go in for, Ernest."

"I know, I know," he had said, kissing her again. "I know that, Ruth."

He shoved the scarf back into his pocket. Well, that was house party, he thought, remembering how his blood had pounded, remembering how he had taken thoughts of her to bed that night, and the eagerness with which he had met her at the door yesterday when she came with her brother to the punch.

She had courage, Ernest thought; she was brave and she was wise. She could have kept silent there by the punch bowl, and in due course her brother would have been initiated to membership and no one would have known. But through four college years Cotter would have had to maintain an abject silence that would have shaped his life. It was better that it had happened this way. Ernest thought, and that was what he should have told the boy.

It was nearly dark now. He had been walking longer than he knew, and had crossed the campus from one end to the other. He turned back, past the Gothic spire of the chapel, looming against the twilight sky. Lights were coming on in the build-

ings, and ahead of him a brilliant cluster traced the outline of Cotter's dormitory. He did not hesitate now. He knew the way. He had climbed these steps and followed this corridor the night he had called for Cotter and put the pledge pin in his lapel. He even remembered the door, and knocked upon it.

He heard the sound of lagging footsteps, and the door was opened very slowly and only a little. He had the scarf out of his pocket and in his hand, his entree, and opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. Ruth Cotter faced him, the flame of hatred in her eyes.

"What do you want?" she cried.

"Go away?" she said harshly. "He's not going away. He's staying here. Don't worry about that. He's going to stay here and he's going to lead his class. He'll get straight A's in everything and Phi Beta Kappa is the fraternity he'll join. You'll see." Her voice had risen hysterically, "Now go away. Please go away!" She slammed the door in his face.

He thought of knocking again, but what could he say to her? He turned away and went back down the corridor and out again upon the quadrangle. He wondered then if Cotter could do it, wondered if he had the strength of character to face the campus and go on about his scholarship and kick a

off your face! Ruth, I'll resign from the fraternity. I'll walk out. I'll tell them to take John back or I'll walk out."

No, he thought, that wasn't it. Just resign was enough. Quit as head of the house. It was the privilege of the chapter to choose its members, and there was nothing he could do about it. It all came back to this basic futility; there was nothing he could do.

The lights of the fraternity house shone ahead of him, as they had shone so often—in freshman year remotely, haunting lights that made him feel his isolation; in sophomore year a diadem of welcome; and now, a senior, a glowing fireside light, a light of accomplishment and fellowship secure. But not this night. They were cold, searching lights tonight, that examined him like a flashlight's beam.

He opened the door and stepped into the broad hall, and as he took off his coat he saw Joe Barrow by the stairs, saw the gleam in Barrow's eyes and heard him call, "You do the deed, Ernest?"

"Yes," Ernest said. "I did it."

AT ONCE he moved into the office, shut the door, and locked it. His portable typewriter stood open on the desk and he eased himself into his chair. His pipe was in the ash tray and he picked it up and looked at the Greek letters in silver on the bowl. He drew the humidor toward him and filled the pipe and lighted it, and then he let his hand down into the drawer and took out a sheet of paper.

Outside in the hallway he heard Barrow's voice passing on the information that Ernest had done his duty as head of the house, that Ernest had taken back Cotter's pledge pin. It sounded silly that way. Taken back a pledge pin; it could sound like a trivial thing.

Ernest rolled the paper into the typewriter. The doorknob rattled and Barrow's impatient voice called, "Open up, Ernest."

"In a minute," Ernest said.

He began typing, and watched the words move across the page: *Memo to the Chapter: The rule against playing cards for money in the fraternity house will be rigidly enforced henceforth.* Then he typed in his name and title and pulled the page out of the typewriter. It was a shallow, comfortless revenge, but nevertheless it gave him savage pleasure to think of how Barrow would squeal when he pinned it to the board.

He unlocked the door and opened it. There were four of them in the hallway. The bridge game had come down to hear the news. Ernest looked at their expectant faces, looked them over one by one until his eyes came to rest on Barrow's face. The cruel gleam of light, the near twinkle, shone in Barrow's eyes, and his lips were smiling, but compressed in the center, as if suppressing malevolent laughter. It was suddenly clear to Ernest how the story would be told to the campus, how Barrow would tell it, and with what glee he would describe how they had caught him just in time, this Jew in masquerade among the Christian brothers.

Here they stood, Ernest thought, his brothers. Here was Brother Barrow. Had he allied himself with such as these for all his life? His hands began suddenly to tremble and he felt a terrible fury toward this house and all those in it, and for himself, relentlessly for himself. He began to speak. His voice shook, but he went on speaking.

"I think we did a dirty thing today," he said. "I think we did a damn' dirty thing, and I've had enough. I'm quitting. I'm resigning from the fraternity."

Then he pushed past them, catching up his coat as he went, putting it on as he ran down the steps and out across the lawn. He kept on running for a little under the trees, thinking that now he was free. He was a free man. He could go back to that door in the freshman dormitory and knock again, and when it was opened for him he could look her in the eyes again and say to her that through his act judgment would be passed, not on her brother, but on the brothers of the house.

THE END



"I suppose it's his wife who's spreading those nasty truths about me!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM
VON RIEGEN

Ernest pushed out his hand with the scarf in it. "Is this yours?"

She took it, murmured, "Yes," and started to close the door, but he held it open, saying, "Wait a minute. Let me talk to you."

"I don't think we have anything to discuss," she said. "Haven't you done enough?"

"I did what I had to do, Ruth," Ernest said. "I came to see if I could help."

"How could you help?"

He shook his head. "I can't help." He moved forward. "Ruth, let me explain. There was nothing I could do about it. It's just the way fraternities are, what they are. Ruth, a fraternity is a tight social unit, about the tightest there is, I guess, based on friendship. If someone doesn't like you, he has the right to keep you out, and there was someone who didn't like John."

"So you used the fact that his mother was a Jew as an excuse," she said. "That's even worse. That's the way it always is."

"I know," Ernest said. "Ruth, that's one reason I came here, so that John wouldn't think it was any fault of his. Most of us like him, and I didn't want him to go away thinking—"

soccer ball Saturday afternoons with the freshman team.

Thank God I'll be graduated in the spring. Ernest thought. He would not have to witness Cotter's struggle through four college years.

Could Cotter do it? Could he himself have done it, under the circumstances? He knew the answer for himself. He knew he would not have had the courage, knew with scorn how deeply conventional he was and how much he cared what others thought. He would have taken his wounds to the concealment of another campus, far away: the evening train would have seen him out of town.

But Cotter might make it, Ernest conceded, as he moved under the dark trees of fraternity row. With such a sister, Cotter might make it. She had spine enough for both of them. He clenched his hands in his pockets and felt a bursting inner rage. He should go back there to that freshman room, he thought, and pound on the door until she opened it, and seize her roughly—he felt the frenzy of it—and shout at her, "Take that look out of your eyes! Take that expression

A Man Called Horse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

or later he would strike back and that would be the end of him. But a horse had only to be docile. Very well, he would learn to do without pride.

He understood that he was the property of the screaming old woman, a fine gift from her son, one that she liked to show off. She did more yelling at him than at anyone else, probably to impress the neighbors so they would not forget what a great and generous man her son was. She was bossy and proud, a dreadful sag of skin and bones, and she was a devilish hard worker.

The white man, who now thought of himself as a horse, forgot sometimes to worry about his danger. He kept making mental notes of things to tell his own people in Boston about this hideous adventure. He would go back a hero, and he would say, "Grandmother, let me fetch your shawl. I've been accustomed to doing little errands for another lady about your age."

Two girls lived in the tepee with the old hag and her warrior son. One of them, the white man concluded, was his captor's wife and the other was his little sister. The daughter-in-law was smug and spoiled. Being beloved, she did not have to be useful.

The younger girl had bright, wandering eyes. Often enough they wandered to the white man who was pretending to be a horse.

The two girls worked when the old woman put them at it, but they were always running off to do something they enjoyed more. There were games and noisy contests, and there was much laughter. But not for the white man. He was finding out what loneliness could be.

THAT was a rich summer on the plains, with plenty of buffalo for meat and clothing and the making of tepees. The Crows were wealthy in horses, prosperous and contented. If their men had not been so avid for glory, the white man thought, there would have been a lot more of them. But they went out of their way to court death, and when one of them met it, the whole camp mourned extravagantly and cried to their God for vengeance.

The captive was a horse all summer, a docile bearer of burdens, careful and patient. He kept reminding himself that he had to be better-natured than other horses, because he could not lash out with hoofs

or teeth. Helping the old woman load up the horses for travel, he yanked at a pack and said, "Whoa, brother. It goes easier when you don't fight."

The horse gave him a big-eyed stare as if it understood his language—a comforting thought, because nobody else did. But even among the horses he felt unequal. They were able to look out for themselves if they escaped. He would simply starve. He was envious still, even among the horses.

Humbly he fetched and carried. Sometimes he even offered to help, but he had not the skill for the endless work of the women, and he was not trusted to hunt with the men, the providers.

When the camp moved, he carried a pack, trudging with the women. Even the dogs worked then, pulling small burdens on travois of sticks.

The Indian who had captured him lived like a lord, as he had a right to do. He hunted with his peers, attended long ceremonial meetings with much chanting and dancing, and lounged in the shade with his smug bride. He had only two responsibilities: to kill buffalo and to gain glory. The white man was so far beneath him in status that the Indian did not even think of envy.

One day several things happened that made the captive think he might sometime become a man again. That was the day when he began to understand their language. For four months he had heard it, day and night, the joy and the mourning, the ritual chanting and sung prayers, the squabbles and the deliberation. None of it meant anything to him at all.

But on that important day in early fall the two young women set out for the river, and one of them called over her shoulder to the old woman. The white man was startled. She had said she was going to bathe. His understanding was so sudden that he felt as if his ears had come unstopped. Listening to the racket of the camp, he heard fragments of meaning instead of gabble.

ON THAT same important day the old woman brought a pair of new moccasins out of the tepee and tossed them on the ground before him. He could not believe she would do anything for him because of kindness, but giving him moccasins was one way of looking after her property.

In thanking her, he dared greatly. He picked a little handful of fading fall flowers and took them to her as she squatted in front of her tepee, scraping a buffalo hide with a tool made from a piece of iron tied to a bone. Her hands were hideous—most of the fingers had the first joint missing. He bowed solemnly and offered the flowers.

She glared at him from beneath the short, ragged tangle of her hair. She stared at the flowers, knocked them out of his hand and went running to the next tepee, squalling the story. He heard her and the other women screaming with laughter.

The white man squared his shoulders and walked boldly over to watch three small boys shooting arrows at a target. He said in English, "Show me how to do that, will you?"

They frowned, but he held out his hand as if there could be no doubt. One of them gave him a bow and one arrow, and they snickered when he missed.

The people were easily amused, except when they were angry. They were amused, at him, playing with the little boys. A few days later he asked the hag, with gestures, for a bow that her son had just discarded, a man-size bow of horn. He scavenged for old arrows. The old woman cackled at his marksmanship and called her neighbors to enjoy the fun.

When he could understand words, he could identify his people by their names. The old woman was Greasy Hand, and her daughter was Pretty Calf. The other young woman's name was not clear to him, for the words were not in his vocabulary. The



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Zoologist, Tanganyika	Elephants often do forget, even as you and I.
Scientist, American Institute of Baking	Bread kept in the refrigerator gets stale more quickly than bread kept in the breadbox.
Literary Critic, New York	Kipling is not the only famous poet who wrote a poem called If. Masfield, Emily Dickinson and dozens of others also used that title.
Government Official, British Ministry of Education	Most of the best "English tailors" today are Swedes.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

man who had captured him was Yellow Robe.

Once he could understand, he could begin to talk a little, and then he was less lonely. Nobody had been able to see any reason for talking to him, since he would not understand anyway. He asked the old woman, "What is my name?" Until he knew it, he was incomplete. She shrugged to let him know he had none.

He told her in the Crow language, "My name is Horse." He repeated it, and she nodded. After that they called him Horse when they called him anything. Nobody cared except the white man himself.

They trusted him enough to let him stray out of camp, so that he might have got away and, by unimaginable good luck, might have reached a trading post or a fort, but winter was too close. He did not dare leave without a horse; he needed clothing and a better hunting weapon than he had, and more certain skill in using it. He did not dare steal, for then they would surely have pursued him, and just as certainly they would have caught him. Remembering the warmth of the home that was waiting in Boston, he settled down for the winter.

ON a cold night he crept into the tepee after the others had gone to bed. Even a horse might try to find shelter from the wind. The old woman grumbled, but without conviction. She did not put him out.

They tolerated him, back in the shadows, so long as he did not get in the way.

He began to understand how the family that owned him differed from the others. Fate had been cruel to them. In a short, sharp argument among the old women, one of them derided Greasy Hand by sneering, "You have no relatives!" and Greasy Hand raved for minutes of the deeds of her father and uncles and brothers. And she had had four sons, she reminded her detractor—who answered with scorn, "Where are they?"

Later the white man found her moaning and whimpering to herself, rocking back and forth on her haunches, staring at her mutilated hands. By that time he understood. A mourner often chopped off a finger joint. Old Greasy Hand had mourned often. For the first time he felt a twinge of pity, but he put it aside as another emotion, like anger, that he could not afford. He thought: What tales I will tell when I get home!

He wrinkled his nose in disdain. The camp stank of animals and meat and rancid grease. He looked down at his naked, shivering legs and was startled, remembering that he was still only a horse.

He could not trust the old woman. She fed him only because a starved slave would die and not be worth boasting about. Just how fitful her temper was he saw on the day when she got tired of stumbling over one of the hundred dogs that infested the camp. This was one of her own dogs, a large, strong one that pulled a baggage travois when the tribe moved camp.

Countless times he had seen her kick at the beast as it lay sleeping in front of the tepee, in her way. The dog always moved, with a yelp, but it always got in the way again. One day she gave the dog its usual kick and then stood scolding at it while the animal rolled its eyes sleepily. The old woman suddenly picked up her ax and cut the dog's head half off with one blow. Looking well satisfied with herself, she beckoned her slave to remove the body.

It could have been me, he thought, if I were a dog. But I'm a horse.

His hope of life lay with the girl, Pretty Calf. He set about courting her, realizing how desperately poor he was both in prop-

erty and honor. He owned no horse, no weapon but the old bow and the battered arrows. He had nothing to give away, and he needed gifts, because he did not dare seduce the girl.

One of the customs of courtship involved sending a gift of horses to a girl's older brother and bestowing much buffalo meat upon her mother. The white man could not wait for some far-off time when he might have either horses or meat to give away. And his courtship had to be secret. It was not for him to stroll past the groups of watchful girls, blowing a flute made of an eagle's wing bone, as the flirtatious young bucks did.

He could not ride past Pretty Calf's tepee, painted and bedizened; he had no horse, no finery.

Back home, he remembered, I could marry just about any girl I'd want to. But he wasted little time thinking about that. A future was something to be earned.

The most he dared do was wink at Pretty Calf now and then, or state his admiration, while she giggled and hid her face. The

with them his hope for freedom, the boys had followed, counting coup with gestures and shrieks they had practiced since boyhood, and one of them had the scalp. The white man was grimly amused to see the boy double up with sudden nausea when he had the thing in his hand. . . .

There was a hubbub in the camp when they rode in that evening, two of them on each horse. The captive was noticed. Indians who had ignored him as a slave stared at the brave man who had struck first coup and had stolen horses.

The hubbub lasted all night, as fathers boasted loudly of their young sons' exploits. The white man was called upon to settle an argument between two fierce boys as to which of them had struck second coup and which must be satisfied with third. After much talk that went over his head, he solemnly pointed at the nearest boy. He didn't know which boy it was and didn't care, but the boy did.

The white man had watched warriors in their triumph. He knew what to do. Modesty about achievements had no place among the Crow people. When a man did something big, he told about it.

The white man smeared his face with grease and charcoal. He walked inside the tepee circle, chanting and singing. He used his own language.

"You heathens, you savages," he shouted. "I'm going to get out of here someday! I am going to get away!" The Crow people listened respectfully. In the Crow tongue he shouted, "Horse! I am Horse!" and they nodded.

He had a right to boast, and he had two horses. Before dawn, the white man and his bride were sheltered beyond a far hill, and he was telling her, "I love you, little lady. I love you."

She looked at him with her great dark eyes, and he thought she understood his English words—or as much as she needed to understand.

"You are my treasure," he said, "more precious than jewels, better than fine gold. I am going to call you Freedom."

WHEN they returned to camp two days later, he was bold but worried. His ace, he suspected, might not be high enough in the game he was playing without being sure of the rules. But it served.

Old Greasy Hand raged—but not at him. She complained loudly that her daughter had let herself go too cheap. But the marriage was as good as any Crow marriage. He had paid a horse.

He learned the language faster after that, from Pretty Calf, whom he sometimes called Freedom. He learned that his attentive, adoring bride was fourteen years old.

One thing he had not guessed was the difference that being Pretty Calf's husband would make in his relationship to her mother and brother. He had hoped only to make his position a little safer, but he had not expected to be treated with dignity. Greasy Hand no longer spoke to him at all. When the white man spoke to her, his bride murmured in dismay, explaining at great length that he must never do that. There could be no conversation between a man and his mother-in-law. He could not even mention a word that was part of her name.

Having improved his status so magnificently, he felt no need for hurry in getting away. Now that he had a woman, he had as good a chance to be rich as any man. Pretty Calf waited on him; she seldom ran off to play games with other young girls, but took pride in learning from her mother the many women's skills of tanning hides and making clothing and preparing food. He was no more a horse but a kind of

man, a half-Indian, still poor and unskilled but laden with honors, clinging to the buckskin fringes of Crow society.

Escape could wait until he could manage it in comfort, with fit clothing and a good horse, with hunting weapons. Escape could wait until the camp moved near some trading post. He did not plan how he would get home. He dreamed of being there all at once, and of telling stories nobody would believe. There was no hurry.

Pretty Calf delighted in educating him. He began to understand tribal arrangements, customs and why things were as they were. They were that way because they had always been so. His young wife giggled when she told him, in his ignorance, things she had always known. But she did not laugh when her brother's wife was taken by another warrior. She explained that solemnly with words and signs.

YELLOW ROBE belonged to a society called the Big Dogs. The wife stealer, Cut Neck, belonged to the Foxes. They were fellow tribesmen; they hunted together and fought side by side, but men of one society could take away wives from the other society if they wished, subject to certain limitations.

When Cut Neck rode up to the tepee, laughing and singing, and called to Yellow Robe's wife, "Come out! Come out!" she did as ordered, looking smug as usual, meek and entirely willing. Thereafter she rode beside him in ceremonial processions and carried his coup stick, while his other wife pretended not to care.

"But why?" the white man demanded of his wife, his Freedom. "Why did our brother let his woman go? He sits and smokes and does not speak."

Pretty Calf was shocked at the suggestion. Her brother could not possibly reclaim his woman, she explained. He could not even let her come back if she wanted to—and she probably would want to when Cut Neck tired of her. Yellow Robe could not even admit that his heart was sick. That was the way things were. Deviation meant dishonor.

The woman could have hidden from Cut Neck, she said. She could even have refused to go with him if she had been *ba-wurokee*—a really virtuous woman. But she had been his woman before, for a little while on a berrying expedition, and he had a right to claim her.

There was no sense in it, the white man insisted. He glared at his young wife. "If you go, I will bring you back!" he promised.

She laughed and buried her head against his shoulder. "I will not have to go," she said. "Horse is my first man. There is no hole in my moccasin."

He stroked her hair and said, "*Ba-wurokee*."

With great daring, she murmured, "*Hay-ha*," and when he did not answer, because he did not know what she meant, she drew away, hurt.

"A woman calls her man that if she thinks he will not leave her. Am I wrong?"

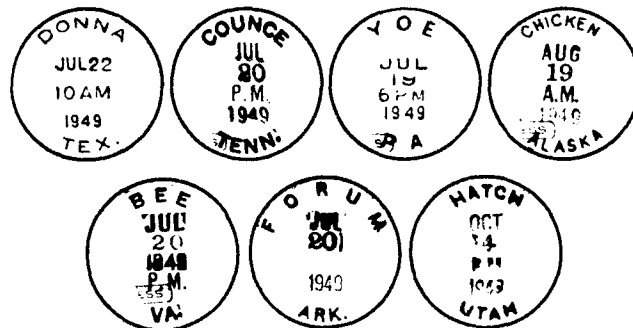
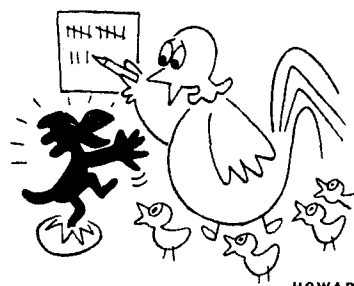
The white man held her closer and lied. "Pretty Calf is not wrong. Horse will not leave her. Horse will not take another woman, either." No, he certainly would not. Parting from this one was going to be harder than getting her had been. "*Hay-ha*," he murmured. "Freedom."

His conscience irked him, but not very much. Pretty Calf could get another man easily enough when he was gone, and a better provider. His hunting skill was improving, but he was still awkward.

There was no hurry about leaving. He was used to most of the Crow ways and could stand the rest. He was becoming prosperous. He owned five horses. His place in the life of the tribe was secure, such as it was. Three or four young women, including the one who had belonged to Yellow Robe, made advances to him. Pretty Calf took pride in the fact that her man was so attractive.

By the time he had what he needed for a secret journey, the grass grew yellow on the plains and the long cold was close. He

Picture Postmarks



FROM RICHARD C. STEFFEY, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

least he dared do to win his bride was to elope with her, but he had to give her a horse to put the seal of tribal approval on that. And he had no horse until he killed a man to get one. . . .

His opportunity came in early spring. He was casually accepted by that time. He did not belong, but he was amusing to the Crows, like a strange pet, or they would not have fed him through the winter.

His chance came when he was hunting small game with three young boys who were his guards as well as his scornful companions. Rabbits and birds were of no account in a camp well fed on buffalo meat, but they made good targets.

His party walked far that day. All of them at once saw the two horses in a sheltered coulee. The boys and the man crawled forward on their bellies, and then they saw an Indian who lay on the ground, moaning, a lone traveler. From the way the boys inched eagerly forward, Horse knew the man was fair prey—a member of some enemy tribe.

This is the way the captive white man acquired wealth and honor to win a bride and save his life: He shot an arrow into the sick man, a split second ahead of one of his small companions, and dashed forward to strike the still-groaning man with his bow, to count first coup. Then he seized the hobbled horses.

By the time he had the horses secure, and



"But, baby, this is French dressing!"

Sure, it's French dressing, all right. But obviously *not* the brand of French dressing his wife wanted. People have mighty definite brand preferences in French dressing—as they have with a million other products. In order to get exactly what they want, people have learned to buy by brand name (the name the manufacturer gives his product so you can tell it from any other).

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was enslaved by the girl he called Freedom and, before the winter ended, by the knowledge that she was carrying his child. . . .

The Big Dog society held a long ceremony in the spring. The white man strolled with his woman along the creek bank, thinking: When I get home I will tell them about the chants and the drumming. Sometime. Sometime.

Pretty Calf would not go to bed when they went back to the tepee.

"Wait and find out about my brother," she urged. "Something may happen."

So far as Horse could figure out, the Big Dogs were having some kind of election. He pampered his wife by staying up with her by the fire. Even the old woman, who was a great one for getting sleep when she was not working, prowled around restlessly.

The white man was yawning by the time the noise of the ceremony died down. When Yellow Robe strode in, garish and heathen in his paint and feathers and furs, the women cried out. There was conversation, too fast for Horse to follow, and the old woman wailed once, but her son silenced her with a gruff command.

When the white man went to sleep, he thought his wife was weeping beside him.

The next morning she explained.

"He wears the bearskin belt. Now he can never retreat in battle. He will always be in danger. He will die."

Maybe he wouldn't, the white man tried to convince her. Pretty Calf recalled that some few men had been honored by the bearskin belt, vowed to the highest daring, and had not died. If they lived through the summer, then they were free of it.

"My brother wants to die," she mourned. "His heart is bitter."

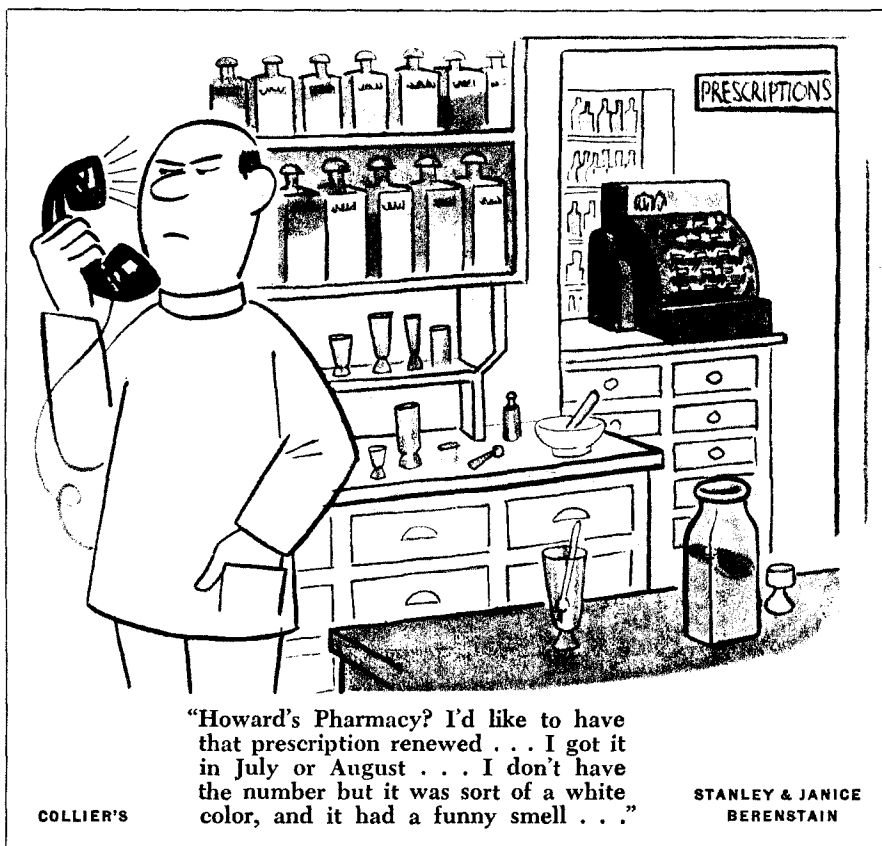
Yellow Robe lived through half a dozen clashes with small parties of raiders from hostile tribes. His honors were many. He captured horses in an enemy camp, led two successful raids, counted first coup and snatched a gun from the hand of an enemy tribesman. He wore wolf tails on his moccasins and ermine skins on his shirt, and he fringed his leggings with scalps in token of his glory.

WHEN his mother ventured to suggest, as she did many times, "My son should take a new wife, I need another woman to help me," he ignored her. He spent much time in prayer, alone in the hills or in conference with a medicine man. He fasted and made vows and kept them. And before he could be free of the heavy honor of the bearskin belt, he went on his last raid.

The warriors were returning from the north just as the white man and two other hunters approached from the south, with buffalo and elk meat dripping from the bloody hides tied on their restive ponies. One of the hunters grunted, and they stopped to watch a rider on the hill north of the tepee circle.

The rider dismounted, held up a blanket and dropped it. He repeated the gesture.

The hunters murmured dismay. "Two! Two men dead!" They rode fast into the camp, where there was already wailing.



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE
BERENSTAIN

"Howard's Pharmacy? I'd like to have that prescription renewed . . . I got it in July or August . . . I don't have the number but it was sort of a white color, and it had a funny smell . . ."

A messenger came down from the war party on the hill. The rest of the party delayed to paint their faces for mourning and for victory. One of the two dead men was Yellow Robe. They had put his body in a cave and walled it in with rocks. The other man died later, and his body was in a tree.

There was blood on the ground before the tepee to which Yellow Robe would return no more. His mother, with her hair chopped short, sat in the doorway, rocking back and forth on her haunches, wailing her heartbreak. She cradled one mutilated hand in the other. She had cut off another finger joint.

Pretty Calf had cut off chunks of her long hair and was crying as she gashed her arms with a knife. The white man tried to take the knife away, but she protested so piteously that he let her do as she wished. He was sickened with the lot of them.

Savages! he thought. Now I will go back! I'll go hunting alone, and I'll keep on going.

But he did not go just yet, because he was the only hunter in the lodge of the two grieving women, one of them old and the other pregnant with his child.

In their mourning, they made him a pauper again. Everything that meant comfort, wealth and safety they sacrificed to the spirits because of the death of Yellow Robe. The tepee, made of seventeen fine buffalo hides, the furs that should have kept them warm, the white deerskin dress, trimmed with elk teeth, that Pretty Calf loved so well, even their tools and Yellow Robe's weapons—everything but his sacred medicine ob-

jects—they left there on the prairie, and the whole camp moved away. Two of his best horses were killed as a sacrifice, and the women gave away the rest.

They had no shelter. They would have no tepee of their own for two months at least of mourning, and then the women would have to tan hides to make it. Meanwhile they could live in temporary huts made of willows, covered with skins given them in pity by their friends. They could have lived with relatives, but Yellow Robe's women had no relatives.

The white man had not realized until then how terrible a thing it was for a Crow to have no kinfolk. No wonder old Greasy Hand had only stumps for fingers. She had mourned, from one year to the next, for everyone she had ever loved. She had no one left but her daughter, Pretty Calf.

Horse was furious at their foolishness. It had been bad enough for him, a captive, to be naked as a horse and poor as a slave, but that was because his captors had stripped him. These women had voluntarily given up everything they needed.

He was too angry at them to sleep in the willow hut. He lay under a sheltering tree. And on the third night of the mourning he made his plans. He had a knife and a bow. He would go after meat, taking two horses. And he would not come back. There were, he realized, many things he was not going to tell when he got back home.

In the willow hut, Pretty Calf cried out. He heard rustling there, and the old woman's querulous voice.

Some twenty hours later his son was born,

two months early, in the tepee of a skilled medicine woman. The child was born without breath, and the mother died before the sun went down.

The white man was too shocked to think whether he should mourn, or how he should mourn. The old woman screamed until she was voiceless. Piteously she approached him, bent and trembling, blind with grief. She held out her knife and he took it.

She spread out her hands and shook her head. If she cut off any more finger joints, she could do no more work. She could not afford any more lasting signs of grief.

The white man said, "All right! All right!" between his teeth. He hacked his arms with the knife and stood watching the blood run down. It was little enough to do for Pretty Calf, for little Freedom.

NOW there is nothing to keep me, he realized. When I get home, I must not let them see the scars.

He looked at Greasy Hand, hideous in her grief-burdened age, and thought: I really am free now! When a wife dies, her husband has no more duty toward her family. Pretty Calf had told him so, long ago, when he wondered why a certain man moved out of one tepee and into another.

The old woman, of course, would be a scavenger. There was one other with the tribe, an ancient crone who had no relatives, toward whom no one felt any responsibility. She lived on food thrown away by the more fortunate. She slept in shelters that she built with her own knotted hands. She plodded wearily at the end of the procession when the camp moved. When she stumbled, nobody cared. When she died, nobody would miss her.

Tomorrow morning, the white man decided, I will go.

His mother-in-law's sunken mouth quivered. She said one word, questioningly. She said, "Eero-oshay?" She said, "Son?"

Blinking, he remembered. When a wife died, her husband was free. But her mother, who had ignored him with dignity, might if she wished ask him to stay. She invited him by calling him Son, and he accepted by answering Mother.

Greasy Hand stood before him, bowed with years, withered with unceasing labor, loveless and childless, scarred with grief. But with all her burdens, she still loved life enough to beg it from him, the only person she had any right to ask. She was stripping herself of all she had left, her pride.

He looked eastward across the prairie. Two thousand miles away was home. The old woman would not live forever. He could afford to wait, for he was young. He could afford to be magnanimous, for he knew he was a man. He gave her the answer. "Eegya," he said. "Mother."

He went home three years later. He explained no more than to say, "I lived with Crows for a while. It was some time before I could leave. They called me Horse."

He did not find it necessary either to apologize or to boast, because he was the equal of any man on earth. THE END

We Republicans Can Win If . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

emphasis should be placed on social welfare, as advocated by the Democrats, or on the effective functioning of the system through incentive action, as emphasized by the Republicans.

The Republicans have been caught in a dilemma. The majority of voters have been more interested in the direct receipts of public welfare than in the indirect receipts of private initiative. If the Republicans are going to win, they must square the circle. They must get welfare and incentive connected. If proper imagination is exercised, there should be a broad opportunity for them to do this.

The Democrats are so completely committed to their present policy that it leaves

them no room to experiment. If the Republicans will regain their historic boldness, they can play an enormously important role and provide for much sounder government than we now have.

One of the greatest problems facing enterprise today is the deterrent effect which our present tax rates have on incentive. The man who is lazy with his money and puts it in tax-exempt municipal bonds is rewarded taxwise. He pays no federal income tax. The man who is industrious with his money and adds employees to his business receives no tax benefit. He—in effect—is penalized. The man who starts a new business does have the advantage of the "carry-back" provisions of the tax laws.

But they are not really sufficient or adequate.

Thus, when we face a period of increasing unemployment and a subsequent drain on our Social Security system, we deter private business from providing jobs. This is bad, of course, for businessmen, but I believe it is worse for workingmen because workingmen are dependent upon business, not government, for jobs. Here again, as in the welfare field, is another opportunity for the Republicans to attract attention by devising some scheme of incentive taxation which will reward the man who puts other men to work and penalize the man who is lazy with his money.

If the Republican party has a purpose to-

day, it is as the guardian of this Opportunity Society of ours. The Republicans have an unusual chance to be of great benefit to the system by showing ways whereby private money can work for social purposes, and thus proving to the American workingman that the best opportunity for him lies in the private ownership and operation of the basic means of production. They can thus contrast their program with the "Fabianism" which is slowly but inevitably bringing Socialism, not through direct advocacy by the leaders of the Administration, but by their approach. This indirect approach involves spending such a large proportion of our income on unproductive purposes that if we should have a bad

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slump in economic conditions, Socialism would almost inevitably follow.

The Republican party is probably more opposed to the philosophy of Karl Marx as it is expressed today, either the Russian version or the British version, than any other important political force in the world. Yet it seems to me that the Republican party, along with the conservative community in general in America, is unwittingly playing the Russians' game. A century ago Karl Marx wrote a book, *Das Kapital*, that has great influence on mankind today. It is the gospel of everything to which the Republicans are opposed. One of the tenets of that book is class warfare in middle-class society. The Russians are hoping that America will be engulfed in a great struggle between her divergent economic and social groups and that, as a result, our political institutions will collapse.

They Meet Only in Conflict

Class warfare is on the march in America. More and more in America, business lives on one side of every town, labor lives on the other side. The two groups only meet in conflict: during a strike, around a bargaining table, or in a fight for control of a political or legislative body.

This is true from coast to coast. It is going on in Indiana. Indiana, a state which is more in the classical American tradition than any other state in the Union, is a state of small towns. It is a conservative state. The proof of that fact is that the Democratic party, by the standards in which we live in Indiana, is a conservative party. Indiana is a state in which most men have enough, and few men have too much. That's the best thing about it.

Yet class warfare was the dominant note of the 1949 session of the Indiana General Assembly. This would not be important if it were not for the fact that it was also true of most of the other industrial states. In the Indiana legislature neither the Democrats nor the Republicans had either leadership or program in 1949. The only program which was presented to the legislature was that which was produced by the Congress of Industrial Organizations. That program met bitter opposition and defeat from the business community. The tensions which arose as a result of that fight are clearly present. Those tensions are distinctly harmful to the kind of Opportunity Society in which Republicans are interested.

Something must be done, maybe not today but certainly in the near future, to quiet the class divisions in America. Those class divisions, some of which were probably inevitable, certainly have been exaggerated and emphasized by the Democratic Administration long in power.

Businessmen's service clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, Exchange, Lions, Civitan and Optimus Clubs have proved to be very useful social organizations. They are an excellent meeting place, a forum, but unfortunately they, too, as is the whole pattern of our society, are organized on class lines. We need a mechanism by which labor and business can get together.

The Republicans need a mechanism by which they can reach the workingman, whose loss from their banner has had so much to do with their defeats. Why couldn't the Republican local organizations sponsor labor-business clubs, where labor and business would meet? An equal number of workingmen and businessmen could be invited. Labor could sponsor the program one week and business could sponsor it the next; or there could be one speaker from each group each week.

If business were willing to listen to labor, labor ought to be willing to listen to business. As things now stand, businessmen keep talking to businessmen about the mockeries of free enterprise, and labor people keep talking to labor people about the horrors of Taft-Hartley. Nobody convinces anybody of anything.

Business is dependent upon adequate purchasing power by workingmen. Labor is dependent on capital plus business-manage-

ment experience and know-how. The two are mutually dependent. If the Republican organization can get these two divergent groups to break bread together, and thus have a realization of their common purpose, the political effects are bound to be enormous. The Republicans would be given a direct forum to reach the workingman.

The Republicans not only need a forum from which to reach workingmen, they need a forum for all America. It is true the Republican party has the support of most of the newspaper editorial pages in this country. But the President of the United States inevitably gains the front pages. One of the basic problems of the Republican party today is that the country isn't very much interested in it. In fact, half our people are so disinterested in both political parties that they didn't even bother to vote in the last general election.

A great many people in our country feel that our parties are philosophically bankrupt. There is a gap—a void—in American politics between mechanics and ideas. This gap, I believe, is dangerous to the future welfare of our political institutions. A great many people in the United States would like to take part in politics on the basis of the discussion of ideas. They find no outlet. They feel frustrated. They are not interested in schemes, in deals, in maneuvers, in manipulations. They are interested in policies, in principles, in ideas and in issues.

A large group of well-informed people, many of whom are included in the 45,000,000 who did not vote, find or think they find that the doors of organized politics are closed to them. These people, a large proportion of whom are very articulate, use their energies and their endeavors in other fields. Bored with the operations of political parties, they are the backbone of our so-called pressure groups. Pressure groups are, after all, merely bodies of people organized along idea lines.

These pressure groups exercise a tremendous influence on the conduct of our government. They provide the lobbyists who are the third house of American legislative bodies. These lobbyists have more to do with legislative policies than the representatives elected by the people. They generally know more about legislation than our legislators. In most cases, they have been in our legislative halls longer and are better paid. They, too, constitute a threat to the effective functioning of this Opportunity Society of ours—this system in which the Republicans believe so much. If political power is to be taken away from these pressure groups, some new way must be found to organize people along idea lines within our political parties. Here again, the Republicans are in a position to institute new idea mechanisms in our political structure and to get the credit for so doing.

The pattern for a new idea mechanism, an idea mechanism which can strengthen the representative institutions of this republic, can be found in our New England states. For three centuries local political bodies in New England have had town meetings, where every citizen could come in and express himself on the affairs of his community and be listened to by an attentive audience. It is the principle of audience participation in public meetings. If the Republican organizations over the country would sponsor New England town meetings in our various communities, meetings at which the average man could come in and voice his opinions, they would bring to their fold some of the 45,000,000 who did not vote—some of those 45,000,000 which the

Republicans must gain if they are again to control the country.

In England the local political organizations of both political parties, Conservative and Labor, sponsor such idea meetings. At these meetings the average man can speak. The British political parties once each year hold national idea conferences. They do it at a time when Parliament is not in session and they are not under the pressure of a political campaign. Why couldn't we borrow this idea? Hold national idea conferences at a time when Congress is not in session, at a time when there are no pressures for election, when men could think and learn.

We have nothing like it in our system today. The platforms of our national conventions are a joke. Ideas are not important in national political conventions. The only question which concerns people at national political conventions is how to get on the winner's band wagon. We have state chairmen and national committee meetings, but they are organization meetings and not concerned with ideas. We have governors' conferences and local official conferences, but they are bipartisan in scope and concerned only with technical problems.

The Republican party is sponsoring regional conferences with the principle of audience participation, but such regional conferences do not bring the focus of public attention which a national idea conference would do. The regional conferences are a step in the right direction, but we must go further. Such national idea conferences would bring to the political party which first sponsored them all of the attention of the press, the radio and television which a national political convention does now. They would be a unique place for the Republicans to tell their story.

The history of Europe seems to prove that the democratic process functions effectively only under a two-party system. When a multiplication-table system of political parties arises, free-functioning government collapses. If our two parties in America are going to survive, they must strengthen their hold upon the minds of American people. The party which first takes the lead in creating such a new idea mechanism in our political institutions will attract many followers to its cause.

Politics and Young People

The Republicans need followers, need them desperately. It is often said that we need young people in politics, yet there is little in politics for young people to do. If we are going to bring young people into politics, we need more work of a high caliber in which they can participate. Such idea conferences on both a local and a national scale would be a perfect place for young people to learn about our political institutions. If the Republicans were to sponsor these conferences, they would certainly attract far more young people to take part in their party than they now do. Young people like new ideas and new ways of doing things. This conference mechanism would be an excellent way to get the best-thinking element among them.

The American people are ready for some such mechanism. They have heard the top leaders of America use the conference-idea mechanism on the air. They have listened for years to such programs as Town Meeting, American Forum of the Air, Meet the Press, University of Chicago Round Table of the Air, People's Platform and countless others. The American people are eager to use these techniques themselves. Many men would like a place to express themselves.

The party which gives it to them will win their support.

The most important thing about politics is not rotation in public office—important though that is. Most men in public office, after all, are the puppets of the forces of their time. It is an unusual man who stands out against the crowd. The most important thing about the whole paraphernalia of politics, campaigns and conferences, primaries and elections, is that it constantly re-educates people to the fact that they are the masters and that government and organized politics are their servants. The conference idea would be a great help toward this educational process—educating men in the techniques of political freedom.

The adoption of the conference mechanism would not only strengthen our political institutions at home, it would also help us around the world. Men everywhere would know that we in the United States had introduced a new way for people to express themselves in our political setup. There are 1,500,000,000 people around the world who live neither under the leadership and domination of the United States nor of the Soviet Union. If they follow the Russians, the Russian way will prevail. If they follow us, we will prevail. They would be impressed—these 1,500,000,000—with the fact that America, under Republican leadership, had started a new way for men to get themselves together for the free promotion of ideas. They would note that the Russians can't have idea conferences but that we can.

Alien Influences at Work

It is inescapably true today that everything inside the United States affects everything outside the United States and that everything outside the United States affects everything inside the United States. The feeling against the Republicans because of their isolationist reputation has had a bad effect practically on Republicans getting votes here. There are many foreign influences which have important political effectiveness in the United States. It isn't just restricted to the Russians, about whom we hear so much. From a public-relations point of view, the Republicans could put themselves on the map around the world with a properly led national idea conference.

In suggesting that the Republicans find by studying their history many principles which they could effectively advocate today; in suggesting that public policy and private investment can be combined as a way of managing social services and public projects and that these could be done with a national approach; in suggesting the need for incentive taxation, for labor-business clubs and for idea conferences, both local and national—I hope that I shall be considered neither humptious nor presumptuous. I want the Republican party to play a part in our times, to play the kind of part in the latter half of the twentieth century that it did in the latter half of the nineteenth century—to be an effective political force, not only in American but in world political affairs.

The Republicans *can* win again. They can take their place as the rightful leaders of the majority if they assume again the responsibilities that made the Republican party great during the first 50 years of its history. But they must set their sights and identify their target before the people can know their objective to be positive and constructive.

As the aggressive champions of the Opportunity Society, under which America grew great, I believe the Republicans have an important and vital future. THE END

Next Week

Was Joe Louis the Greatest?

By Ex-Champ Gene Tunney

Viking on the Ice Frontier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

to his feet and rushed off in the general direction of Tenth Rescue's hangar, about a quarter of a mile away. As yet still unfamiliar with the over-all layout of the base, he made a wrong turn and didn't get to the hangar for exactly 16 minutes. When he arrived, he found Captain Roy Holdiman and said, "Did you see that plane explode?"

"Yes, sir," said Holdiman. "The casualties have just been delivered to the receiving door of the 183d General Hospital by one of our helicopters."

The helicopter had got into the air at 9:52 A.M., exactly four minutes after the explosion. The pilot, Lieutenant Charles Weir, found the first survivor on a frozen lake at 9:56 A.M. and delivered him to a Tenth Rescue ambulance rushing out in the general direction of the crash. At 10:03 A.M., Weir spotted survivor number two on a hilltop clearing. This one was pretty seriously hurt. Weir loaded him onto a litter and deposited him at the hospital 14 miles away, even before the call for help had been completely processed at squadron Operations.

A few weeks later, the squadron presented Balchen with another sample of their work. A Tenth Rescue pilot named Lieutenant Robert Sproul was flying back from a mission in a small ski plane, when he ran into a squall of freezing rain over Cook Inlet. He couldn't get back to Point Possession for an emergency landing, and he couldn't go on. With ice piling up on the wings, it looked like the end.

But as his engine was about to cut out, Sproul remembered an ice floe he had just passed in the man-killing waters below. He brought his plane around in a wide circle and found the floe just ahead. He aimed the plane's skis at the water alongside the floe and held his breath. The maneuver worked. The skis hit the edge of the floe, and the plane flipped over on its back—on the ice. It skidded to within five feet of the other edge of the floe and stopped. Sproul was alive, thanks to a spectacular combination of great skill and luck; but there he was, floating around in the vicious tides of Cook Inlet with the temperature at 30 degrees below zero.

When Sproul's plane didn't show up at Anchorage on schedule, the search began. First, Balchen sent a B-17 to Point Possession to see if Sproul was there.

Sproul wasn't; and in a matter of minutes after this intelligence came in, Balchen threw two more B-17s into the search.

Smoke Signals From the Floe

Sproul's floe, in the meantime, had described a complete circle of about 25 miles in the rapidly moving tides and was back at the place where he had come down. He knew Tenth Rescue planes would be searching his route at about this time. In fact, he could hear a plane's engines above the heavy cloud bank. Just then, he spotted a tiny opening in the clouds. He tore up his extra survival clothing, soaked it in oil, and set the clothes on fire as the floe approached the cloud opening.

Again, Sproul had done just the right thing. One of the B-17s spotted the black smoke, dived through the clouds and came out directly over the young man's head. When the B-17 pilot recovered from his surprise at seeing the strange tableau on the ice floe, he radioed Balchen, who immediately dispatched a helicopter piloted by Lieutenant Peter R. Ferryman with Staff Sergeant Lawrence Lubberda aboard.

The B-17 kept the floe in view and directed Ferryman to it by radio. The helicopter then hovered two feet above the floe while Sproul climbed up a rope ladder and into the cabin. After this, the B-17 took off, leaving Ferryman on his own. But Sproul's tribulations weren't over yet.

As the helicopter headed back through the freezing rain, the entire aircraft, includ-

ing the rotor blades, soon became covered with a coating of ice 1/16 of an inch thick. Ferryman shouted, "I can't see. The stuff is on the windshield." Whereupon Lubberda opened the front right door of the helicopter and leaned out into the paralyzing wind.

With a mighty effort, he reached around to the windshield and scraped away a tiny clearing in the ice with a metal washer he found in his pocket. Peering through this hole—which was no bigger than a quarter—Ferryman then brought the helicopter all the way into Elmendorf Field, Anchorage, navigating along the treetops. He landed the helicopter sideways, so he could look out an ice-free side window.

In commending the squadron for this mission, Balchen remarked on the tremendous improvement in arctic rescue methods since he saved the crew of the Bremen in 1928. To Sproul, he said, "Young man, I'm

bomber and fighter planes might be going down in the arctic and subarctic, without any trained personnel to save them.

So in March, 1946, a conference was hurriedly called among Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Civil Aeronautics Administration representatives, and as a result of an agreement signed by them on March 30, 1946, the Tenth Rescue Squadron was activated by the Air Force just two days later.

It was a long time, however, before Tenth Rescue was able to fulfill its responsibility—and it took a series of disasters to do it. The squadron began operations with two small liaison planes, and one C-47 and two flying boats. They still operated under the orders of the base commanders, however, and often they couldn't take off on an emergency mission without clearing through them.

But all this changed in the winters of 1946

Nome on December 24, 1947. Before the survivors of this downed B-29 were rescued by small civilian ski planes, five Air Force men had died and two Tenth Rescue planes and one glider were wrecked.

The major errors of the tragic episode were these: (a) an Air Force general took command of the operation despite the presence of specially trained rescue experts; (b) through bad weather information, paratroopers were dropped, without survival equipment, into a 100-mile-an-hour wind which killed them almost immediately; (c) there wasn't enough proper arctic clothing, and one navigator froze to death because he was wearing nothing but ordinary G.I. pants, brief cotton shorts and low-cut shoes; and (d) the Tenth Rescue Squadron did not have a single small plane capable of landing at the particular crash site. The best they could do was to fly trail crews and dog teams in twin-engined ski planes to a level spot some four miles away. Before these men had made their way overland, the survivors had been flown to Nome by the civilian bush pilots.

New Precautions Are Taken

The repercussions of this disaster were immediate. All generals were ordered to keep hands off arctic rescue operations. An Arctic Survival School at Nome was hastily reorganized to teach every Air Force man in Alaska how to survive in the arctic until Tenth Rescue planes can get to him. New arctic survival equipment and clothing were rushed to Alaska from U.S. warehouses. A helicopter was stationed permanently at Nome. And for the first time, Tenth Rescue was equipped with small single-engined ships with interchangeable wheels, skis and floats for landing gear.

Thus, through tragic trial and error, the Tenth Rescue Squadron finally was all set to function.

From that point on, it operated without a major hitch. The misfits among the fliers were weeded out; and through experience, some of the ex-bomber pilots actually became as proficient as old Alaska bush pilots in handling the small planes. Moreover, as the outfit's list of accomplishments grew, so did the list of applicants waiting to transfer into the Tenth Rescue Squadron from other Air Force units all over the world.

When a village of 300 Eskimos faced starvation on isolated Hooper Bay on the Bering Sea, a Tenth Rescue C-47 on skis saved them by landing on the sea ice with canned provisions.

When a serious polio outbreak threatened the city of Juneau, a Tenth Rescue C-54 whisked a victim—a private first class—to Seattle, where he received proper attention amid the best facilities.

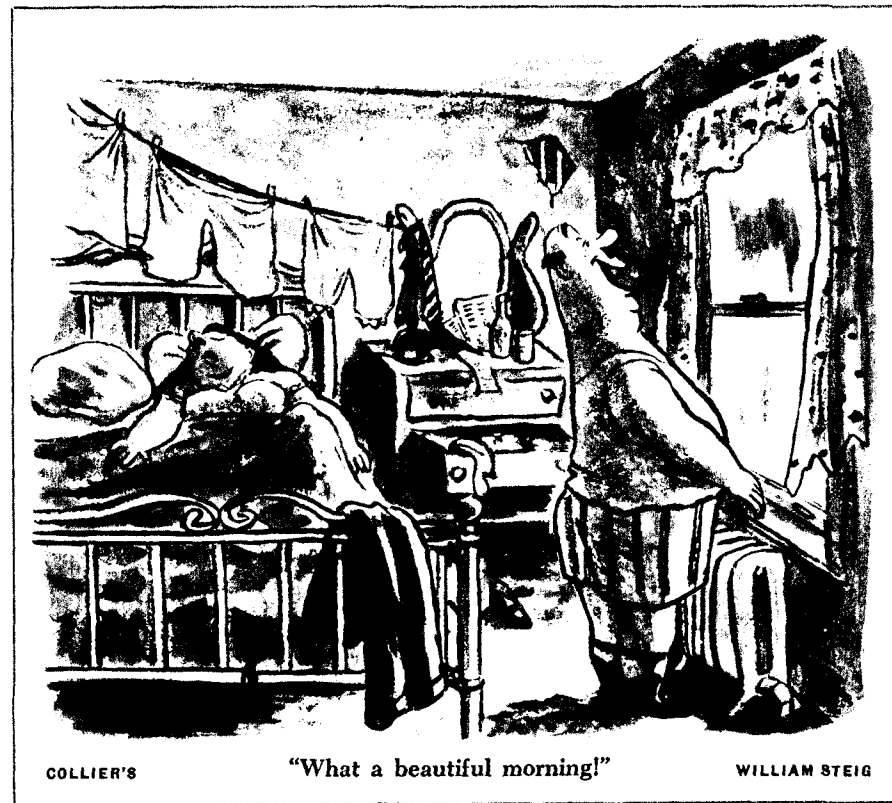
They stopped an influenza epidemic on March 6, 1948, when Lieutenant Roy A. Burton's B-17 flew serum to the tiny Bering Sea island of St. George. The lifesaving package was dropped by parachute.

A badly injured hunter was rescued when Captain Jesse D. Frack's C-54 dropped a glider into a small forest clearing near Nenana, Alaska, and then performed the staggering feat of snatching it out of its woods prison again.

Two Coast Guard lighthouse attendants were saved when a Tenth Rescue flying boat landed in mountainous seas and reached them just as their drifting dory was about to be swamped in the open water off Cape Hinchinbrook.

And 13 crew members of a B-29 were rounded up by Tenth Rescue planes and trail crewmen, within four hours after they had parachuted from their crippled craft into a frozen forest. One hour later, night would have fallen and they could not have survived the cold of the arctic darkness.

Some of the missions have been tinged with tragedy—and irony. In 1948 a Tenth Rescue B-17 crashed at its base at fog-



COLLIER'S

"What a beautiful morning!"

WILLIAM STEIG

afraid that 20 years ago you would have been a goner."

Actually, Sproul would have been a goner as recently as three years ago. Even during the war, there was no organized rescue outfit in the Far North. Each Air Force base had its own small groups of "rescue personnel," but these were mostly native Alaskan guides who used little more than the primitive methods of boat, dog sled and snowshoes; and in many cases the crash victim died before they could get to him.

There were a few small float and ski planes, and they managed to do some effective work. But each plane was under a different base commander, and there was little co-ordination on major rescues. If a civilian pilot went down, or a homesteader broke a leg in the wilderness, they were aided by civilian bush pilots, if at all.

When the war ended in 1945, nearly all of our military forces were pulled out of Alaska, and with them went most of the meager rescue equipment. Only the crash boats were left, plus an amphibian plane at each base. But then, when postwar tension with Russia developed, Air Force units were moved back into Alaska. Also, there was a great influx of civilian population from the United States. And suddenly, the civilian and military authorities looked up to realize that 125,000 people were without protection against emergencies in the roadless, trackless Alaskan wilderness.

The U.S. Department of Defense suddenly realized, too, that if war came again, Alaska would be our advance outpost; and

and 1947. In December, 1946, an Alaskan physician disappeared while on a mercy flight from Seward to Homer. There was so much red tape at Elmendorf Field and at Ladd Field, Fairbanks, that it was some time before the squadron's 10 planes could be put in the air to search for the missing doctor. All they ever found was a fragment of the plane's fuselage floating in the Gulf of Alaska. Shortly thereafter, the Tenth Rescue Squadron was freed from the control of the base commanders and made an independent unit, with complete authority over its own planes, operations and personnel.

Not long after this, a B-29 weather ship from Fairbanks made a colossal navigational error at the North Pole and ended up by crashing in the wilderness near Thule, Greenland, some 3,000 miles from where it was supposed to be. The Tenth Rescue Squadron was called in to make the rescue, but they gasped when they realized what they were up against with their handful of short-range planes. They were still working feverishly at outfitting a C-47 with skis, when a C-54 flew up from the United States, landed with its wheels on the ice beside the crashed weather plane, and flew the downed crew back to safety. As a result of this episode, the Tenth Rescue Squadron was given long-range B-17s, C-54s and gliders, to enable them to operate anywhere in the vast Arctic Basin.

The third disaster that indirectly benefited the Tenth Rescue Squadron was the notorious Clobbered Turkey crash near

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shrouded Cold Bay, and all nine men aboard were killed. A few months later the outfit's best paratrooper, 101st Airborne Division veteran Master Sergeant Robert J. Burns dropped into a lake when a sudden gust of wind caught his parachute. It was midsummer, but Burns died of shock in the icy waters of the lake before other Tenth Rescue trail crewmen could pull him out less than 20 minutes later.

On May 12, 1949, a soldier was bitten by a dog in San Francisco, just before he boarded the troop transport U.S.S. General Walker, which was carrying reinforcements to Japan. A few days later the dog went mad, and the San Francisco health authorities subsequently came close to losing their sanity trying to contact the Navy in the Marianas. Since the dog had rabies, it was imperative that serum be flown to the General Walker to save the life of the soldier.

However, radio transmission to the Marianas was poor at the time and they couldn't get the message through. So the San Francisco authorities called the Tenth Rescue Squadron in Alaska instead. A few hours later, at 12:15 P.M., two B-17s took off, one from Anchorage and one from Adak, each carrying a vial of the precious serum. The vials were packed to be dropped into the sea by parachute.

Several hundred miles out over the Pacific, the Adak B-17, piloted by Captain Charles E. Hale, picked up the General Walker's radio, and for several hours thereafter he homed in on it. At 6:00 P.M., he was only one hour away from the ship. Just then, however, the radio signal from the General Walker stopped. While Hale tried frantically to pick up the transport's position, another signal came in over his radio.

The signal said, "This is headquarters, Hawaiian Sea Frontier, U.S. Navy. You are ordered to return to your base. The General Walker is in a Navy area of responsibility, and we are sending a Navy PBY from Midway with serum. Return to your base. That is all."

So, even though Hale was less than an hour from the General Walker, and though he and the other B-17 already had flown 22 hours at a cost of \$4,708 to the American taxpayer, there was nothing for him to do but turn around. The Navy PBY flying boat from Midway reached the General Walker 24 hours later.

In another famous case, a British woman flier named Mrs. Ricardo Morrow Tait was making an around-the-world flight in a decrepit single-engined plane which already had crashed spectacularly in Asia. On the theory that it would be easier to keep her in sight, rather than have to search for her later, the commanding general of the Alaskan Air Command ordered Tenth Rescue to escort her on every inch of the Alaskan leg of her flight.

Accordingly, a Tenth Rescue B-17 flew with her from Shemya to Adak; a Tenth Rescue A-10 flying boat trailed her overwater from Adak to Anchorage; and finally, Lieutenant Charles Weir was tapped to escort her in a twin-engined T-7 to the Canadian border. At Anchorage, Weir and the rest of the Tenth Rescue Squadron tried to talk her into abandoning her flight. Her plane was a flying wreck, and she had little money left. But she insisted on going. Weir climbed into his plane and went along.

When Mrs. Tait's plane reached Palmer, 40 miles away, it began to smoke. When it reached Gulkana, its wings were brushing

the treetops. When it approached Tok Junction on the Alcan Highway, the plane heaved a tired sigh and gave up. Mrs. Tait tried to land on the road, but she caught a wing tip in a snowbank and careened into the brush instead. Her plane came to rest with a damaged wing, a bent propeller and a wrecked landing gear.

At this point, Weir heaved a tired sigh of his own. He radioed for a highway patrol car to come out and drive the British aviatress to Tok Junction. Then he landed at the Tok Junction airstrip and flew her back to Fairbanks. But, Mrs. Tait wasn't finished yet. She trucked her plane to Edmonton, Canada, and actually finished her flight around the world by reaching England several weeks later.

Shortly after this mission, Balchen said, "My men can now take care of any emergency that might come up in Alaska. Now all they have to do is learn how to operate in 5,400,000 square miles of Arctic Ocean that no one knows anything about."

Every day Balchen and his men find that we know practically nothing at all about the polar regions, and if we do have information, it is just as likely to be inaccurate. For the nation that knows the Arctic Basin best there is a definite advantage, should a war be waged there. That's why the Tenth Rescue Squadron has been charting the area anew. There are several unsolved geographical mysteries. See the final article in this series in next week's issue of Collier's



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To the Glory of Amos Fortune

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

freedom and human dignity, were establishing the foundations of a new republic. Amos Fortune participated in these discussions on a basis of full equality.

More than a century later, in October of 1946 to be exact, a group of Jaffrey Center neighbors met in the Congregational parsonage to discuss community matters. They were the Reverend Anders Lund, pastor of the First Congregational Church; his son-in-law, Paul Elmen, associate professor at Northwestern University; Dr. William T. Foster, economist and educator; and Professor Ernest Bernbaum, former head of the English department at the University of Illinois. They sat around the comfortable warmth of the kitchen coal stove. The subject under discussion was the old meeting house where Amos Fortune had worshipped.

Since the Toleration Act of 1831, when the Congregationalists moved to a church of their own adjoining the parsonage, the historic meeting house had been idle. True, it had been handsomely restored by the Village Improvement Society; yet it was being used for nothing save church fairs, dances and parties. Only that afternoon, strangers had asked Dr. Lund to show them the grave of Amos Fortune and the meeting house of which he was a member.

Pastor Offers a Suggestion

"Since it is so closely linked with his story, I wonder if it wouldn't be possible to resume community discussions in it," said Dr. Lund. "They might be similar to those which used to take place in the meeting house when Amos Fortune lived."

"You mean a forum?" asked Professor Bernbaum.

"I suppose you might call it that," said the minister. "We have great people in our community, but we never get the opportunity to hear from them."

"I'm inclined to believe they would welcome a chance to express their ideas," said Dr. Foster. "If we do launch such a forum, it should be named after Amos Fortune."

He's the greatest man this region has produced."

That was quite a mouthful when you consider the big names which are forever bobbing up in Jaffrey Center. Willa Cather wrote her best books while living in its oldest summer boardinghouse, The Shattuck. They say Amos Fortune's story attracted her to the town. Though born in Virginia and raised in Nebraska, she asked to be buried in Jaffrey Center. Her grave is not far from those of Amos and his wife.

Toss a pebble in any direction and you'll hit a professor. Jaffrey Center's first scholar was Laban Ainsworth, Amos' pastor. His great grandson was graduated from Amherst College and returned to live in the Ainsworth manse. That was the beginning of what is still called the Amherst Colony. Among its members have been such famous men as Howard Sweetser Bliss, president of the American University at Beyrouth; James Wilson Bixler, Congregational clergyman; Benjamin Kendall Emerson, professor of geology at Amherst; Charles Smith Mills, Congregational leader; and Edward Smith Parsons, president of Marietta (Ohio) College.

Today, still other scholars make Jaffrey Center their home. Each is distinguished in his own field. For example, there is F. Alexander Magoun, professor of human relations. He is probably best known for his controversial book *Love and Marriage*. Recently re-elected chairman of the Amos Fortune Forum Committee for 1950, he is chunky, energetic and outspoken.

Serving with him on the committee are the Reverend Lund; Dr. Foster; Dr. Bernbaum; Graham B. Blaine, vice-chairman of the board of the Bank of Manhattan; Theodore Ainsworth Greene, Congregational minister; James Wilson Bixler's son, Julius Seelye Bixler, president of Colby College; and Noel Dowling, professor of law at Columbia. All live in Jaffrey Center.

There have been 26 successful sessions of the Amos Fortune Forum. Average attendance has been between 265 and 367 enthusiastic millworkers, farmers, tradesmen,

and men and women whose names are famous throughout the country. They come during the summer to discuss subjects of general interest and to provide, as did Amos Fortune and his neighbors, an opportunity for the people to make up their minds on local and national affairs. In winter, they meet in the homes of forum members.

No charges are made, no collections taken, no tickets sold, nobody is asked to contribute. There are no by-laws, no dues.

Why the Check Was Returned

A man from Troy sat in at one session, went home and sent a check for \$100. Dr. Foster returned it with thanks. "We don't accept money from the outside," he wrote. "Of course we couldn't do this if it hadn't been for a few generous citizens in our own community."

It's a community project in which all share. Those who can't contribute money contribute time. One man takes a census of the people and cars. He jots down the names of the states on the license plates. The last listing included California, Florida, Iowa, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Texas, Illinois and every state in New England.

A little boy came in with five cents as his stake in the forum. In all, approximately 39 local people put up about \$350 annually. This pays for the printing and mailing of 3,000 circulars and 100 posters to advertise speakers, subjects and dates.

No speaker is paid. Amos Fortune once said people would talk for nothing if you gave them half a chance. Forum speakers are limited to residents of the Monadnock region. There is plenty of local talent. Each speaker is an authority on his subject.

Grenville Clark, fellow of Harvard College and former chairman of the Bill of Rights Committee, discussed progress toward world government. Julius Seelye Bixler, the Colby College prexy, chose an evening with Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and explained its psychological implications. Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astron-

omer, raised the provocative question: "Are There Better Planets?"

Sessions often get tense. When Herbert Elliston, editor of the Washington Post and 1949 Pulitzer prize winner, spoke on the aims and difficulties of our foreign policy, one indignant couple stamped out as an expression of their disagreement. And the evening Karl Compton, former president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, discussed military training, a member told the chairman off for not squelching him. Talk is plain among neighbors.

"We don't care whether you agree with us," said the chairman. "We only care whether you think."

Izette de Forest, psychoanalyst, loosed a hornets' nest when she argued her views on bringing up children. She is one of two women who have taken part in the forum. The other is Elizabeth Bixler, dean of the Yale University School of Nursing.

The night I attended, the speaker was Reuben Lurie, Boston attorney and former chairman of the Massachusetts Parole Board. He discussed "Ordinary People in an Extraordinary World." As a selectman for Brookline, Massachusetts, he hammered at community participation in politics.

I followed the stream of people across the common to the old meeting house, which was lighted up like a birthday cake. We had to weave our way through the parked cars. Seeing that all the downstairs pews were taken I joined the rush for the gallery. The scene was animated, the women's clothes gay, and the buff walls, white woodwork and crimson draperies were decidedly cheerful. Vivid flowers banked the stage.

"We're living in revolutionary times—" began Mr. Lurie.

Excitement came with the discussion period. Clayton, the Reverend Lund's younger son, himself a Congregational minister, led off the question period by calling attention to the fact that labor groups were issuing pamphlets emphasizing the value of practical politics.

"Sure," said Mr. Lurie, "the A.F. of L., the C.I.O. and the PAC appreciate the importance of political education. Their pamphlets advise supporting only the candidates who support labor."

"Isn't that the quintessence of blind political cynicism?" demanded a woman.

A Sound Political Creed

"One way of getting votes used to be to kiss the baby," replied Mr. Lurie. "Now it is the sincerity behind the kiss which counts, and it's going to count more and more if communities like this take an active part in politics. If you want honest government, you can't afford to take the 'Ooh! I don't want to look' attitude. Yours must not be the position of frozen sanctity. You must go into this with the spirit of Amos Fortune. Expect to be attacked, be willing to be defeated, but never give up. If you want proof that he was right, ask yourself who was the wealthiest man, the best selectman, the most determined social leader in Jaffrey Center 148 years ago."

Amos Fortune again.

For written evidence of Amos Fortune I searched the Woburn Public Library, the probate court of Cheshire County and the archives of Jaffrey Center. I found the high spots among old agreements, deeds, town journals and death inventories.

Ichabod Richardson's name turns up on Amos' bill of sale. The essential element of that transaction was installment payments to be made by Amos. Soon after the agreement was signed, Ichabod sailed off to Spain with a cargo of leather. Four years passed and the last of Amos' installment payments was made, but Ichabod didn't come home. Sailors reported that he had been killed by the British. After desperate efforts, Amos

finally persuaded Mrs. Richardson to sign his quit claim deed. Here it is. He may have helped her compose it:

"In consideration of the many faithful services Amos Fortune did perform to the said deceased Ichabod in his life and hath since performed . . . whereby our several interests have been greatly increased do . . . grant unto said Amos Fortune the full and free liberty of his person and services from and after the ninth day of May, 1769."



In 1774 he was described as a citizen of Woburn, owner of a homestead and an independent tanner. The early years of the Revolution are a blank. That he was a soldier is suggested by the "military accouterments" listed among his belongings after his death.

In June, 1779, a receipt reveals that he

gave Samuel George, of Keene, New Hampshire, six pounds and took in exchange "a blue broadcloth coat, striped pattern jacket and furr hat."

On November 9, 1779, it is recorded that he paid James Baldwin, of Woburn, fifty pounds for his slave, Violet.

Another document contains the information that "Amos Fortune and Violate Baldwin, blacks, both of Woburn, were married today, November 10, 1779."

The Jaffrey Town Book for 1781 notes that "One Amos Fortune, Negroe tanner of Woburn rode into town with his wife, Violate, and . . ." Here the writing is blurred. But there was evidently another person with them, later identified as Celyndia, a little Negro girl whom Amos and Violet purchased, freed and adopted.

Jaffrey's constable warned Amos and his family to go back from where they came. The Revolution had not ended. Money was scarce and the future uncertain. All New England settlements ordered their constables to warn off newcomers officially. This legally freed the community from any obligation should the strangers become sick or penniless.

Laban Ainsworth, the young Congregational minister, must have heard the conversation between Amos and the constable. Perhaps Amos appealed to him. Whatever happened, Amos, through Ainsworth's intercession, was allowed to remain in Jaffrey Center. The Town Book for 1782 reports that the minister let Amos clear land on his property for a tanyard.

In 1789, Amos had saved enough money to buy 25 acres near Tyler Brook and build himself a New England salt-box house. It stands today—five rooms downstairs and one up, with a cellar stoutly braced by beams which carry the marks of Amos' adze. Its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Amadee Deschenes, conducted me through it.

"People come every day to see the house

where Amos Fortune lived," said Mr. Deschenes. "From the time I'm a kid I hear about this slave who bought his freedom and was a benefactor to his community."

He and his wife led me to the barn where Amos dried his leather. It looked like any old New Hampshire barn. The currier shop where he dressed the hides was gone, but I could trace with my toe the stone foundations of the basins in which the hides were soaked. Still encroaching were the woods where Amos found the ingredients for his tanning: sumac, willow, birch and larch bark.

Does anybody think that a man who was a better tanner than others, and made more money than they, could come into a town and not be criticized, especially if he, a Negro, was more successful than the whites?

Amos did have trouble, but he lived it down and in the end became the town's most honored citizen. His customers had confidence in him. He accepted their notes and gave his. Several of these original agreements are still in existence.

His Home Was Well Equipped

The Fortune home was better furnished than many. An inventory attached to Amos' will includes four-post beds, feather ticks, quilts, tables, a Windsor chair, iron cooking utensils, china, farm implements, his tanning tools, a foot wheel and loom for Celyndia, a wooden wheel for Violet, and a desk and candle for himself.

He also owned an extensive wardrobe. At meeting house he wore black velvet breeches and jacket, and there were silver buckles on his shoes. At work he wore leather breeches. In the winter he would saddle his white mare, wrap himself in his long blue greatcoat and gallop across town with Violet perched on a pillion behind him. Pillion and saddle are also listed in his will.

He was one of the first to subscribe to a newspaper in Jaffrey. When I was gathering material for this article Esther Bennett, registrar of Cheshire County, telephoned excitedly to say she had just discovered in checking through Amos' papers that he left, as part of his estate, six shares in the Jaffrey Library Society of which he was a founder!

His will, written in a fine hand, covers two pages. The gist of it is contained in the following paragraphs:

"I give and bequeath to Vilot, my beloved wife, all the Improvement and profits of my Real estate during her Natural life . . .

"I give and bequeath to Celyndia Fortune, my adopted daughter, the bed She now improves together with the furniture thereof, and a foot wheel and a loom and also a home in the house with the Said Vilot while She Remains Single . . .

"I order my executor after my decease and after the decease of the Said Vilot my beloved wife that handsome gravestones be erected to each of us . . . I further order my Said executor . . . that if there be any Remainder of my estate, that he give a handsome present of the same to the Church of Christ in this town, and the Remaining part if any their be, he give as a present for the Support of the School . . . No. Eight in this town."

According to the executor's report the tombstones were procured . . . "The first Cost of which shall be eleven dollars each Set . . . and the whole cost estimated at 26."

Many believe Laban Ainsworth wrote the remarkable epitaphs. There is no proof. My guess is that Amos Fortune, characteristically taking charge of his death, as he had of his life, was indeed the author.

News of the forum which honors him is spreading. Not long ago Ralph Hayes, director of the New York Community Trust, clearinghouse for over \$17,000,000 in benefactions, attended a session at Jaffrey Center. It so impressed him that he asked his board to make a contribution to help sustain the work which Amos Fortune began, in the hope that other communities throughout America will be inspired to start similar forums and name them after the most esteemed citizen in the history of their particular locality.

THE END

Collier's for January 7, 1950



She's a Real Warm Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

peer almost rudely into her face, smile happily, then break out with, "Gee, you've got 'em, too." When that occurs, Doris knows she has another friend.

"What," she asks, "can be a stronger bond between two women than freckles?"

In the same calm spirit she accepts the roundness of her cheeks and the breadth of her nose.

"My face," she explains, "is a challenge to a make-up man. But I don't want to be changed into a facsimile of a glamor girl. Why, if I were to have those hollow cheeks the gorgeous gals have, they'd have to pull half of my back teeth. And I want them to chew with."

But it's her voice primarily, not her looks, that has won Doris her star ranking. Relatively recently in her career she discovered a possible explanation for its distinctiveness. A year or so ago, Doris caught a cold and for three weeks was unable to sing. While examining her throat, her doctor discovered several small growths on her vocal cords. These growths may or may not account for the pleasing huskiness of her voice. But for years rumor has had it that Bing Crosby's distinctive singing depends on a huskiness due to similar growths.

A good description of Doris' voice was once given by Don Porter, a disk jockey on station KUGN, Eugene, Oregon. Porter has no Hollywood axes to grind nor studio fences to keep in repair. A successful jockey on a fairly big station in a college town, he puts it this way:

"When Doris sings, you feel the freshness and youthfulness of her voice. I think these qualities—plus the intimacy of her style—are responsible for her popularity—particularly with college-age listeners."

A Lawyer's Eye View of Her

While Doris, at times, seems provokingly intent upon being a hep-kid-among-the-cats, her attorney, Jerome B. Rosenthal, sees evidence of a mounting maturity as her income makes it possible to provide financial security for herself, her son and her family.

"Her investments are conservative," Rosenthal says. "She owns the small home in which she lives. The place is not quite large enough to suit her now. She wants a volleyball court and a small pool so she and Terry can have more fun together. She's now in the market for another place."

"Quite often Doris gives the impression of not caring how much money she makes, nor how we invest it," Rosenthal told us. "But that's not true. Recently, for example, we thought she should have an insurance policy to compensate her if she lost her voice. This policy, complicated and detailed, offered several options."

"Many women would have shrugged off the task of studying such a document, but not Doris. She spent many hours going over it with us, point by point. She was quick to grasp the significance of each feature, and keenly aware of the importance of protecting a career which, if it should extend over a normal number of years, will bring her a huge amount of money."

Among her several really close friends is her manager, Marty Melcher. A frequent visitor at the Day home, Melcher is often called upon for financial guidance by Doris' young son. His deal with Marty is better than his mother's. Terry gets free advice while his mother will pay Marty about \$20,000 in commissions for this year.

Recently when Doris asked Terry why he was so eager to earn money, the boy replied, "I'm nearly eight, and it's time I quit living off the women around here."

Doris is not certain what Terry is going to do with the money he makes. She knows he has saved 61 cents, because he hides his savings in her dresser drawer. But she has a feeling that, in a way, she is responsible for his sudden concern for matters financial.

It started in this fashion. Late this sum-

mer an ice-cream salesman rang the bell. "Your son," he announced to Doris, "started a charge account a few days ago. His bill now is 50 cents. I thought you might like to know."

Doris did, and when she finished talking to Terry about starting charge accounts, he seemed to think the family was about to be evicted for nonpayment of rent, that the gas and lights would be turned off, and that a man was coming any minute to take out the phone.

"So now," Doris says, "Terry is selling guavas from our yard to the neighbors at two for a penny—and they're really good guavas."

But to explain how Doris now finds herself in her current enviable position requires a flashback to the days when the leggy fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kappelhoff thought that she wanted to be a dancer instead of a singer.

Initial Success as a Dancer

Doris and her partner, Jerry Doherty, also of Cincinnati, won the \$500 first prize in a dancing contest sponsored by the Alms & Doepke Department Store. Shortly after this success, Doris' left leg was crushed in an automobile accident. She recovered complete use of the limb, but after she was released from the hospital, she decided she wanted to become a singer and started hanging around radio station WLW.

She met Danny Engel, a representative of a music publishing company, who introduced her to band leader Barney Rapp. An audition was arranged, and she sang the song Day after Day. She was good, Barney liked her, and she would work cheap.

"What did you say your name was, kid?" Barney asked.

"Doris Kappelhoff."

Barney shook his head. "My gosh, kid, how do you ever expect to get anywhere with a name like that?"

Doris frowned, but Barney added, "You just sang Day after Day. Why not make your name Doris Day? It's short enough to get on a marquee—if you ever get famous."

So Doris became Doris Day and was working for a band.

For a long time it seemed she would never be any more than a band singer. She worked for one and then another, often for Les Brown. She came to Hollywood with Brown and was singing with him when Al Levy, the agent, first heard her.

Levy was for Doris from the beginning, and tried to sell her to Bob Hope when Bob could have had her for a fraction of the money he now pays her to sing to Les Brown's music and to help with the gags that have kept Hope's program near the top of radio's list of comedy programs. But Bob couldn't see Doris at the time.

"Who is she?" he asked. "I never heard of her."

"You will someday," said Levy.

"Okay," said Bob, "when I hear of her, I'll have you bring her around."

"Don't forget my phone number," Levy replied.

Bob didn't, and two years ago when he started to put together "the new Bob Hope Show," he called Levy.

The deal Levy made with Hope helped Doris both financially and professionally, for the Hope show went on the road last year at a time when a long personal appearance tour was valuable to her—it helped sell her records and her motion pictures.

Hope and the others on the tour were sometimes surprised at her obvious popularity. Not only were the youngsters in the various towns eager to meet the girl they knew from her recordings, but exhibitors were putting her name in lights when their theaters showed her first movie, Romance on the High Seas.

Doris' success has been sufficiently spec-

tacular and in so many media that the list of those who have "discovered" her for one or another gets longer every day. But credit for discovering her for pictures pretty definitely belongs to Mike Curtiz, the famed syntax crippler of the Warner lot and one of the best directors in the business.

According to Mike, it happened this way:

"Two and a half years ago I have a very expensive picture on my hands. We are calling it the Romance on the High Seas. I want a well-known singer for the lead."

"I sent to Betty Hutton the book. She called me up and said she liked very much the part. Then her agent calls and says perhaps Betty Hutton has a hole in the head. She is about to have a baby and cannot sing for anyone, not even Mike Curtiz."

"Then an agent, Al Levy, sends into my office word he has a wonderful girl singer waiting to see me. I send out word that I am too busy to see him, and go along knocking myself out with work."

"About two hours later I start to leave, and there sits this same girl and Al Levy. She had been waiting to see if perhaps I was not so busy as I thought. Levy jumped up and said, 'Mike, this is Doris Day.'"

"Now this picture is going to cost \$1,000,000, and it needs a big star. But this girl looks honest and real. I am impressed because I am used to artificial girls with lips rouged. Doris is not very pretty, and her hair has a Midwestern wind-blown quality."

"I ask her about her experience. Usually when you ask a girl that, you sit down and for an hour listen to how she was understudy for this star, how she just missed that part."

"But not so with Doris. She says, 'None.' I say, 'Surely you must have sung with some big-time band?'"

"She says, 'No.'"

"I can see Levy start to sweat; the girl isn't helping sell me."

"Perhaps you have then sung with a little-time band?"

"She nods, and I can see she is very sad. Levy explains she has that day heard the news of her divorce from Mr. Jorden. So I ask her to sing a sad song if she feels sad."

"When she finishes, I say to myself, 'Mike, you need courage. Go ahead and risk the company's million dollars.'"

"I have never been sorry I took the big risk. She not only has a natural comedy ability, she has been great in dramatic scenes. She feels everything deeply."

"I say to her, 'Don't give me tears during rehearsal. You will run dry.'"

"She says, 'How can I help it? I feel like crying.'"

As Mike tells this part of the story, his fingers sweep down his cheeks, indicating a quantity of tears that soon would empty the lachrymal glands of a large crocodile.

Contract Permits TV Shows

The first motion-picture contract signed by Doris was between her and Mike Curtiz Productions. Al Levy, who accompanied her on her first visit to Mike, later withdrew from Century Artists, Ltd., leaving the management of Doris to his partners, Marty Melcher and Dick Dorso. That was when Marty personally took over Doris' affairs. The contract he negotiated with Mike Curtiz made Doris one of the very few major Hollywood personalities who have the right to appear in television, and gave Mike 50 per cent of her earnings from radio and personal appearances.

This was a good arrangement for Mike, and he has never been unhappy about it. But in a recent reshuffling Warner Brothers took over Mike Curtiz Productions, and one of the assets was the Doris Day contract.

So, that's the story of how Doris Day has become what the professional dealers in superlatives call the "hottest thing in Hollywood." For once it may be all right to agree with the cliché makers or to grant that she is at least a real warm Day. THE END

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JOHN PIKE

Let's Not Chop Ourselves Down

BIG BUSINESS IS GOING to be under fire in the new session of Congress. That in itself is nothing new. Large corporations have found themselves in the same spot many times over the last 50-odd years. But the earlier bombardments were against certain buccaneering practices of big business, and they produced generally healthy results. This year it's different. The new attack will be against the bigness of big business.

The ammunition is ready. While Congress was in recess, Representative Emanuel Celler of New York led a House judiciary subcommittee through a long investigation of monopolies. He concluded that Congress may have to pass "a new economic bill of rights including principles as to the size beyond which corporations cannot go."

Mr. Celler's conclusion has been stated more fully by the economic consultant of his subcommittee, David Cushman Coyle, in a recent book called *Day of Judgment*. The book reveals that its author has already made up his mind that the "big" in big business is evil. It was written before Mr. Celler's hearings began, so we may assume that Mr. Coyle served the subcommittee more as prosecutor than as investigator. He was the only professional economist and writer in the

group, so he likely had a major part in shaping and expressing the subcommittee's findings. Since his theories might wind up as law, we think a few samples of them will be of general interest.

"The 'American way of life' thrives where business is small and blights where it is big," Mr. Coyle declares. "The big cannot be free. . . . The big can fairly be restricted by the law, *just for being big*, without first being convicted of crime or moral turpitude." (Italics ours.)

Mr. Coyle says that big corporations are most often successful, but he thinks they are generally less efficient than middle-sized companies. The way the big boys get around this contradiction between success and inefficiency, he explains, is by such things as monopolies, price wars and a squeeze on suppliers.

Then, after several pages of generalities on the waste and wickedness of king-size operations, Mr. Coyle stifles a literary yawn and comes forth with this remarkable declaration: "If we Americans do not nationalize every big business, it is only because we do not want the trouble of operating it through the government."

So you see it isn't bigness itself that is evil, after all. It's the proprietors of big business who apparently are the bad ones. Mr. Coyle isn't

afraid of bigness in government, or of government monopoly. "Quite possibly all mining of scarce materials ought to be publicly controlled by a state monopoly," he writes, "and their prices ought to be raised to force economy in their use. Fifty-cent gasoline might be good for the future of America if the increase were in gas taxes rather than in oil-company profits."

Mr. Coyle is clearly bemused by the magic of the word "government." He implies that both the evils and the inefficiencies that he cites would disappear if only big businesses were transformed into government-controlled monopolies.

(He seems to forget that putting business in the hands of "government" would still put it in the hands of fallible human beings. He seems to reject the possibility that there might be as big a percentage of fools and scoundrels on the federal pay roll as there is in private business.)

But there is one obstacle to the Utopian business world pictured in *Day of Judgment*. "We Americans" just don't want to take the trouble of curing our economic ailments. So there is only one thing left to do, according to Coyle. Break up the big corporations, and let the officers and stockholders fall where they may.

We already have laws covering unfair business practices. And some people might think it better to wait until the proprietors of a big business had broken those laws, before moving in on them. But Mr. Coyle would have Congress set up some arbitrary point of size. Then if a corporation goes beyond that point—even though its business practices are without blemish—its proprietors must dismember it on pain of legal penalty.

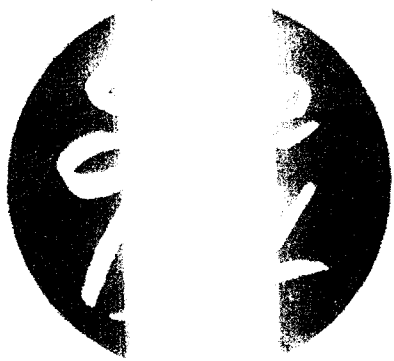
That is pretty strong medicine for an economy which seems to be in a state of robust health. We look about us and see general prosperity. We are not in a depression. But one might think, after reading Mr. Coyle, that we were still living in the time of the post-Civil War "robber barons." He apparently overlooks the fact that most leaders of big business now realize that they must integrate their operations with all the elements of our society if they and our free enterprise system are to survive.

Even some of the best friends of limited federal control grant that bigness in that system is vital to peace and security in an age of atomic power. Yet Mr. Coyle seems hell-bent to tinker with our complicated business machinery while it is running smoothly. He would overhaul it and change its design for no other apparent reason than that it violates his theory of how it ought to run. Mr. Coyle may be an obscure theorist. But his connection with the Celler subcommittee gives him a potential chance to influence legislation. And his theories may enlist the support of some shortsighted office seekers in this Congressional election year.

The idea that one major party is made up of champions of "the people" while the other is composed of the tools of reactionary "special privilege" is false and illogical. But it paid off for the Democrats in 1948, and it will probably be brought out again. As an added attraction, a law to take the "big" out of big business might provide an effective spiel for campaign orators.

Legislating for political advantage is a risky business. We think a law aimed at mere bigness would be particularly dangerous. For we might find, when the campaign smoke had cleared away, that it had led the country close to the place where freedom and incentive vanish, and regimentation and stagnation take their place.

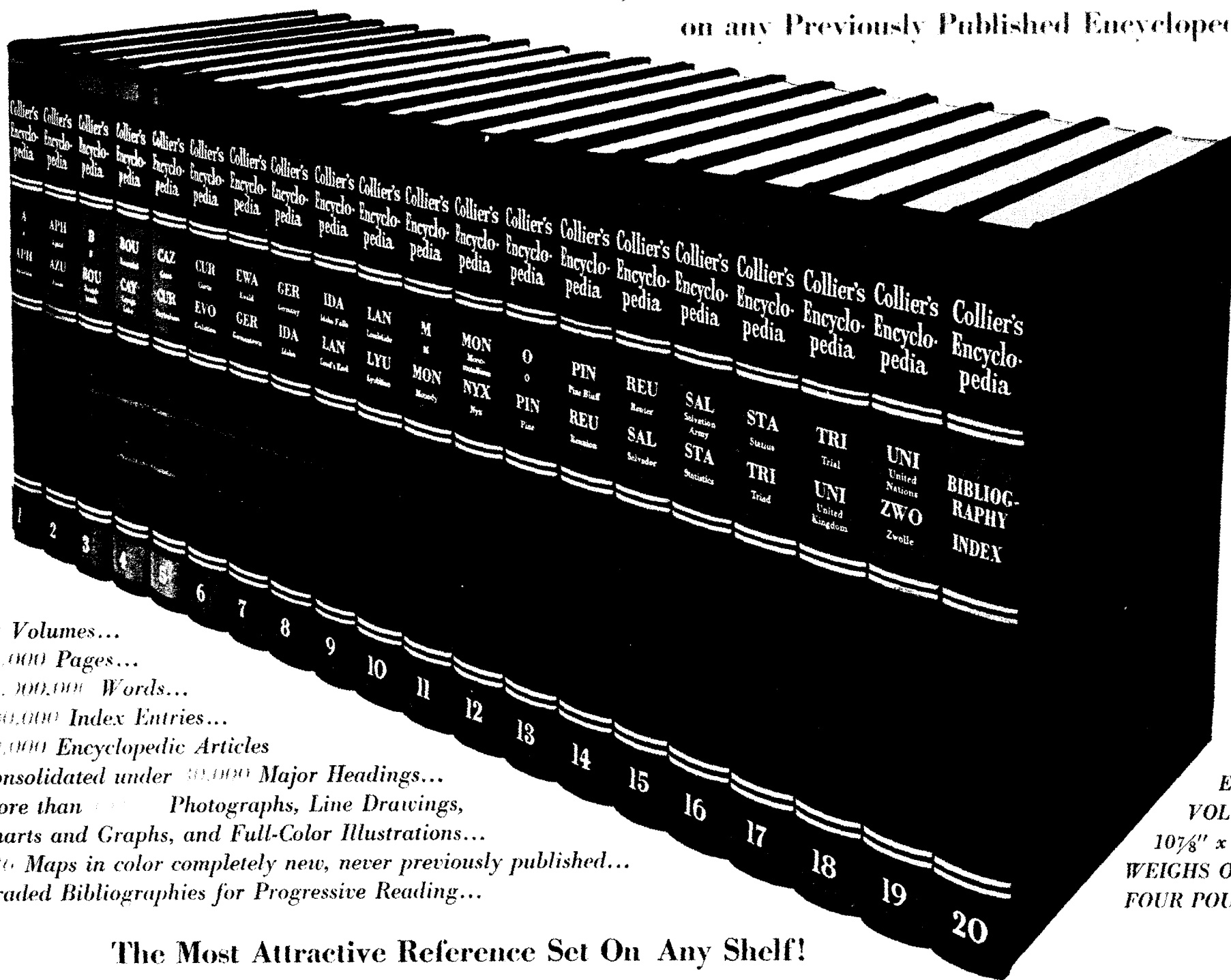
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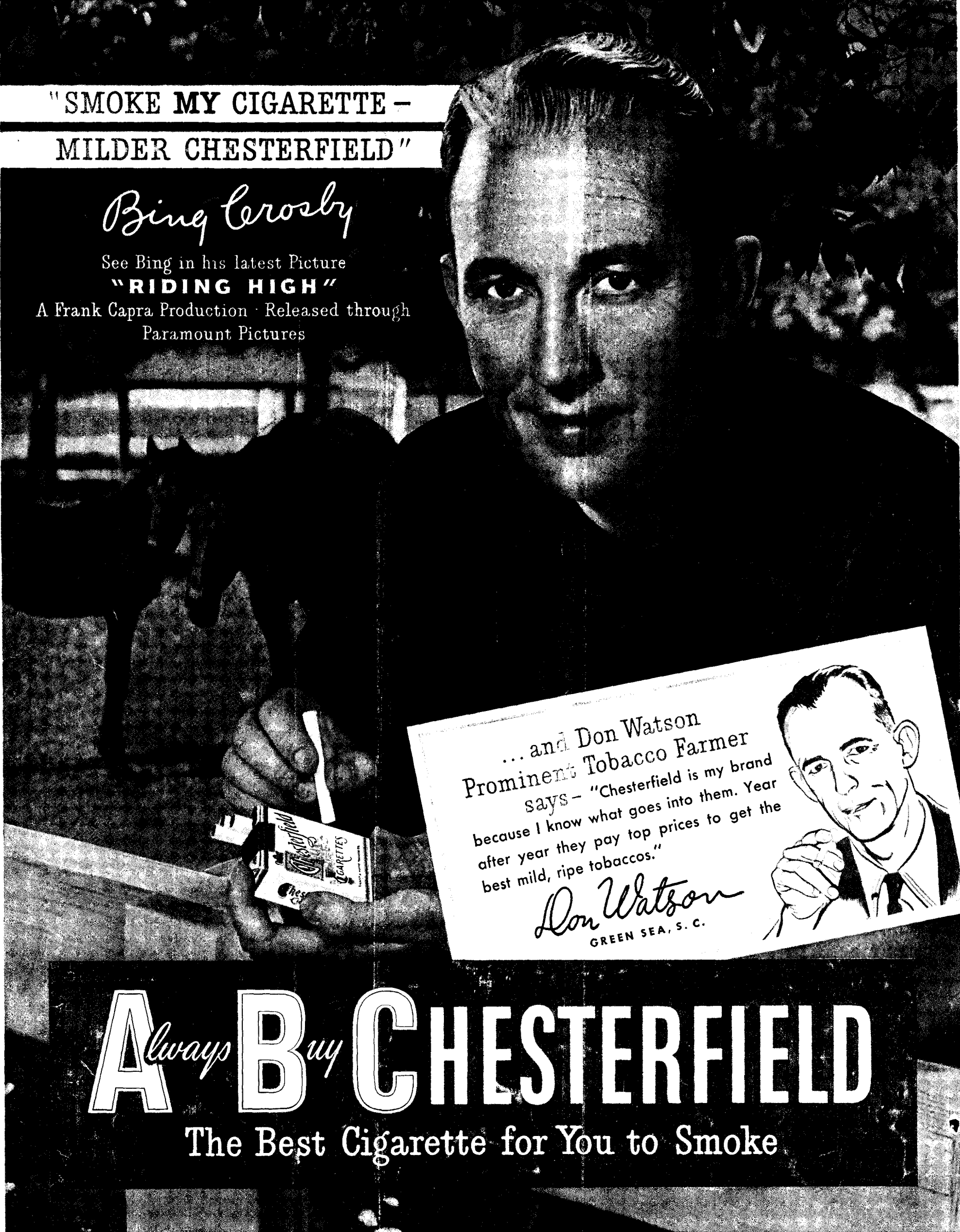
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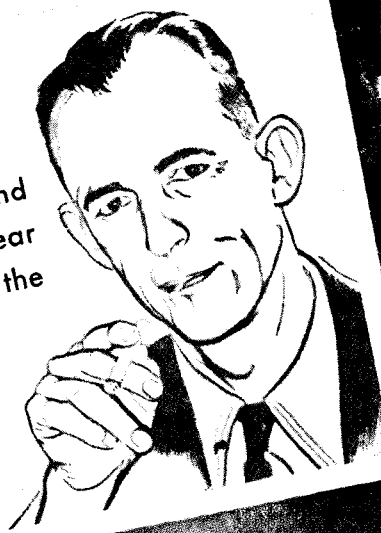
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